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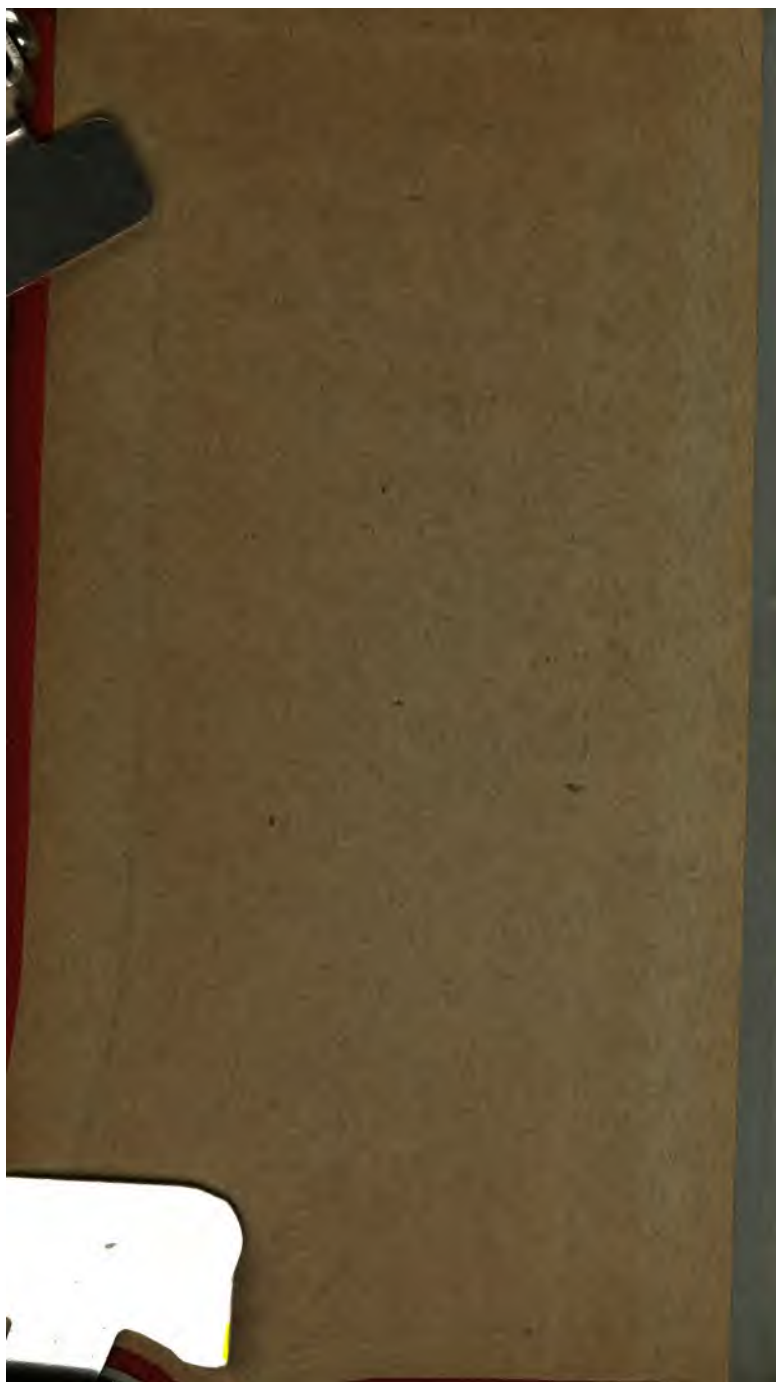
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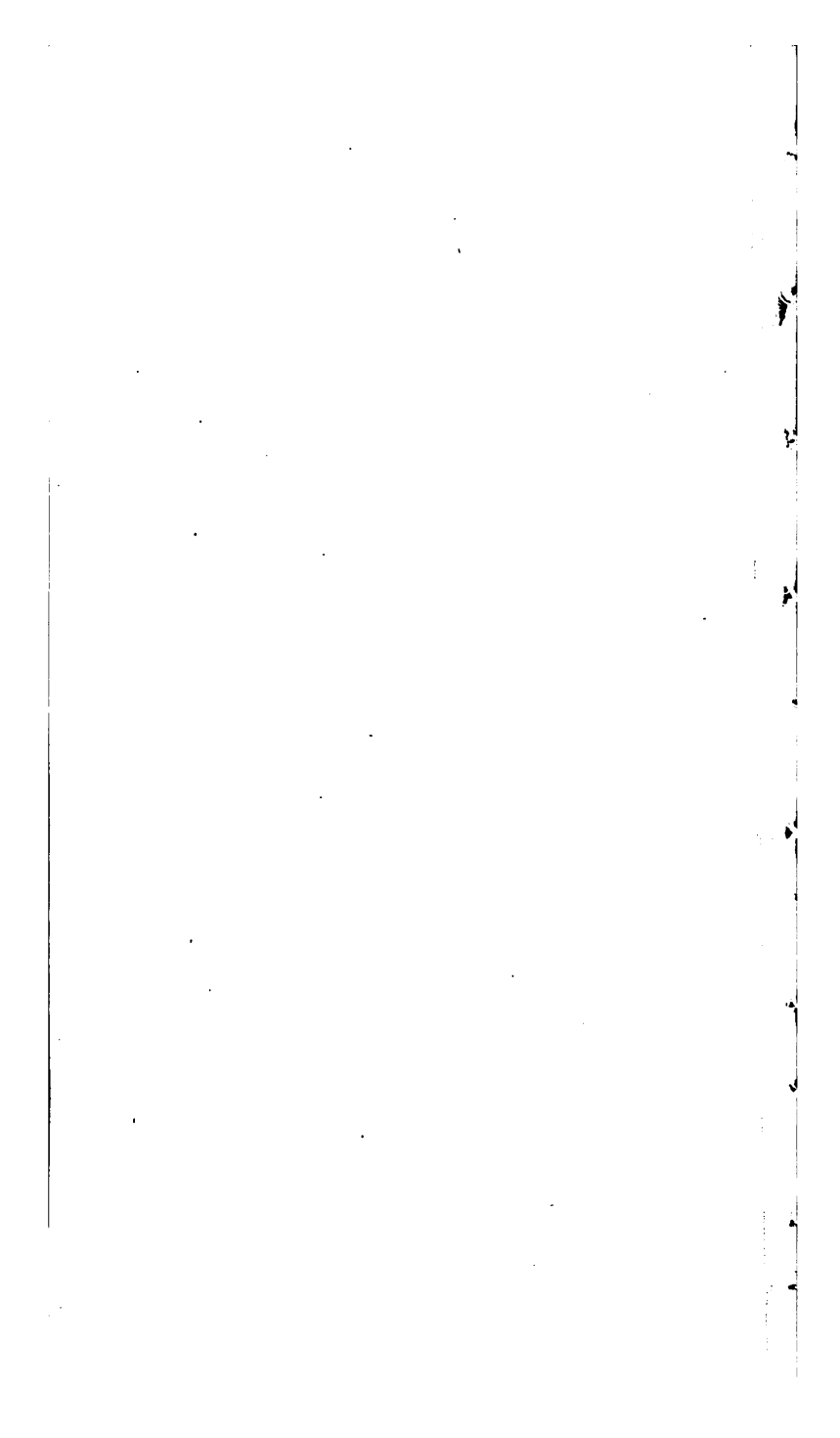
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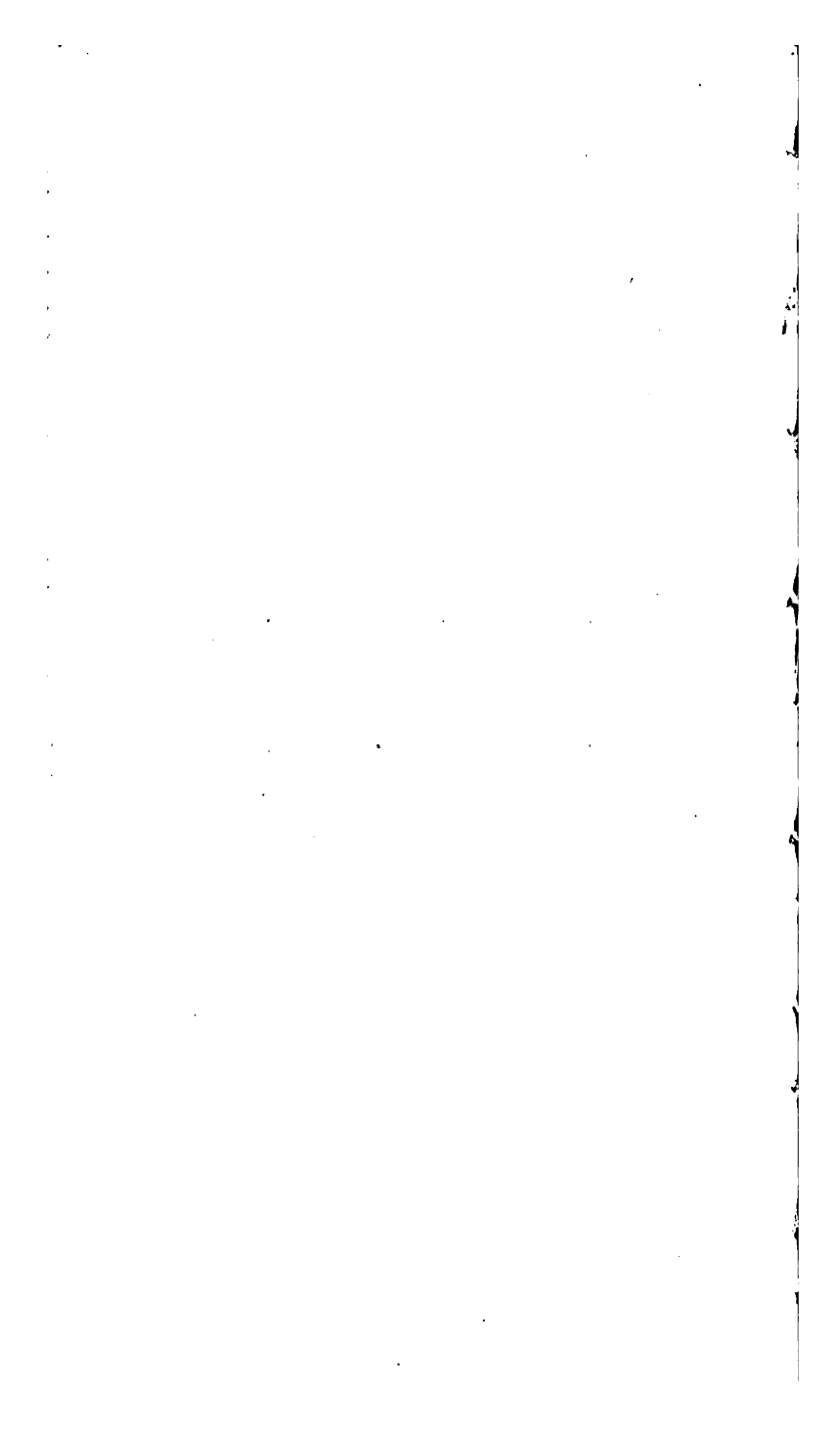
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THE  
**HEARTS OF STEEL.**

**AN IRISH HISTORICAL TALE**

OF THE LAST CENTURY.

---

BY THE AUTHOR OF "*THE WILDERNESS*,"  
"O'HALLORAN," &c.

---

Learn hence, ye great, 'tis dangerous to inflame  
A hardy peasantry who fear for nothing :  
They feel aggrieved, and give the reins to vengeance ;  
And oft, too oft, in merciless career,  
Devoid of reason, on their course they urge  
In madness and in slaughter, till themselves  
And their oppressors, both become the victims  
Of their wild passions headlong and terrific.

*The Irish Soothsayer.*

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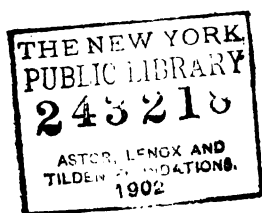
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## THE HEARTS OF STEEL.

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### CHAPTER I.

*A sturdy fellow of plebian breed,  
With some old manners, blunt, and quaint, and careless;  
But with a heart as generous, kind, and faithful  
As e'er patrician breast contained, with blood  
As red and warm and wholesome as e'er swell'd  
The veins of Cæsars, Guelfs, or Plantagenets.*

BASKET OF SCRAPS.

ALTHOUGH Frederick continued awake during the greater part of the night, meditating on the charms of Isabella, and the best means by which he might recommend himself to her favour, so little did he find himself wearied by such pleasant subjects of meditation, that he arose the next morning as fresh and cheerful as if he had enjoyed a whole night of profound repose. The window of his chamber looked to the Northward, and had in view a green pasture field which bordered on the

small purling brook mentioned in a former chapter. It was a beautifully clear morning; and, although at the expiration of the autumnal season, the blithe matins of the mellow thrush, and a number of her vocal compeers, as they were sweetly warbled, to hail the new-born day, arose romantically from the close-grown hedges, and bushy but now leafless hazels, willows, brambles, and her brushwood, that skirted the margin of the stream.

Something more attractive, however, than even these delicious strains and this charming scenery, drew Frederick's attention to the pasture-field. It was the figure of Miss M'Manus, who, in company with the two clerical guests, was taking a morning walk, to inhale the pure zephyrs from the brook, and enjoy the sweet romance of the dawning hour. Five minutes sufficed for the labours of his toilet, and two more brought him alongside of the fair one.

"Why, Major Rosendale," said Cooke, "I did not expect you to have been on foot so early; for I supposed that the somniferous influence of our sectarian disquisition last night, would have held you long in its leaden chains."

"My better stars, or, may I have leave to say, my better reason, prevented me from feeling any thing somniferous in your conversation; nay, the speed with which I hasten to renew it, proves the

gratification it afforded ; and I should have thought it indeed a misfortune, if my sluggishness had disappointed me in the enjoyment of this morning scene, in such agreeable company."

"Major," said Isabella, "Mr. Cooke has been just reciting to us some verses of his own composition, descriptive of a 'Village Morning,' which I consider a very accurate and natural picture of the scenery now around us ; and am so well pleased with them that I should be glad to hear them again."

"But, perhaps," said Cooke, "the endeavour at simplicity, and total absence of metaphysical energy of sentiment, which I believe to be observable in these verses, may not suit Major Rosendale's taste ? You know with what difficulty we out-reasoned him on the subject of Goldsmith's simplicity."

"Mr. Cooke," said Frederick, "can, I am persuaded, be the author of no verses that will not yield me satisfaction, however much I may be blind to the beauties of other poets. But I am, I hope, not insensible to the beauties of an easy and simple style ; and any description of such scenery as the present, will, I assure you, be altogether in tone with my warmest feelings."

"Well," said Cooke, "lest you should think me affectedly squeamish about such a trifle, you shall have the verses with all their imperfections on their

head; only I beg that you will permit the inexperience of my Muse to excuse her awkwardness.

Scarce were Aurora's earliest blushes seen,  
Or the broad sunbeams slanted o'er the green;  
While half his orb seem'd in the ocean drown'd,  
And half emerging tinged each rising ground;  
I burst the bands of toil-relieving sleep,  
And my assignment with the morning keep:  
I mark the shades of darkness as they fly;  
And hail the lark new-rising to the sky.  
Serene delights o'er all my senses throng,  
At scenes which roll in balmy state along;  
The rural beauties of the rising day,  
For ever pleasing, and for ever gay;—  
The thrush's matins with the dawn awake;  
The partridge whirring heavy from the break;  
Th' unvaried clarion of the cock, that calls  
On drowsy men to leave their slumb'ring walls;  
The careful sentries of the wary geese,  
That watch by turns to guard the general peace;  
The honest dog, suspicious of alarm,  
That marks each breeze to keep his charge from harm;  
The sportive calves that skip the furze-clad hill,  
Around the spring of yonder trickling rill;  
The soft perfumes that wanton zephyrs bear;  
The cooling breezes of the fanning air;  
The ruddy streaks that paint the eastern dawn;  
The genial mildness of the verdant lawn;  
The dew, the flowers, the fragrance of the fields;  
The thousand sweets the prime of nature yields!—  
Warm'd with the beauteous scene, my heart o'erflows  
With thanks to Him who every charm bestows,



To him I bend my knees, my hands I raise,  
And join each songster in the general praise.—

\* \* \* \* \*

“But,” continued Mr. Cooke, “there is more devotion than poetry in what follows; and as I presume, Major, that you have these few days past been loaded with a more than usual quantity of the former article, I must be so considerate as to spare you the weight of that which is contained in even the weightier vehicle of my bad verses.”

“You may talk of your bad verses as much as you please,” said Frederick; “but if the devotional equals the descriptive part of your poetry, you need not, I think, be ashamed of it: its recitation would not soon tire me. But permit me to observe, that I perceive your admiration for Goldsmith has occasioned you to adopt that simple style of distinct enumeration, and collective grouping of images, which distinguishes his poetry. It is not an unpleasing style; and as it is a favourite one with some who are favourites with me, I believe I shall also become partial to it. In the description of rural scenes, it certainly very much facilitates and strengthens the reader’s conception of the author’s meaning and imagery.”

“I am glad,” said Mr. Logan, “that my brither in the ministry cultivates a religious muse. The soundness an’ piety o’ his doctrines may be recom-

mended to some worldly minds by the vain jingle o' metre. The godly Ralph Erskine is vera edifying in some o' his ' Gospel Sonnets ;' although, I conceive that there is mair saving knowledge to be obtained frae his prose works."

" But," said Isabella, " if Mr. Cooke preaches good sermons, and plenty of them, on doctrinal points in prose, he may surely be occasionally permitted to write poetry on more worldly subjects than have occupied the muse of Ralph Erskine."

" I did na tak' upon me, madam," answered Logan, " to censure the subjects o' Mr. Cooke's poetry. What he has jist noo repeated to us, he micht withoot fear repeat before the Synod. I hae only expressed my satisfaction that he chooses such serious subjects; they are far mair becomin' than ony ither for a poetical clergyman; but, to my taste, plain sermonisin' prose is infeenitely mair agreeable—an', to my comprehension, infeenitely mair inteelligible; an', lêt me add, I believe, to the majority o' mankind, infeenitely mair usefu'."

" Then," said Isabella, " it is not Mr. Cooke's poetry only, but all poetry that you condemn."

" Ye mistak' me, madam," replied Logan; " I ha'ena condemned serious and instructive poetry. The prophets themsel's wrote psalms and hymns. But I look upon it as inferior to prose, for giving lessons o' instruction to poor sinners inasmuckle as

it is baith less easily written, an' less easily un'erstood."

"In other words," said Cooke with a smile, "Mr. Logan prefers a sermon to a poem; or, I might rather say, the office of a divine to that of a poet."

At this moment a servant came after the party to request their attendance on the morning worship.

After breakfast, Messrs. Logan and Cooke departed for their respective homes; leaving Frederick deeply impressed with respect for the sincerity of the one, the refinement of the other, and the piety of both.

He himself had spoken of departing, but had been prevailed on (without much difficulty, we believe,) to remain till after dinner, as an hour's ride would easily take him to town.

He was sitting before dinner in company with Mr. M'Culloch, his wife, and Isabella, at the parlour fire, conversing, perhaps, about the departed clergymen; or, it might be, about his late skirmish with the Hearts of Steel, when the attention of the party was drawn to the noise of a horse's feet stopping at the little gate that led to the house. Isabella ran to the window and exclaimed in a tone of joy:

"Why! really, here comes my uncle!"

The family all rose up; while Isabella ran towards

her relative, whom she met almost at the steps of the house, and embraced tenderly.

The next moment Mr. M'Culloch met him in the hall, and ushered him into the parlour.

"What!" said M'Manus, the moment he entered. "How is this? Major Rosendale here! On a friendly errand, I hope? No hunting after Steel Boys in a clergyman's house, I presume?"

Frederick was so struck with surprise at this unexpected appearance, and strange interrogation of M'Manus, that he could not for some seconds reply.

Munn's face was colouring with impatience; for a guilty conscience rendered him suspicious of Frederick's business at the house of his friend; and the hesitation of the latter strengthened the surmise.

"What! no answer?" he exclaimed in an impatient tone.—"Don't you know me, Major Rosendale?"

"Yes; I know you, Mr. M'Manus?" said Frederick, giving him his hand in a friendly manner. "I am glad to see you. You must excuse my embarrassment—this meeting was so unexpected. But why ask me, if I am here in search of Steel Boys?"

"Major!" replied Munn, his countenance relaxing to a smile of satisfaction, "I give you welcome to the North. I know the errand of your detachment; and was given to understand that you were

now exploring the country for some of those unfortunate fugitives known by that name; and I could not bear the idea that you should suspect any of them to be under this roof.—But, my reverend friend,” continued he, turning to Mr. M’Culloch, “you see this gentleman and I are acquainted. I heard of your accident, and conceived it my duty to visit you on this occasion. This gentleman, I suppose, is the officer who saved you?”

Mr. M’Culloch nodded assent.

“He has a gallant spirit,” continued Munn, “and has before now received my thanks for a similar service to myself. But I must at present be silent about that. What says my pretty smiling niece here? Art glad to see your uncle? Why you’re as brisk and hearty as a young fawn, Isabella. But the grandmother—Ah! Mrs. M’Culloch! I had almost forgot!—how do ye?”

So saying, he shook the old lady cordially by the hand; while she replied:

“I have reason to be thankful, Mr. M’Manus, for being so well; and especially for my old man’s safety, in the land of the living.”

The cause of M’Manus’s present visit to Ballycarney was not exactly what he stated it to be—a friendly wish to see Mr. M’Culloch after his accident. He had come in consequence of intelligence received from Moore,—the spy whom, it will be

remembered, he had set on his niece's affairs,—that a young military officer had visited her, it was supposed, with the intention of paying her his addresses. This led to events which will more naturally introduce themselves in another part of our narrative.

After dinner Frederick had to bid farewell to his beloved, without having any opportunity of either avowing the state of his own feelings, or of ascertaining her's on the subject of love. It is to be presumed, therefore, that he did not leave her with his mind quite at ease; but he consoled himself with the expectation of soon repeating his visit, and disclosing to her his wishes in despite of every obstacle.

While riding carelessly along, musing on this subject, about a mile from Mr. M'Culloch's, he overtook a tall, smart-looking man, with a huge thorn stick in his hand. He appeared still on the under side of thirty, was dressed somewhat fantastically in a half rustic and half military style. His coat was coarse blue cloth, with dirty yellow facings, and troopers buttons; he had a long dun-coloured flannel waistcoat, which had once been white, with very large pockets stuffed full of hawthorn-berries, two or three of which he frequently put into his mouth, and chewed with as much seeming gust as a seaman does best Virginia. His breeches were

of buckskin, and appeared recently to have got a tolerably decent varnishing-coat of pipe-clay. He had stout shoes, large shoe-buckles, gray woollen stockings, and black gaiters. He wore a huge hairy cap, with wings so contrived as to fall over his ears, in imitation of the broad curled rim of a full-bottomed wig.

Although Frederick was struck with the oddity of his appearance, his mind was then so interestingly employed that he would have passed without paying him any attention. But the man stopped as he approached.

"Guid e'en, sir!" said he; "you travel fast."

Frederick had a natural politeness, which he was always ready to show to every person of every condition who accosted him civilly. He therefore very cordially returned the man's salutation with—"A good evening to yourself, my friend; you seem also to have a quick gait."

"Ay, ay! quick enough for shank's mare; but gin ye dinna haud in your four-legged beast, ye'll brak company owre sune; ye hae the advantage owre a twa-legged animal."

"You don't surely put yourself on a level with a horse?" remarked Frederick.

"Mony a horse wad be sorry to be levelled wi' me," replied the man, "for either suppleness or

pith; but I may be likened to yin for carrying loads on my back."

"Why, what kind of loads do you carry?" asked Frederick; "I see none at present."

"Very useless aften, an' sometimes very foolish anes, like the nag you noo ride," was the reply.

"You are a witty fellow: may I ask your name?" said Frederick.

"In welcome, sir; my name is Robin Rainey, but the nybors maistly ca' me bletherin' Bab. Gin I did na' already ken your name, it wad only be fair play to ask it in turn."

"What! you know me then, Mr. Rainey?"

"Ay, sir; ye're the up-the-country offisher that saved oor minister frae drowning; for joy o' whilk Button-Cap made sitch a racket the same nicht. Ye then went an' faucht the Steel Boys like a hero. An' ye did wise to come, after killing a' before you, to get the sin o't, gin it had ony, washed oot at the kirk on Sunday last; for we had a hantel o' famish preachers there that day."

"You were then at the sacramental meeting last Sunday?" said Frederick.

"Trowth was I, sir! I wad na' hae missed sitch a kirk gatherin' at Ballycarney, for the best grenadier's cap in Carrick' Castle. Did ye no ken that my auld bedril father was mony a year clerk o' the congregation? An' his bletherin' sin might



hae got the place after him, had he no' been be-  
times owre fand o' the creaturè."

"By the *creature*, I suppose, you mean whis-  
key?" observed Frederick.

"Ye guess weel, sir!" returned Rainey. "Whis-  
key is the creature o' a creature, made by a crea-  
ture, an' drunk by a creature. Think ye na' then  
it maun be a guid creature!"

"This is excellent etymology of a name, as well  
as ingenious demonstration of a quality," said  
Frederick. "But you spoke of Button-Cap re-  
joicing for your clergyman's safety; why do you  
ascribe the noise he lately made to that circum-  
stance?"

"Why, sir!" replied Rainey, "I maun scart my  
head for an answer to that question. It's a deep  
question, sir, an' should hae a deep answer. But this  
answer is just noo' sa deep in my brain, that a' my  
coaxin' and scartin' wunna bring it oot. But gin ye  
tak' a step doon to my auld father's, he'll may be  
tell you."

"Does your father know any thing about But-  
ton-Cap?"

"Mony a thing, sir!" At this, Rainey looked round  
to see that there was no person besides Frederick  
within hearing; and, in a lowered voice, resumed,  
"You're a gentleman, and he wishes muckle for a  
gentleman to commune wi' him in secret, noo  
when he's on his death-bed, or neist thing to it.

An' he bade me watch when you cam' along frae the minister's, an' bring ye to the glen whare oor hoose stands. It's no' a quarter of a mile doon the burn there to the left; ye may see the reek rising oot the chimney yonder."

"If it be your father's request," answered Frederick, "that I should call on him, I will attend you. But how does he know any thing of me?"

"He wants an honest gentleman to trust a secret wi'. I tauld him aboot you;—Hoo you saved the minister, faucht the Hearts o' Steel like a man, an' then cam' to worship at oor sacrament like a saint. 'He's a man o' courage then,' said he, 'an' a soldier, an' a Christian, an' I may trust him. Bring him to me, Rabin.'—Noo gin your honour likes to come, ye may hear the lave o't frae himsel."

Frederick followed his eccentric companion down a narrow rugged lane, or rather path, which was so very precipitous that, after advancing a few roods, he found it absolutely necessary for the safety of his neck, to alight and descend on foot. The path was accompanied by a small noisy runlet of clear water, which had hollowed out to itself a narrow stoney channel of about two or three feet deep, on the right margin of which he held on his slippery way, leading his horse, which reluctantly followed down the dangerous declivity; while his lively conductor marched on, whistling and keep-

ing time to the tune of "Dumbarton Drums," with as much ease and unconcern as if he were dancing a jig on a barn-floor. He stopped, however, two or three times to wait for Frederick; who, with his trembling steed, hung as it were suspended in the air above him.

"Pu' him on, master," he would say; "the nag wunna tumble owre ye; it seems a canny brute, an' tak's sure footing."

Frederick was so much irritated at these repeated exhortations, which he thought were intended to ridicule his awkward descent, that, had he not been desirous to see the end of the adventure, he would have retraced his steps, and left old Mr. Rainey to carry his secrets undivulged to the next world. He contented himself, however, with ordering his guide to be silent; threatening that if he spoke another word, until they arrived at their destination, he would break his head on the spot.

They at last reached the bottom, which formed itself into a small glen, embosomed in hills, having only towards the east one narrow outlet, by which the before-mentioned streamlet, after meandering briskly among some meadows and marshy grounds, escaped to the ocean.

Rainey's cottage was situated almost close to a perpendicular rocky bank, of about thirty feet high, over which, at about the distance of forty yards,

the stream precipitated itself, with a never-ceasing clamour, into the vale beneath. In front of the cottage lay a small potatoe-garden, into which both Frederick and his horse were conducted by Robin, who desired the former to proceed into the house, while he unsaddled the latter, and threw him a sheaf of oats.

This rustic straw-roofed edifice of one story contained only two earthen-floored apartments. In the centre, or nearly the centre, of the largest, into which, as being the outer apartment, Frederick first entered, a large turf fire blazed, around which a smart middle-aged woman was arranging a parcel of oaten cakes for the purpose of baking, or, as the Ulster people perhaps full as appropriately term it, *hardening* them.

On seeing a military officer in his full regimentals, with a gold-hilted sword by his side, entering her poor and lonely cabin, this good lady appeared much alarmed. But the gentleness of Frederick's first salutation allayed her fears, and she hastened to clean the dust off an old oaken chair, the only one in the apartment, which she presented with a desire that he should be seated.

"I have been invited here, my good woman," said Frederick, "by Mr. Robin Rainey, who I presume, is your husband."

"Na, sir, Rabin's no my husband. I'm marri-

ed to his brither Billy, wha, I 'm certain, will mak' ye as welcome as Rabin can."

Robin himself now entered. "That's my brither Billy's wife, Major," said he; "but the auld man will be langin' to see you. Ye 'll be pleased to come ben; an' Nanny, ye can bring us ben some whiskey, an' some warm bread, an' a flauchter o' cheese."

Nanny smiled assent; and Frederick was ushered into the inner chamber of the hospitable cottage. It was a long, rather narrow apartment, containing at each end a bed; between which beds, and just fronting the door, its only window was placed, and beneath the window its only table. Three chairs, one at each end of the table, and one near the door, constituted the whole of its remaining furniture.

The old man lay in the bed to the left of the door. He had been slumbering, but he awoke as they entered.

"Father!" said Robin, approaching the bedside, "here is the new-come offisher, Major Rosendale, wha saved Mr. M'Culloch's life. I hae broucht him here, mair, I think, by guid luck, than guid guiding."

"Has he come willingly, an' oot o' compassion to see an auld man on his death-bed?" asked the father.

"I have come willingly," replied Frederick; "and, if I can be of any service to you in your affliction, you may depend on my best exertions."

"True courage has aye been humane—a guid soldier ne'er yet wanted a guid heart," said old Rainey; "an' I doobt na but you feel muckle to see a fellow mortal sae miserable. But, sir, I maun say it, I'm no mair miserable than I deserve to be. I haena been punished enouch in this world for my guilt. I fear, sir," said he, with a shuddering look, "it will tak' the misery o' the next to do justice on me. I hae done a deed, sir, I kept lang secret, for to this hoor I never told it to man. An' will I tell it noo?—na', na'—it will do the world nae guid to hear it. But, conscience! conscience! Oh! sir, the conscience o' a sinner is an awfu' thing. It winna let me rest noo on my last bed. I faucht wi't, and kept it doon these sixty years back. It was a lang, a lang struggle, an' cost memony a pang. I was yince bauld an' strang an' able to wrestle wi't. But noo I feel I maun yield in the strife; I hae nae pith against its upbraidings. When I strive nae langer, it may slacken the hand o' its torments. I hae often thought it a precious saying o' oor guid Mr. M'Culloch, that an honest confession will blunt the stings o' conscience, and a true repentance will heal its wounds. It may be sae and John Rainey will noo try it."

He paused for a few moments; and then with strong agitation resumed. "Rabin, withdraw! The sin should na ken the father's guilt, lest he despise his grey hairs. Conscience winna exact that—I canna bring mysel to it."

When Robin had retired, the old man looked upon Frederick and continued:

"Ye hae the coontenance o' an honest man, sir, an ye're a soldier. To sitch a yin I hae lang wished to confess my crime; for I ken that sitch a yin wunna betray me to the world's scorn; an it was a soldier, young, honourable, generous, frien'ly, humane, an' an offisher, like yoursel, that I—murdered. Ah! you turn pale! You'll no hae resolution to hear a tale o' sudden guilt an' lang repentance; or maybe, you'll no hae mercy to forgie sae foul a sinner?"

Frederick assured him, that he would listen with attention to his tale; and that, whatever might be the aggravations of a crime, with the knowledge of which he chose to entrust him, he would pledge his honour not to betray it.

"I dinna fear that," said the old man; "but I dinna wish to cause horror or gie pain. I would hae confessed mysel' to Mr. M'Culloch; but it wad hae vexed him sae, I could na' think o't; besides, I doobt whether he wad hae listened to me, for he aye ca'd confessing to man a popish prac-

tice. 'Confess to God alone,' he would say; 'for he alone can pardon.' But, ah! Major, I feel that there may also be comfort in confessing to man, when it is man, as weel as God, we hae wranged; for though God alone can wipe awa' the sin, man can aye gie great consolation by a kind word o' sympathy an' encouragement. At a' risks, it dis-burdens yin's mind to confess faults to a visible fellow-creature; especially if he be yin in whase frien'ship, an' guid heart, an' guid sense, yin can confide."

He here paused: and Frederick repeated assurances of his resolution to befriend him all in his power, by either advice or mpre active services should they be necessary; and, at any rate, to keep the secrets of his story as inviolate as he should desire.

The old man then proceeded, as in the next chapter.



## CHAPTER II.

*Now young and gay and sprightly as thou art,  
A time may come ; ah ! be of it aware !—  
When life's grey frosts shall chill thy aged heart,  
And lay thee on the bed of pain and cure !  
Oh ! then, like me, may'st thou not know despair !  
May no remorse thy time-worn bosom rend !  
May memory's records no foul crime declare,  
To blast thy prospects at life's journey's end !  
But at that trying hour may conscience be thy friend !*

IRISH SOOTHSAYER.

“BE pleased, sir, to sit nearer the bed-side,” said the old man ; “for I maunna speak sae that the bairns in the kitchen wad hear.—Ah ! it’s an unco thing for a father to hae done what he canna tell his ain offspring. Aye keep frae the temptations o’ youthfu’ an’ headstrong passions, gin ye wad avoid a death-bed conscience like mine. Aye seek God to guide ye,—that’s the richt way to steer frae evil ; for they ’re weel guided that He guides. Had I saucht him, instead o’ seeking the pleasures o’ the world, he would nae hae forsaken me, as thae pleasures hae done, at the hinner en’ o’

my life; nor wad the following o' his will hae left the sting o' conscience here, that yielding to the instigation o' passion has left! Sir, I maybe tire ye wi' my ravings: but, in confessing my crimes ye maun bear wi' me if I mourn owre them awee."

Frederick assured him that he felt so much interested in his condition, that he would listen with earnestness to his story, whatever might be his method of relating it.

"Weel, sir, I'll mak' na' mair apologies, but gang forward wi' my tale as precisely as I can. Ye should ken I was the sin o' a Tam Rainey, wha followed the fishing business. He was drooned, his coble being owercastr at the Whullens in a storm, when I was but a bairn. My mither died sune after; so that I was left to the care o' an' auld granny, wha fand me, or at least she aften ca'd me, an ill-grained *ne'er-dae-weel*. But she was a kind-hearted body, an' wi' tears in her eyen wad aften lament the unlucky pranks o' her poor orphan. I left her, at length, when I was about fifteen, to follow my wayward lot as a fifer in a regiment lying at Carrickfergus.

"I need na' relate the sort o' idle, graceless life I noo led; but I may say that, wicked as I was, I was na' quite sae wicked as some o' my companions. My chief comrade was Tim Laverty, as frien'ly an' merry a lad as e'er wore belts. He

was the drummer wha I was aye matched wi'; and withoot bragging I may noo say, as was then aften said, that we gied better musick than ony drummer an' fifer in the regiment, he was a powerfu' drummer, an' I was a lang an' lood-winded fifer, an' we took great delight in yin anither's performance. We were, besides, near aboot yin size, an' age, an' oor dress was o' the same colour an' trimming; so that except whan he had his drum at his side, an' I my fife at my cheek, very little difference could at a distance be observed atween us. So we became inseparable cronies, an', till this day, I canna think o' the merry nichts we spent thegither, though they were na' aye o' the maist sober an' godly kind, withoot pleesure.

"For twa years we led a fearless, jolly, guid-for-naething sort o' life, till it was my lot to fa' in love wi' a young lass o' the place, ca'd Betsy Baird. Betsy was yin o' the bonniest, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, sonsy-lookin' lasses I ever saw. I liked her weel, courted her lang, and had made up my mind to marry her, an' she had her-sel' gien consent to the match. I looked on her as my ain property, and was coontin' every hoor till the ceremony wad mak' her sae; when, as ill-luck wad hae 't, an accident took place that ruined a' my prospects o' love an' happiness, an' plunged me into guilt and wretchedness.

"It was yin fine moonlicht hallowe'en nicht; we had been mair nor twa hoors thegither, an' she had warmed my heart by talking to me in the sweetest style o' hinied love I had ever heard frae her. We had walked mair nor a mile up the Roddin's road, repeating our vows o' constancy, an' talkin' owre oor prospects o' nuptial happiness, an' I had convoyed her hame, an' parted wi' her, wi' a loving kiss; but I had nae gane far frae the hoose, when turnin' roon' to tak' anither look at it, I saw yin o' oor officers gaun up to the door.

"I had heard that the Major, our Colonel's brither, had been castin' hawke's eyen at Betsy, an' had even made love to her. But she denied it, an' I could na' miscredit her. What I noo saw seemed something to confirm the report, an' I thought it richt to watch him; but I kept oot o' sicht.

"Betsy cam' oot at his rap; an' after some slight refusal, walked wi' him towards the very place whar' I stood. I hid mysel' ahint the door o' the gateway o' an inn-yard. An' as luck wad hae 't, they cam' to that very gateway, an' stapped; an' the Major wanted her to gang in wi' him to his lodgin's in the inn. He tauld her he could get her in there withoot ony yin seein' her at that time o' the nicht. She refused, howsomever, an' said that she dared na' do it, for it would hurt her char-

acter sae muckle. The wicked Major then swore that he could not live withoot her—that he would immediately settle on her fifty guineas a-year, and would tak' a hoose at White-Abbey for her. She spoke aboot marriage, an' my bluid gat warm. He protested that marriage was oot o' his power at that time; but that he would swear to make her his wife, as soon as he could get some matters so fixed as to make him independent o' his friends. At last they parted, wi' a mutual promise to meet there the next nicht; an' at partin', he gave her a kiss, which she seemed to receive sae cordially, that my indignation was roused past bearing. Ah! sir, the pang o' jealousy I felt at that moment was like to split my heart in pieces wi' its violence. It's like ye hae never been jealous, sir, an' ye canna ken what I then felt. Hell's fire raged in my bosom an' a fierceness o' wrath against my rival, worthy only to be felt by a fiend, siezed on my saul. I flew after him; an', comin' ahint him, ran my sword, whilk I unluckily had then on me, twice into his body.

“He groaned—he fell—cryin' oot—‘Ah! Laverty! you have murdered me!’—I did na' wait to hear mair: but frantic wi' terror, as I had just before been wi' rage, I ran to the sea, washed my bluidy murderous weapon, an' hurried to my quarters to bed. I wunna describe the nicht I passed,

for I canna bear to think o't. Betsy—love—fauseness—jealousy—rage—every thing vanished from my mind; naething, naething remained, but the image o' the murdered Major. Hell seemed to open before me, as the only place I was fit for; an' devils appeared ready to claim me as a companion worthy o' their wickedness an' misery.

“I swat wi' horror, an' trembled through that lang, lang terrible nicht. Wi' day-licht I grew calm; an' when I gat oot amang my comrades, I believe Satan helped me to pit on a fause coontenance o' unconcern. But I was to meet wi' anither severe trial; for my best an' kin'liest frien' Laverty, was apprehended, on the dying declaration of the Major, as the murderer.

“Oh! my God! hoo could I be sitch a villain as to see my innocent frien' tried, condemned, an' sentenced to death for my guilt? Aften had I amaist resolved to declare the truth an' save him; but the devil tied my tongue, an' the feelin's o' self overcam' my mair virtuous intentions. I was appointed to inflict the last portion o' the lashes he was to receive; an' I had the cruelty to obey, although not without askin' an' receivin' his forgiveness. It was then—oh! sir, I ne'er, ne'er can forget the trying scene—as I gied the strokes as lightly as I could, the Colonel, enraged at his brither's

death, struck me wi' the flat o' his sword, and ordered me, on pain o' fifty lashes, to strike harder.

“‘Obey him, an' pit me oot o' pain, Rainey,’ said my suffering frien': an' then lookin' at the Colonel—‘Barbarous an' unjust tyrant!’ he said, ‘ye pit to death an innocent man, an' ye abuse his frien' because he has na' the savage heart o' yoursel’! But when I get to the ither world, I’ll be revenged on ye; an' while ye stay in this Castle, my spirit will gie ye nae rest; an' when ye leave it, ye’ll still suffer the torments o' a haunted conscience.’

“In a short time he was nae mair. My very bluid at this day rins cauld, when I think on the surgeon saying, ‘You may quit lashing, Rainey; he is dead!’

“I looked up wi' a fearfu' countenance: he was indeed gone. I sunk to the grun' an' fainted. When I recovered, I fand I was in bed. I was, indeed, sick baith in min' an' body; an' it was some weeks before I was again-fit for duty.

“It was while I was thus sick that I formed the plan o' revenging my frien's death, an' also o' causing his words to the Colonel to appear to be fulfilled, by makin' nightly noises in the Castle, especially about the Colonel's quarters. By this means, I thought I micht safely clear my frien's memory frae the crime o' murder, by garring the garrison

believe that he died innocent. I thought, too, I might in this way somewhat calm the upbraidings o' my conscience for the injustice I had done him.

"I had become, some time before, acquainted wi' certain secret cavities and disused passages in the thick wa's, an' aneath the floors o' different parts o' the Castle. Into these I frequently stole at night, an' sometimes beat the drum, an' sometimes played the fife, and sometimes fired pistols, to the great terror an' confusion o' the garrison, wha believed the noises to be made by the ghost o' Laverty, whom they noo a' agreed had been innocently put to death.

"My frien' had been known among the soldiers by the nick-name o' "Button-Cap," frae a large gilt button that he wore in the centre o' his cockade as part o' his uniform. As I a'ways made thir noises in the like dress, an' as I was sun'ry times seen by some o' the soldiers wi' this buttoned cockade, the apparition was soon talked o' by the name o' 'Button-Cap.' I escaped detection wonderfully. Every yin was, indeed, feart to come owre near the places haunted by the ghaist, or to search owre narrowly after it. I at last becam' even sae bauld as to denounce the vengeance o' Heaven against the Colonel ; so that he was soon fain to leave the Castle frae down-richt fear o' Button-Cap.



“ My noisy pranks noo becam’ less frequent, yet I did na’ gie them up ; for Button-Cap having in some degree acquired the character o’ a prophet, by makin’ noises that were said to be always followed by some great public event,—whilk, you ken, could seldom miss to be the case,—I twa or three times a year, for a while, kept up the matter. But yince in the twa or three years, at last, becam’ aften eneuch for me ; an’ after my settlin’ in this glen, yince in eight or ten years was as aften as I minded it. Even this I shauld na’ hae minded, but that I had made a resolution, on my frien’s account—for, I believed, my doing sae wad be pleasin’ to his spirit,—no’ to cease hauntin’ the Castle frae time to time while I lived. O’ late years I haena been able ; but havin’ made my sin Rabin acquainted wi’ the secret o’ my tricks, although not o’ my transgressions, he has, I un’erstan’, frae mere mischievousness o’ disposition, lately frichtened the garrison, by actin’ the part o’ Button-Cap.

“ I am noo auld an’ frail, an’ dinna expect to bide lang in this world ; an’ when I was tauld o’ my sin’s late prank, I e’en thought it wad na’ be richt to die without explaining baith the wrangs I hae done mankind, an’ the tricks I hae played on them. I wished to do sae to an offisher o’ the garrison ; because it was the garrison that was maist annoyed by my tricks ; besides, I considered that an offi-

sitch a sinner ! Not only yince, but twice a murderer ;—not only hae I killed a rival in wrath, but a frien'—a bosom frien'—in calm bluid, deliberately, by my silence ;—nay, wi' this very han' did I gie him the last stroke that separated his kin' an' innocent saul frae his body. O that this han' had withered ere it lifted the fatal scourge ! or rather, O that I had confessed an' been tied to the halberts in his place ! This treacherous silence was the mair barbarous-an'-unnatural murder o' the twa. Oh ! sir ! think ye—think ye, that God can pardon it ? Think ye—think ye—(and in exclaiming this he cast a fearful look of wild despair upon Frederick) : think ye, think ye, I hae ony mercy to expect ?”

“Be calm, Mr. Rainey,” replied Frederick, whose heart swelled with compassion for the miserable object he addressed ; “be calm. There is abundance of mercy in the stores of our divine religion for the greatest of criminals ; and when they ask for it in the language, and with feelings of sincere repentance, it is my thorough belief that it will never be refused them. Do you not remember that gloriously consoling sentiment of our benevolent Redeemer, a sentiment every way worthy and characteristic of the Son of God, that ‘there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that

repenteth, than over ninety and nine righteous men that need no repentance."

"That, that, sir," said Rainey stretching out his hand and catching Frederick by the arm; "that is the very passage that has lang supported my existence—that has aften prevented me from committing the last act o' despair, self-murder. Oh! it is a precious passage; an' I hae hung by it as a drowning man wad hing by the solitary floating plank in the ocean, that gave him the remotest chance o' safety. God has surely noo put it into your mooth as a sign that my hopes are no' vain. I will cling to the thought, an' trust in him. I will trust in him, the Lord o' mercy, wha sae graciously said, that he 'came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' But, O that I had na been sitch a sinner as to betray the innocent an' the generous! What repentance can atone for sitch guilt? But aye I'll trust,—Lord, I'll trust in thy promise, although my crime maun aye gie me a sair heart! O Laverty! Laverty! God forgies me! will ye too forgie me, my frien'—my murdered frien'! I thought ye would; ye were aye guid natured; an' I'll soon be wi' ye; we'll soon be again comrades, whar we'll no be troubled, an' our sauls vexed out o' us, wi' cruel offishers!—An' Leezy! Leezy! my wife, ye are there afore me; I'll soon follow ye. Ye ne'er deceived me; I'll

no' deceive you, nor keep lang frae ye ! I wish muckle to win to ye ; for your hame maun be my hame, an' your God maun be my God ! I am ready, O God !"

Here his speech failed him ; for his whole frame became convulsed with the force of his mental agitation. Frederick becoming alarmed, summoned the family ; and Robin was despatched with the utmost speed for Mr. M'Culloch, whom, in such cases, his parishioners always looked up to as the chief earthly supporter of both soul and body.

When the good man arrived, old Rainey had recovered his rationality, but was greatly exhausted. He desired to be prayed for, as he said he felt his latter end fast approaching ; which being done in Mr. M'Culloch's usual fervid and impressive style, he seemed much satisfied.

"Mr. M'Culloch," said he ; "ye hae aye been a guid frien' to me ; an' ye hae seen me lang leevin' mair happy than I deserved to leeve ; an' you hae yoursel' respected me mair than I deserved to be respected ; for I hae been a mair vile, atrocious sinner than you e'er kenned, or it maybe, e'er will ken. But I hope I'm pardoned through my Redeemer's sufferin's. Ah ! should I no be pardoned, terrible will be my doom, for terrible hae

been my crimes! O God o' mercy, pardon! O pardon!"

Here he again became convulsed, and for some time speechless. In about ten minutes, however, his speech returned, but not his reason, and he incoherently uttered: "Ay! ay! ye may talk o't. You ken it noo; it wad hae saved him had I tauld it.—Betsy! she had a fause heart.—The minister has gien oot the hundereth Psalm, an' it's lang metre; Elgin winna answer it.—He's innocent, sir; I canna flog him; his back bleeds sae. Ah! see his raw ribs! but I may steek my een; they'll no hinner that, gin I only hit hard enough. They're cruel! cruel! they might hae mercy!—But he's dead noo.—Did ye no hear o' Button-Cap? It's no Button-Cap that's dead; it's Laverty! I knew it was Laverty!—An' Leezy, Leezy, my wife; oor twa bairns hae thriven. Kaim their hair; I maun tak' them to the kirk. They're twa braw lads; Guid bless them! I hope they winna behave like their father. Their father has been wicked, very wicked! but he has gien them guid coonsel. Yet what is coonsel, withoot grace wi't? O that we had a' grace; grace an' pardon.—O Lord! grace an' pardon.—Ay, we should aye pray—pray for grace an' pardon—we should aye bless God. Should na' we aye bless God, an' beg for mercy? Mercy, O God!"

Here his voice left him, never more to return; for a convulsive paroxysm, stronger and more lasting now seized him. His hands became clenched, his arms extended, his features distorted, his countenance livid, his eyes fixed, his breathing laborious, and in about half an hour he expired!

### CHAPTER III.

*The loveliest maid in all the land  
Is captured by a ruffian band!  
Haste! haste! I know thou lovest her well:  
Thy deeds this night that love shall tell.  
Charge them, and win the beauteous dame;  
The prize is worth the adventurous game.  
And should'st thou fall in beauty's cause,  
Sweet, sweet shall be thy soul's applause!*

ULSTER BARD.

AFTER witnessing the foregoing catastrophe, Frederick, with a deeply affected heart, returned with Mr. M'Culloch to Ballycarney. He was prevailed on to do so, as the lateness of the hour rendered it inconvenient, and, on account of the nightly ravagings of the Hearts of Steel, dangerous, to proceed to Carrickfergus. The way being intricate, and the night dark, Robin Rainey accompanied them as their guide.

When they arrived at Mr. M'Culloch's house, they had to encounter a new, and to them infinitely more trying scene of trouble than that which they had left. They found Mrs. M'Culloch in

great agitation, and the servants in a state of alarm and confusion. Jenny Moore had just arrived with information that Isabella had been forcibly conveyed away in a gig from Moore's house by Mr. Onsley the magistrate, who had procured her uncle's sanction, and even assistance, in committing the outrage.

"O! my Isabella!" cried her grandfather as he almost sunk to the ground with the violence of his emotions. "Good God! have mercy!—she is at last fallen into their wicked hands!"

"Let us pursue the villains," said Frederick, rushing out to his horse; "I will rescue her from them, or die on the spot!"

"I will assist you, in God's name!" said Mr. M'Culloch, resuming that energy of which the first impression made by the intelligence had deprived him:—"I will go with you, gallant youth! for you know not the roads; and God will prosper us!"

"Wi' your leave," said Robin Rainey; "you're neither strang enough, nor soopple enough for sitch wark, Mr. M'Culloch. Ye're a guid han' to grapple wi' a spiritual enemy; but na sa guid, I think, to grapple wi' an earthly yin, wha has youth in his arm, an' a bonny lass to fecht for. I'll gang wi' the Major. I ken a' the roads weel; an' I hae baith soopple shanks an' strang arms, an' a heart



that winna flinch in sitch a case ;—only, gin I dinna' win back, ye'll min' to see the *auld man* decently put in the mools."

Mr. M'Culloch was persuaded to agree to this proposal ; and Frederick and Robin set off at full speed on the way that Jenny Moore informed them had been taken by the fugitives.

While Frederick is on this interesting pursuit, we shall for a few minutes refrain from following him, in order to relate the manner in which Isabella fell into the hands of her rejected lover Onsley.

Frederick had not been a single day at Ballycarney, until the gossips of the neighbourhood, who, like the gossips of all neighbourhoods, seemed to have a preternatural sagacity in discovering such matters, ascertained and industriously reported that he was a lover of Miss M'Manus.

Such important intelligence could not be long in reaching the ears of a man whose business it was to look after it. On Sunday morning it was whispered to Moore in the Meeting-house Green, and on Sunday evening it was confirmed to him by the unanimous opinion of all his neighbours. He hastened to communicate it, as his official duty obliged him, in person to M'Manus, whom he knew to be at that time engaged in some Hearts of Steel business at Onsley's, without informing, or perhaps

being able to inform him of Frederick's name ; and on Tuesday, as the reader has seen, M'Manus surprised the latter upon the suspected ground. He had promised to Onsley that he would without delay, either by persuasion or force procure him the possession of Isabella's hand in wedlock ; to facilitate which purpose, it was thought proper that Onsley himself should that evening follow with a gig to Moore's house.

It happened as Munn conceived, conveniently enough for the success of his project, that Mr. M'Culloch was taken away to attend the deathbed of old Rainey ; and he was scarcely gone, when he asked his niece to accompany him on a walk to Moore's. Here every mode of reasoning, every topic of persuasion, and every means of allurement and intimidation were tried in vain to induce her to become Onsley's bride. At length to the great horror and consternation of Jenny Moore, who had a strong and grateful affection for Isabella, the threats of violence were put in execution. She was forced into Onsley's gig and carried off ; her uncle following on horseback—for Ned Moore had been directed to have his horse brought privately from Mr. M'Culloch's stable, and kept ready for the occasion.

But Jenny, who was as much attached to the interest of the niece, as her father was to that of the

uncle, on perceiving that she was carried away against her will, hastened, even at the risk of her father's displeasure, to communicate the affair to Mr. M'Culloch's family. This, as we have seen, resulted in the chivalrous expedition of our hero and his squire Rainey, to deliver the lovely mistress of his affections from the hands of her rufian captors.

About thirty minutes had carried the pursuers upwards of four miles from Ballycarney, and they were just about descending a steep hill when Robin checked his steed, exclaiming—

“Haud your han’ awee, Major. This is M’Clusky’s Glen, the haunt o’ the Steel Boys; an’ yonder’s licht in the public-hoose in the hollow, whar, they may be noo’ carousing an’ drinkin,’ an’ may be torturing some poor lan’ agent to death. But, hear ye!—there are noises; we maun ride cannily by, an’ we wad be safe—or rather, let us tak’ into the fiel’s an’ win roon withoot shewin’ oursel’s; for Jack Reily tauld me, when he wanted me to be a Steel Man, that they aften met here; tho’ he swore they wad spit me like a goose, gin I e’er informed on them: but I ken, Major, ye’ll no mak’ me the waur o’ just telling ye this muckle.”

“Silence!” cried Frederick, who now distinctly heard the sounds of several voices, and thought he could perceive men standing on the road near a

house at the bottom of the hill. "Let us proceed cautiously," he continued, "if these men be hostile, we must not meet them unprepared: if they be friendly, they may be able to inform us whether the fugitives have passed this way."

"I tell you, sir," returned Rainey, "I'm sure they are Steel Boys; an' I wad na' say muckle either, but they may hae Miss M'Manus just noo amang them; for I ken weel that baith her uncle an' Justice Onsley are mair nor suspected for belangin' to the clan."

"Heavens! is it possible?" exclaimed Frederick; "can she be in the power of such savages! Rainey, we must at all hazards dash forward; and if she be among them, we must not value life in rescuing her."

"Wi' a' my heart!" answered Rainey; "faint heart ne'er won fair lady. But wad it no' be wiser, ere we throw awa oor lives, just to slip cannily doon without noise, an' see whether there be ony needcessity for it. A new life's no' to be had at every stane dyke."

Frederick acknowledged the propriety of this discreet counsel; and leaving the horses in the care of Rainey, he undertook himself to reconnoitre the suspected premises. He however followed Rainey's advice in conducting his approach so as to conceal

himself behind a tall hedge that skirted one side of the road.

He had not quite reached the bottom of the valley, near which on the road side the house was situated, when he became satisfied that the objects of his pursuit had really halted there. From a small elevation behind the hedge he had a commanding view of the interior of the house, which was at that moment well lighted with several candles and a large blazing fire. But the reader may imagine the nature of his sensations, when he beheld the fair charmer of his heart seated at this fire, with her head reclining on her right arm, over the back of her chair, in all the attitude and expression of violent grief. As he gazed for a moment he saw M'Manus approaching in an expostulating manner; while an old woman presented her some refreshments, which she preservingly refused to accept. Another gentleman, unknown to Frederick, but whom he rightly conjectured to be Onsley, occupied a chair at some distance behind her, in a seemingly silent and thoughtful mood.

Frederick's first impulse was to rush forward, sword in hand, to her deliverance. But that instant the appearance of several men at the door of the house checked his impetuosity. He advanced, however, somewhat nearer, to ascertain if possible whether these men were likely to be hostile or not;

and he soon perceived enough to convince him of the affirmative. A few yards brought him to a station from whence he had a view of another apartment containing ten or twelve armed men, exhibiting all the marks and manners characteristic of a garrison of Steel Boys.

Under these circumstances he could not resist the mortifying conviction, that any attempt of his to rescue Miss M'Manus would be utterly unavailing.

"Oh! that I had but a serjeant's guard with me!" he ejaculated with inconceivable bitterness of spirit, "I would soon clear the premises of these barbarians, and restore my beloved to her mourning relatives."

But Frederick unfortunately had no serjeant's guard; and his own arm, and that of Robin Rainey, however valiant and active, were no match for seventeen or eighteen armed desperadoes. With these distracting ideas rolling in his mind, he, with as much reluctance as a lion who finds his prey unattainable, retraced his steps to where he had left Rainey with the horses.

"I tauld you," said Rainey, "ye wad see something in that glen wad na' please ye: I kenned it was a haunt o' the Steel Men."

"It is a den of monsters!" replied Frederick

somewhat peevishly. "The devil must have told you of such an assembly!"

"The devil! sir," repeated Rainey. "Na' na; he has maistly owre muckle to do wi' my betters to min' me. He has aye liked to mak' great folk angry for naething."

"For nothing! sirrah!" returned Frederick passionately; "do you call this misfortune nothing? Is Miss M'Manus's present situation nothing?"

"Its naething but ill-luck;" said Rainey; "for whilk a wise man should never get ill-tempered,—and I hae a reason for it, sir, gin ye like to hear it."

"If it's not a long one," observed Frederick, perceiving himself the absurdity of his irritation, "you may speak it."

It is because there's nae guid, sir, in gettin' ill-tempered for what yin canna help. There's nae use in crying for spilt milk, ye ken."

"A truly philosophical reason undoubtedly," observed Frederick. "But, Robin, we must now decide what is best to be done for Miss M'Manus."

"Ay, that's philosophy, sir: I'm glad ye're again reasonable. As ye're the best scholar o' the twa, an' maun hae the best brains when ye like to use them, ye will plan the matter, an' I'll follow ye through thick an' thin."

"We must," said Frederick, "in the mean time,

watch these ruffians. Onsley will, no doubt, soon resume his journey with Miss M'Manus; and, it is likely, will dispense with the attendance of the armed savages that now surround him. We may then attack him with some prospect of success."

"Ye're richt, sir, for yince," replied Rainey. "But wad it no' be wise to hae the start o' him on the road? We could then fin' out a convenient place to stap him when he comes up."

"You are right too," said Frederick. "You know the country best. Let us proceed."

They mounted: and Rainey led the way by a circuitous route through the fields on the left of the road, cautiously keeping out of view of the public-house. They regained the road at the top of the hill, on the other side of the valley, about a quarter of a mile in advance of the house. Here Frederick remained for some time to watch the motions of the Steel Boys; while Rainey went in search of a proper place to lie in ambush. In about twenty minutes he returned; and had scarcely communicated the result of his search to Frederick, when they perceived a commotion among the people in the Glen. The cracking of a whip, and the rattling wheels of a light vehicle swiftly approaching them were soon heard.

"Now for the ambush!" said Frederick. "They are coming!"



They hastened to a place where two gates fronted each other, both of which had been set open by Rainey. Into one of these Frederick entered, and Rainey into the other, each concealing himself in his respective station, in such a manner as to be ready to spring out both at once. In a few minutes they perceived the gig advancing at a smart trot, followed by three men on horse-back. Frederick saw that they would have a hard and dangerous combat; but the prize was great, and he resolved to attempt winning it.

The vehicle approached: he rushed into the road, with his drawn sword, and ordered the driver to stop; which order Rainey enforced, by seizing the reins, and dexterously leading the horse into the field which he had himself occupied, the gate of which he immediately closed.

But Frederick was soon in extreme danger. The three horsemen had been but a short distance behind; and the gig was scarcely inclosed in the field, when one of them rode furiously up, demanding by what authority, and for what purpose, it had been molested?

"By the authority of justice!" answered Frederick; "and to rescue an insulted lady from ruffians!"

"Ah! you are Rosendale!" replied the man.

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"So much the better for you: that word would otherwise have been your last!"

"You are M'Manus!" replied Frederick; "from whom I should have expected better things than this treachery and rudeness to a lady!"

"That lady, Sir, is my niece! Nature has given me an authority over her, superior to any individual, I believe now in existence. To that authority, which she has too long resisted, her resistance will now be of no avail! Young man! you had better return peaceably to your quarters, and mind your own business; for this is a family matter, in which you can have no concern."

"I am deputed by her grandfather, Sir, who has long been her only parent and guardian, to demand—nay, to enforce her return to his house; for it is well known that she is carried off against her inclination."

"You may demand, Major; but you must know that it is beyond your power to enforce her return. As to her inclination, it must now be subservient to mine! The old canting Calvinist has ruled her long enough; she must now submit to me."

"And do you suppose," returned Frederick, "that I can endure to see Miss M'Manus in such hands, without making an effort to rescue her from them?"

"Be assured, Major," said M'Manus, "that the

interest you at present take in the affairs of Miss M'Manus appears highly ridiculous to her friends; who undoubtedly know better how to promote her welfare, than either to ask, or even permit, the interference of an officious stranger! You will, therefore, haste and begone to him who sent you, with the information that her personal welfare and purity are as safe and sacred under the care of her present protectors, as they could possibly be under either your's or his."

"If Miss M'Manus," replied Frederick, "be herself satisfied with her present condition, I shall of course decline all interference; but if she has been torn forcibly and unfeelingly from the home of her youth, to be lodged among brutal strangers, as I believe is now the case, powerful as you are, four against two, I shall attempt her deliverance! and it shall be only after I cannot wield this sword, or draw these pistols in her defence, that you shall move her an inch further on your present destination!"

"Young man, your fate be on your own head!" cried M'Manus: "but you saved my life once; I shall now leave it to other hands to take yours!"

So saying, he retreated from Frederick; and applying his mouth to a small horn, blew a note that made the echoes of the hills startle. He

then called to his two companions on horseback; "Keep that youth in play for a few minutes.—Disarm him and take him prisoner: but, if possible, avoid killing him.—At all events permit no rescue!"

By this time Rainey had overturned Onsley from the gig, and tied his hands behind him with a handkerchief, while he assured Miss M'Manus, who was in an agony of terror, not to be alarmed, for it was only her friends Major Rosendale and Robin Rainey come to deliver her frae the han's o' the Philistines!

He had scarcely spoken this word of comfort, when a clash of swords saluted his ears; and he flew to Frederick's assistance, whom he found engaged with the two horsemen just mentioned. He rushed upon them, exclaiming—

"Ah! ye cowardly dogs! twa against yin!" and in an instant his sword was buried in the body of one of Frederick's antagonists: almost at that moment Frederick gave a terrible wound to the other, by a thrust in the neck, which rendered him incapable of further resistance.

Their triumph would have been complete, had the gig, with Miss M'Manus in it, been on the road. Rainey flew to bring it out of the field; but, before he could effect his purpose, M'Manus arrived at the head of nearly a dozen of armed men.

Frederick and Rainey, now despairing of their lives, determined to sell them as dear as possible. They, therefore, attacked their opponents with such fury, that for a moment they all drew back, except M'Manus himself, who struck Rainey to the earth, by a dreadful blow with a huge sabre, upon the head. Frederick was immediately surrounded, pierced with several wounds, and at length disarmed and captured.

Onsley's hands were now relieved. He resumed his seat in the gig, and drove off once more with his beauteous prize, whose terror had now reduced her to a state of absolute insensibility, which in the hurry and darkness of the scene was not at first observed by any of the actors. Ned Moore, by M'Manus's orders, accompanied them on horseback.

Frederick and Rainey, the latter of whom was quite speechless, were now raised on horses, for the purpose of being carried back to the public-house, in order that their fate might be there decided. Munn, anxious to accompany the vehicle which contained his niece, on seeing the procession fairly on its way, gave his instructions concerning the prisoners to Forsythe, who was in the party, and galloped after Onsley.

Forsythe's party had not quite reached the

public-house, when they met with a serious and formidable opposition to their further progress. This resulted from the activity with which Mr. M'Culloch's servants had exerted themselves, on receiving intelligence of Isabella's capture, to raise the neighbours in pursuit of the ruffians. Upwards of thirty men, well-mounted, and strongly armed, now made their appearance: at the formidable sight of whom the Steel Boys thought proper to disperse, leaving their prisoners to shift for themselves on the road-side.

Frederick, who, weak and exhausted as he was, could still speak, begged of them to pursue swiftly after Miss M'Manus; observing that she could not be more than two miles ahead of them. About twenty, who had the fleetest horses, continued the pursuit—the others remaining to take care of Frederick and his still speechless companion.

They were carried to a decent farm-house; for Frederick objected to lodging in the public-house that had so lately given entertainment to such a lawless set of guests. Surgical aid was procured towards the morning; and Frederick's wounds, though numerous, were found to be free from danger. As to poor Rainey, it required an operation with the trephine to restore to him the use of his faculties; but he recovered health in a few weeks;

and Frederick, having had such ample proof of his courage and fidelity, took him into his service; a situation which, as he had imbibed a great attachment for his master, gratified the utmost of his humble wishes.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Onward they march, with thoughtless hearts and gay,  
With tales and jests beguiling all the way;  
Their bright arms glittering to the cloudless moon,  
A joyous band!—but chang'd, alas! how soon!  
A sudden fate arrests their transient mirth,  
A fiery tempest smites them to the earth;  
And their bold leader singly, in despair,  
Drives on the foe, for death or vengeance there!*

IRISH SOOTHSAYER.

ABOUT this time, the audacity, violence, and power of the Hearts of Steel, had arisen to a height unexampled in the history of such limited combinations (for their number is said never to have exceeded between three and four thousand) in a civilized country possessing a regular government. They openly laid not only individuals, but villages, towns, parishes, and sometimes whole baronies, under contribution, avowedly, indeed, for the purpose of compensating such as suffered by the new land-system; but the sums thus collected were as frequently employed in the purchase of arms, ammunition, &c., or squandered in scenes of riot and



profligacy, as in effecting the more excusable object of their collection. Nay, so far did these conspirators carry the boldness of their proceedings during the winter of 1766—67, that when one of their leaders, (Douglas,) was apprehended and confined in the barracks of Belfast, they marched in open day, to the number of nearly 2000 men, into the town, and compelled the garrison to give him up.

It was also about this period that they marched in a formidable body into the town of Larne, and compelled the inhabitants, whom they looked upon as hostile to their cause, to pay them a large sum, on pain of an immediate conflagration of the place. This induced the inhabitants to apply to government for a body of troops to protect them from a renewal of such impositions, and also to save the neighbourhood from the innumerable outrages to which it was daily exposed.

In consequence of this application, two companies of regulars, under the command of Major Rosendale, were ordered to Larne. M'Manus, Douglas, Forsythe, Onsley, and a number more of the most notorious of the Steel confederacy were proclaimed outlaws, and rewards offered for their apprehension.

As soon as Frederick had assumed the command at Larne, he resolved to lose no time in commen-

cing active proceedings against a combination by which his dearest affections had been so grievously wounded. Isabella was still in their hands; and he determined to rest neither day nor night until he discovered her prison, and restored her to liberty.

With this view he published a reward of fifty guineas, to be paid out of his own pocket, to any person who should conduct him to any place where any of the Hearts of Steel might be captured, or where it could be proved that they held any of their meetings. For satisfactory information as to any of the usual places of resort of the outlawed leaders, whether it led to their apprehension or not, he also offered fifty guineas.

A few days after issuing this advertisement, a man, named Service, came privately to him; and, after exacting a promise of rigid secrecy, offered to conduct him to a place, about four miles distant, where he said there was to be a meeting of the Steel Boys on the ensuing night but one. He stipulated, that one half of the reward should be paid to him previous to the setting out, and the other, on the return of the expedition, if it were successful. With these conditions Frederick cheerfully complied, and selected thirty of his most active men to be in readiness for the march.

It was on a fine moonlight night, in the middle of

December, that Major Rosendale, after despatching Rainey with a letter to Mr. M'Culloch, stating the object of his expedition, set out at the head of his troops, in quest of the lawless disturbers of the country, and the destroyers of his own happiness. His men were all on foot, and in high spirits; and their guide, Service, having received the stipulated reward, led the way with great alacrity, entertaining his fellow-travellers with numerous jokes and anecdotes relative to the proceedings of the Steel Boys in that neighbourhood.

"De'ils as they are," said he, "they did yin guid thing lately in makin' auld Cromwell, the Ballyclare miser, cash up oot his iron kist a hale half thoosan.' When they brak' in on him, he set them a' laughin', by clinkin' doon on his knees, an piteously beggin' them for bonnyangels, tho ugh they were a' blackened like devils, no' to deprive him o' his hoosehold guid's."

"'Keep yere guid's,' said yin o' them, 'ye auld heathen. But let us hae your gods, that is, the golden images in the big kist under your bed; for we hae a commission to purge the lan' o' sitch idolatry; so if you keep back a single image o' the yellow metal, we 'll pound your auld banes into perfect dross. Haste ye, my cadger; or tak' the contents in cauld lead o' this pistol into your lug.'"

"Weel, the auld Midianite, to keep his brains

in his skull, coonted them five hundred jinglers, wi' King George on them. They then bade him guid night in the kin'liest an' frien'liest manner ye can think o'; for they're no' unceevil when they get what they want."

He now turned to Frederick, whose silence and gravity at what he thought a "good story," somewhat mortified him: "Major," said he, "ye maybe dinna like to be tauld o' thir pranks? But I can tell ye something funny aboot mysel', when I was employed yince afore to hunt these Steel Men."

"You may postpone your narrative till the present hunt be over," replied Frederick gruffly. "I would rather have you mind your business than tell dull stories. How far are we now from this Pandemonium of earthly fiends?"

"Pandemonium, sir,—whar' is that?" exclaimed Service.

"In the devil's dominions, where, I believe, you are now taking us over such an impassable swamp as this."

"Ye maun hae patience, sir; ye're only three miles frae the toon yet. Do ye no' ken this is Mulloch Sandal peat-moss. It's a mile an' a quarter yet to the Star-bog, whar I tauld ye the meeting's to be."

"Could you have brought us no better road than this, "you scoundrel?" demanded Frederick an-

grily, for he was at that moment up to the knees in mud. "How much of it have we yet to wade through?"

"Only about half a mile, sir," was the answer. "Hae patience, ye'll get on hard yearth belyve."

"Patience!" exclaimed Frederick, "you rascal! if you——" but before he could proceed further with the sentence of anathema which he was about to pronounce on his guide, he had plunged almost to the armpits into a sort of pond full of thick mire, from which, after various unavailing struggles to extricate himself, he called upon some of his men to assist him. But he soon perceived that none of them were in a much better condition than himself. He then for the first time suspected treachery in his guide, and called out that he should be either secured or shot. But the guide was no where to be seen. He knew the ground well; and had vanished, the moment Frederick gave the plunge, with as much ease and rapidity as if he had been running on pavement.

In less than a minute, while the whole body of the soldiers were entangled with their heavy arms amidst this almost impervious marsh, a sound was heard resembling that which M'Manus had drawn from his horn on the night he carried off Isabella; which was instantly succeeded by a murderous discharge of musketry upon the troops, from assailants

altogether invisible. A few of the soldiers fruitlessly returned the fire in the direction from which the attack proceeded. Their enemies were under the cover of an extensive turf-pit that was partially dry, and consequently received no damage. Frederick, however, and about ten of his men, by the most desperate and extraordinary exertions, had extricated themselves from their miry shackles, and rushed forward to dislodge their ambushed enemies. But before they could reach the edge of the pit, they were saluted with another fiery volley, which levelled two-thirds of them to the ground. Frederick himself was wounded in the left arm.

"Thank Heaven!" he cried, "it is not my right. Some of the wretches shall fall ere I die." And leaping into the pit amongst them, he sheathed his sword in the body of the man whom he first encountered.

"Don't kill him!" shouted a voice; "it is their leader: he will be a good hostage." Immediately a crowd of men rushed on him. He was disarmed and bound hand and foot; after which, nearly the whole of the ferocious banditti hastened to complete the destruction of the troops. Terrible were now the cries of these unfortunate soldiers. The voice of mercy was totally unheard, and the calls for quarter disregarded, by their lawless adversaries. It was in vain that Frederick offered

the largest compensation for the lives of such of his men as might be saved.

"No!" said one of the party to whom he addressed himself; "we will teach those who would hunt us in the dark an awful lesson, by which they will learn to beware of such enterprizes. It pleases our captain to save you, it seems,—perhaps for a more formal death; but not one else of your band shall see the morrow's sun!"

The butchery of the soldiers did not occupy the Steel Boys long; and their captain, who had given orders to save Frederick, soon returned to where the latter was stationed, who immediately recognized him to be his tormenting genius M'Manus.

"You are again in my power, Major," said he; "and I shall take care that no rescue shall deliver you this time. I am glad that you are likely to live, not so much from gratitude for your having saved me from assassins, as because I shall triumph in having one of the house of Rosendale so absolutely in my power. Besides, the custody of your person may answer my purposes in other respects. So cheer up your heart, my young spark! for you have a long imprisonment before you."

Frederick felt little disposition to reply to this comfortable address. He however answered: "If my life be spared from a friendly or humane motive, I am thankful: but if it be, as it appears, only

from selfish views, to gratify the feelings of pride and malicious triumph, or to answer the purposes of caprice or interest, I beg you not spare it a single moment ; for I feel that the sooner the miserable load of my existence is terminated, it will be the more to my advantage."

"We want no lectures, sir," replied Munn. "You must proceed immediately to the residence I have destined for you. But first, if you have any thing valuable about you, such as money, jewels, watch, and the like, you will be pleased to hand them to me. They shall be subject to your order so far as to be transmitted wherever and to whomsoever you may desire. But I must not leave you the means of bribing for your enlargement, especially as your keepers will not on such points be the most scrupulous kind of people in the world."

"Take all," replied Frederick ; "there is nothing I wish to retain, except—but it is no matter ! you may take it also."

"Except what?" asked M'Manus. "If it be nothing you can bribe with, you may keep it."

"It is only a picture which I myself drew, poorly enough indeed, of a beloved object within these few weeks past, I acknowledged I should like to retain it, but without being catechised concerning it."

"O ! a mere love whim ! cried Munn. "If your



picture has no jewels about it, you may sleep with it under your head every night, if you think proper."

"I give you my word, sir, there are no jewels about it; but it is set in a small gold frame, which may excite your fears; though, I promise you, I shall never use it for the purpose you apprehend."

"Under such a promise, you may keep it. I can, savage as you think me, sympathize with a true lover.—But, avast with whining! How much is in this purse?"

"About thirty guineas, sir."

"And this watch, these rings, and this broach—what are they worth?"

"I cannot tell—perhaps about three hundred pounds."

"To whom shall I convey them?"

"The money to my servant, Robert Rainey of Ballycarney; the other articles to the Rev. Mr. McCulloch of the same place."

"It shall be done, sir. But before I bid you good night, I must inform you that our present meeting was not unexpected by me. I laid the snare into which you have fallen; and the wretch who allured you into it was only my agent. Had he lived, he would have claimed a handsome reward of me to-morrow. But your desperate leap into our entrenchment has saved me its payment: for, if it

will be any consolation for you to know it, I may tell you that your betrayer was the man you slew. Good bye, Rosendale; I shall see you at a convenient season. Remember you are the prisoner, and may expect long to continue so, of the despised M'Manus! Forsythe, away with him!"

So saying, he turned round, called for his horse, and rode off, followed by about twenty men, who seemed all supplied with horses as suddenly as if by magic.



## CHAPTER V.

*Behold the glorious life we lead,  
Free from all serious thinking;  
Care must drive off on Pleasure's steed,  
Or else be drowned in drinking.  
When life shall end, no matter when,  
'Twill be when Fortune pleases,  
But we'll enjoy our days till then,  
Just as the whim may seize us.*

SIMON GURTY.

THE party which Forsythe selected as an escort to conduct Frederick to his place of imprisonment, consisted of about twelve men, all on foot. Their prisoner, however, was accommodated with a horse; after being placed on which, his arms were pinioned, and his feet shackled below the girth. Their leader was also mounted, and rode alongside of the prisoner.

Their way lay through the turf-ground, or *moss* as it is called in that country, for about a mile and a half, in traversing which their journey was greatly lengthened by the frequent windings they had to make to keep clear of the swamps. At length they left the flat ground, and ascended the north-

eastern side of *Shane's Hill*, by a very rugged and stoney road. The moon, which had shone with unusual brightness during the preceding part of the night, now disappeared behind Slimiss Mountain, and only left remaining so much light as discovered to Frederick, in more than its natural gloom, the dreary wildness and sternness of the scenery through which he passed. On the left, huge and precipitous rocks hung over him as it were in mid air, threatening every moment to roll from their stations and overwhelm him and his fellow-travellers, in their headlong course into the abrupt and yawning gulph that appeared beneath him on the right.

His companions had hitherto remained reasonably silent, or had altogether confined their discourse to each other. But while ascending this ridge, Forsythe thought proper to accost his prisoner.

"Major, what think you of this road? I dare say, you never expected such a conveyance through such a scene?"

Frederick felt no inclination to reply to this question. He therefore held his peace.

"What! in the sulks—my gallant captive?" exclaimed Forsythe. "Don't you know that, by a single word, I could have you thrown over that precipice, at the foot of which your noble carcass

would be good for nothing but carrion for the foxes and crows. So no ill-nature, if you please!"

"If it were not for fear of consequences," observed Frederick, "I doubt not but a person so ready to make such threats to one so utterly unable to resent them, would have the barbarity to execute them."

"What! do you suppose I fear M'Manus, sir?—No matter if I did, you perceive it would be easy to make your tumble over there appear a mere accident. But that's of no consequence: I only want your countenance; for I hate to travel with a man in the vapours."

"You have little skill, sir," replied Frederick, "in dispelling the vapours from a fellow-traveller; otherwise you would address him in more civil language."

"As to civility," returned Forsythe, "if you had any skill in the matter, you would see that you merit little at our hands. We found you in a very civil employment, truly!"

"You found me doing my duty," said Frederick; "and I request that you will attend merely to the doing of yours, of which it can form no part to interrupt me in the enjoyment of my own thoughts by ungenerous language."

"You 're a man of mettle, I perceive," returned Forsythe; "and, doubtless, of feeling too. 'Tis

a pity you were not the guard and I the prisoner, we should see how kindly you would treat me. A Hearts of Steel man would be very likely to receive generous usage from the renowned Major Rosendale, who has done so much to harrass the party. You advertised rewards, I believe, for some of our heads? Is it not generous that we now permit yours to remain on your shoulders?"

. "If it were at your option," said Frederick, "I believe it would not remain long there."

"You say right, I confess, Major," replied Forsythe; "for I think that it has been already too long there. Had it been taken off some months ago, some of our men might have yet been on this side of perdition. You remember Huntley's skirmish? Some foolish qualm of M'Manus prevented him from sending you to Beelzebub that night, notwithstanding all the damage you had just done; and yet your hand has never been idle against us since."

"Your destructive and lawless ravages have never ceased since," said Frederick. "Nor have you at all times confined yourselves to the mere destruction of your unoffending neighbours, which, I presume, is the chief object of your honourable combination; but you have waged an unmanly war against females, and torn innocence from her pa-

rental home, under circumstances of treachery and brutality utterly detestable!"

"Well done!" exclaimed Forsythe; "an excellent lecture, upon my word! It is a pity, sir, that you were not in orders; we might get you to pray for the safety of our souls, although you have been so active in seeking the destruction of our bodies. But with respect to the seizure of the lady you allude to, you may argue the matter with those who did it. You acted bravely that night, sir. You were nearly alone, and yet you dared to attack us, when we were a match for a troop. I had almost got my head in my hand from M'Manus, for permitting you to escape on that occasion. But, you know, we could not contend with a multitude."

"You did wisely, I acknowledge," said Frederick, "to run off at that time. Had you not done so, you would not have had the pleasure of insulting me at the present. A little prudent fear, I perceive, is serviceable to a man occasionally."

"Would you call me a coward?" demanded Forsythe fiercely. "By the Lord! if you were not my prisoner, M'Manus himself could not save you, if you did so!"

"You have my expression," returned Frederick haughtily; "make what you please of it."

"Your bonds, sir," said Forsythe, "protect you

at present in your insolence. But I may call you to answer me at another time."

"And be assured, valiant sir," returned Frederick contemptuously, "I shall not reject your call, if it were only for the opportunity it will give me of rewarding you for this night's favours."

They had now advanced considerably on the descent of the western side of Shane's Hill, when Forsythe, perceiving a light in the valley beneath them, observed :

"Yonder is the end of our present journey. Thank Heaven ! I shall soon get rid of my agreeable prisoner."

"And I shall be at least equally thankful," retorted Frederick, "at being freed from my courteous guard."

The hill where they descended on the west, presented a quite different aspect from its appearance on the eastern side. It gradually declined into a sloping green sward, intersected by a smooth easy road, until it reached Glenwherry water, at the bottom of the descent. On the opposite, or north-western bank of this water, was the habitation of Nathan Lowery, where the party was to halt, and which, until farther instructions should be received from M'Manus, was to be Frederick's prison.

On arriving at this edifice, Forsythe blew a horn,



and a tall youth, half-dressed as if just arisen from bed, in a few seconds opened the door.

Frederick's feet were unbound, and he was ushered into a large rustic apartment, at one end of which blazed a turf fire, from which proceeded the light they had perceived on descending the hill.

"What news, frien's?" said a stout elderly-looking man, with a red night-cap; who, almost as soon as they entered the premises, advanced out of an inner chamber. "Is a' weel?"

"Every thing prosperous Nathan," answered Forsythe. "Satan himself could not have deceived them better than Service did. And here is their leader, the terrible Major Rosendale, whose very name used to give us the ague, whom our Captain recommends to your most gracious care and protection, as a worthy and lawful prisoner of war. He is, in fact, a formidable fellow, and will require to be well watched.—Can I say more for you? Mr. Rosendale."

Frederick only answered with a contemptuous smile; but made his bow, agreeably enough, in return to that with which Nathan Lowery saluted him.

"Hae we lost ony o' our men?" asked Lowery.

"None but Service, the devil's imp," replied

Forsythe. "It is a pity too, for we found him a useful rascal. But that gentleman's sword sent him to do his master's work in the lower regions. In return, however, Master Lowery, we dismissed every soul of the soldiers who came against us, except our worthy prisoner here, on the same errand:—thirty of them, I believe. It was pretty extensive business, with our small means."

"Why, ye hae indeed wroucht miracles," replied Lowery. "But you're thirsty, nae doot, lads—and, it may be, hungry too. I'll hae punch in a trice, and we'll raise Kitty to get ready some supper."

"You're right, Nathan," said Forsythe; "my throat is as dry as a whistle, and my stomach as empty as a bag-pipe.—What say you my merry men? There's a new cask of Glen-Arib in the house; shall we broach it, and try its mettle?"

"It's broached a'ready," said Lowery; "an' you'll hae't reaming before you in a jiffy. As to its mettle, Davy, it carries the real bead, and drinks unco weel in the grog fashion. Maybe, you'll try it first that way; an' use the punch afterwards, jist to warm your stomachs."

This arrangement was unanimously agreed to. A large bottle of strong whiskey was soon produced, and its contents almost as soon transferred to the thirsty gullets of Frederick's guardsmen.

Mirth and noise soon began to follow this drink-offering; and, while Kitty was busy preparing a supper of gammon and potatoes, every one told his story, boasted of his exploits, or abused all who opposed their confederacy, and as many others as he pleased, just as inclination suggested.

At length supper was spread on a large table in the middle of the apartment, around which the company speedily seated themselves. Their prisoner was invited to join them, which he did after some solicitation; it being agreed, at the motion of Lowery, that his arms should be loosened while he sat at table. Forsythe insisted, however, that, for his greater security, the bands should be transferred to his feet.

"I hope none of you, my lads," said he, "will object to this, as his feet can be of no service to him in eating."

This position was admitted as indisputable; and Frederick's feet were, in consequence, bound together while he was at supper; after which, the cords were again removed to his arms; and to this interchange of bondage between his arms and legs he had to submit all the time he continued in the custody of Lowery.

After supper the Steel Boys applied themselves freely to the punch bowl, for which they seemed to have an unextinguishable appetite. The usual

effects of such indulgence soon began to appear. The company became open-minded, talkative, and even vociferous. Some began to sing without tune, some to swear without object, and several to get ill-natured without cause. At length, when the mirth and clamour had attained its highest elevation, Lowery, who acted as master of the ceremonies, conceiving it his duty to keep them in some kind of order, brought forward a violin, on which he was a tolerable performer; and striking up the animated air of the "Black Joke," sung to it the following stanzas, which had the effect of drawing immediate and profound attention from the whole company.

Oh! sad was the day when our country first saw,  
Greedy land speculators controuling the law,  
And expelling the hard-working sons of the soil!  
With conscience like iron, and hearts full as hard,  
To justice or mercy they paid no regard;  
But with writs and with warrants they made their attack  
While bailiffs and constables stood at their back,  
To deprive honest men of the fruits of their toil.

When we from the homes of our fathers were torn,  
In vain we complain'd; we were treated with scorn,  
And considered more worthless than beasts of the field.  
But soon we took courage and turned on our foes,  
For the blood of true Irishmen in us arose;

And our children and wives from distress to defend,  
We thought it no crime with the proud to contend ;  
For valour to tyranny never will yield.

The stern arm of vengeance against them we raised,  
And around them the flames of our bitterness blazed;  
For we swore they should pay for the deeds they had  
done !

And we ne'er will relent—not a tyrant we'll spare,  
But hang them in gibbets to rot in the air ;  
'Till those who survive shall confess that they feel,  
That our arms are resistless, our *Hearts are of Steel*;  
Then our cause is secure, and our victory won !

This song, which was of course loudly encored, gave a direction to the feelings of the company towards poetry and music. It was accordingly followed by numerous rustic lilt and catches ; some amorous, some bacchanalian, but the greater number descriptive of the exploits of their confederacy. Due attention being still paid to the punch-bowl, amidst all this musical enthusiasm, that enthusiasm became more and more stimulated, until every man, being impatient to sing, roared out his obstreperous strains before the others had finished ; so that, for a short time, a dozen of discordant airs, issuing vigorously from a dozen of discordant throats, produced on Frederick an effect as stunning as the braying of a troop of asses ; and as every one en-

gaged in this melodious contest seemed highly delighted with his own performance, and consequently endeavoured to surpass all the rest, if not in the harmony, at least in the loudness of his voice, Frederick began to imagine that he was surrounded by absolute madmen.

In a short time, however, some of the younger and more sprightly of these musical Stentors, finding that force of lungs alone was not likely to be victorious, started up to lend their voices the assistance of their heels. Old Lowery took the hint; and screwing his fiddle to its highest key, gave them, "Paddy O'Rafferty," in such style as soon rendered them breathless, and produced a comparative state of calmness in the assembly. The dancing, once begun, was kept up by party succeeding party for nearly two hours; when their animal spirits being pretty much exhausted by fatigue and whiskey, the performers in this scene of boisterous revelry began one by one to throw themselves into corners, or upon benches, and gradually to sink under the composing influence of sleep; although, to Frederick's misfortune, not of silence; for a new concert, or rather contest, of long and loud snorers commenced, which grated on his nerves, with a far more disagreeable sensation than the grunting of as many hogs. Indeed, the pastiness of the

apartment at this moment, for it had been rendered a complete *splash* by the quantity of punch spilled on it, mingled with fragments of broken glasses and crumbs of bread, gave it as much the appearance of a hog-sty as any human habitation could well exhibit.

To Frederick, the whole scene had from the beginning been rather of a sickening nature: he now felt it more so than ever; for not only was the disgusting spectacle before him disagreeable to his corporeal sensations, but his moral sensibility was mortified and grieved to behold the humiliating condition to which human nature could be reduced by its own extravagance and folly.

He was interrupted, in the midst of a melancholy train of reflections on this subject, by his host, Nathan Lowery, who had conducted himself during the whole night with observable sobriety; and was now, with his two sons, the only individual of the party capable of self-management. He civilly enough asked Frederick, if he wished for a bed? and was answered in the affirmative.

“My twa sins, Roger and Andrew, maun sleep in the same room wi’ you,” said he; “but ye’ll hae a bed to yoursel’.”

Frederick expressed his acknowledgments for the favour; and after having his wounded arm properly adjusted, for it had hitherto been but clumsily bound up with a handkerchief, he retired for the night.



## CHAPTER VI.

*He knows that he has gone astray,  
And sees the dangers of his way;  
And to the right would turn again,  
If he a pardon could obtain!  
Not for the crime he would repent,  
But much he fears the punishment:  
The spoil too saw'd amidst the riot,  
He wishes safely to enjoy it!*

MAJOR TRIP.

AFTER such scenes, it could not be expected that Frederick's repose would be of the most profound or refreshing nature. It was, indeed, notwithstanding his harrassed and fatigued state of body, a considerable time before sleep visited him; for his mind dwelt long on the distracting idea of the melancholy fate of the brave men he had led out that evening, in vigorous health and high spirits, against those desperate ruffians, in whose power he himself was now placed, and in whose power he could not help remembering a more tender and precious object was also placed.

"O! Isabella! my beloved!" he mentally ex-

claimed, "what must thy delicate and refined mind have endured, if thou hast ever been exposed, as it is but too probable thou hast, to such rude scenes of riot as I have this night witnessed? God support thee, my beloved maiden! amidst thy trials, for I fear they are terrible!"

Nature at length gave way under the power of fatigue, and towards the morning he sunk into sleep. The sun had considerably advanced on his march to the meridian, when his slumber was broken by the entrance of Nathan Lowery, informing him that the family had long waited for him to breakfast.

Frederick feeling really indisposed, and fearing to be again ushered into the society of his late companions, requested permission, if not inconsistent with their arrangements respecting him, to retain his bed for some hours longer.

"Kitty protests," replied Nathan, "that she wunna gie us a morsel to eat, till you appear at the table; but I'll speak wi' her."

Kitty was too reasonable to keep the family fasting until a sick man should get health and appetite. Frederick's petition was therefore granted, on condition that he would take some nourishment in bed. Kitty soon prepared him an excellent bowl of tea and a plate of toast, which she had the kindness to administer to him with her own fair hands, and the

satisfaction to see that he ate with more relish than indicated any serious sickness. After this, Frederick was permitted to remain undisturbed for the rest of the day, except by an occasional visit from the attentive Kitty, to inquire after his health, and whether there was any thing he wished her to do for his comfort. On one of these visits, he asked her what the men who had brought him here were about?

She informed him, that they had all set off for their respective homes before daylight; "an' I was very glad o't," she added, "for they're an unco wicked set."

"So you don't approve of their proceedings, Kitty?" said he.

"For that, sir, I dinna' ken: their proceedin's may be richt enough; but they're unco dangerous an' troublesome; an' care na sae muckle, that is some o' them, care na sae muckle aboot a man's life, as I wad aboot a chicken's! But ye maun speak loun—for my father bade me no' talk on thir matters wi' you, syne we a' ken ye're nae frien' to the Hearts o' Steel!"

But I am a friend, at least I wish to be one, to every person or party that behaves well," observed Frederick.

"Ay, I thought as muckle! I believed if they hadna' behaved badly, ye wadna' hae been their

enemy. I ken'd they wad turn folk again' them by sitch conduct. But they 're a' owre rash an' heedstrong, an' there's nae advisin' them for their guid."

"I am sorry Kitty, that your father is confederated with such men. He seems to be more civilly disposed, and possessed of better sense than the majority of them. I wonder how they could have seduced him to their interests!"

"Ah, sir! my father has suffered greatly frae the lan' jobbers. He was turned oot—it's noo eeht months syne—frae as bonny a place as ye wad see in a' Killead parish; an' he had the money too to gi'e for the *fine*—but Waddle Kinikam o' Belfast had mair interest, and got the place; an' my father's an unco obstinate man whan he tak's it in his heed; an' he sware to be revenged on his oppressors, as he ca'd them, an' went immediately an' joined the Hearts o' Steel. He disna', indeed, like a' their doin's, an' winna gang oot wi' them on their ravagings; but he tak's care o' their gear an' their plun'er, till they can get it divided amang themsel's.—But I hae tauld ye owre muckle; I ha'e gane ayont my caution; but I 'm sure ye 'll no' mak' a bad use o't. An' dinna be flayed, or owre muckle cast doon aboot yoursel', for my father says it's no' in their heads to hurt you."

Frederick assured her that her communications

to him would never operate to her disadvantage ; and that if she was under any obligations to keep the secrets of the Hearts of Steel, he would be sorry to ask her to divulge them. He thanked her, however, for her attention to him, which he said he never would forget ; and he hoped that it might be yet in his power to show her how much he should remember it.

She said she pitied his condition ; and while he should be in her father's house, he should want for no kindness in her power to bestow. " But mak' yoursel' as comfortable as you can," she added, " an' no' hurt your health by grievin' owre muckle. There 's nae guid in 't. An' I think ye hae nae great cause to fear ; for they say Captain M'Manus is your frien', an' nane o' them will venture to harm you, an' that be sae."

She then withdrew, desiring him not to be backward to call on her when he wanted any thing.

Frederick longed much to ask this girl whether she knew, or had the means of discovering, the place of Isabella's confinement ; but he yet knew too little of her, although that little was much in her favour, to entrust her with his anxiety on this subject.

Lovers possess feelings and ideas concerning the importance of secrecy in respect to all that concerns the object of their attachment, especially in re-

spect to their own relations with that object, which it is difficult for others to comprehend, and still more difficult when they do happen to comprehend it, to refrain from considering ridiculous. Hence arises that shyness and delicacy, which is, of course, most experienced by refined minds, that they feel in speaking, even in the most confidential manner, on such subjects.

It was, in truth, a latent feeling of this nature, and not any conviction of impropriety, although he persuaded himself that it was the latter, which caused Frederick on this occasion to hesitate before he should speak on such a momentous and delicate subject to Kitty, especially, as he reasoned with himself, on such a slight acquaintance. He was resolved, however, to study the girl's disposition, and to cultivate her good opinion, and then to take the earliest opportunity of making the important inquiry.

In the mean time, Kitty's assiduities, together with the absolute solitude in which the rest of Lowery's family thought proper to indulge him for the whole of that day, had a highly curative effect on his mind; and he enjoyed, for the greater part of the ensuing night, such an invigorating repose, that he awoke quite refreshed at an early hour, and obtain from his guards, the two young Lowery's, permission to rise, and, attended by

them, to walk for some time along the banks of the romantic brook that bubbled past their residence.

He was pinioned, and in unwished-for company ; and, therefore, could not be supposed to enjoy all the luxury which a spontaneous ramble on a clear, cool bracing morning, in such a place of romantic retirement, was calculated to yield. He, however, could not but admire the peaceful and secluded aspect of the scenery, and contrast it with the turbulent and mischievous spirits that frequented it.

The stream, along whose margin he walked, issued from the east, out of a narrow valley, between two high hills ; the southern of which was the same which, with his escort, he had so lately traversed amidst the shades of night. These hills diverged from each other, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from Lowery's house, and were confronted on the south-west, at the distance of about another quarter of a mile, by a third hill, which, after declining into a valley in the form of a crescent or amphitheatre opening towards the north, arose again to its former altitude, directing the course of the stream along its northern base. Through this valley, or glen, which was generally called the Three-Square Glen, the stream meandered in various fanciful directions, before it took the course just mentioned.

It was on one of the handsomest of the pen-

insula patches formed by this meandering stream, and one indeed almost insulated, and occupying the very centre of the Glen, that Lowery had but a few months before erected his present residence. It was a strongly built stone and lime house ; but was not at this period altogether finished, nor was there the smallest trace of cultivation, except on a small plot near the house, intended for a garden, to be seen in the whole Glen. The soil, however, appeared good ; for, although it was now the middle of winter, it was clothed with a verdure which, in some countries, even in the genial months of Spring could not equal for liveliness and beauty ; while the banks of the rivulet were covered with a numerous and intermixed growth of alders, hazels, osiers, willows and sweet-briers ; among which, even at this season, the tuneful thrush delighted to sing her early matins, which song now formed one of the most pleasing items in the list of Frederick's enjoyments of the morning.

“And is this the place,” thought he as he contemplated the scenery around him,—“is this place, so suited to the abode of innocence, piety and peace, that has been selected by the rudest ruffians of society as the scene of their debauchery and the hiding-place of their plunder ? O God ! how is the most evident intention of thy works perverted by the wickedness of man !”



How long he would have continued this strain of meditation we cannot say, for it was cut short by his guards informing him that they thought it time he should return to the house. He nodded assent, and obeyed them in silence.

He met old Lowery at the door. "Major," said his jailer, "I'm glad to see that you can relish a walk oot o' doors, though its muckle at oor risk we indulge you in it; for gin you were to break loose an' escape, we wad hae a terrible catarwalin' to bide frae M'Manus. E'en the rest o' the boys wad rate us like furies, as if we were traitors. We maun be circumspect, sir. But you're a gentleman, I believe; an' gin we allow you an indulgence, ye winna tak' advantage o't to hurt us, but will consider it as frien'ship, an' on honor."

"Your favours," replied Frederick, "undoubtedly demands my acknowledgments; and any reasonable return in my power to make, you shall cheerfully receive. But, Mr. Lowery, I think your urbanity somewhat irreconcilable with the character of your present connexions; though it is consoling to find that there is at least one person civilly disposed amongst them."

"A close mooth, sir," said Lowery, putting his finger to his lips; "is aye token o' a wise head; these matters are no fit for every ear. I am leagued wi' them; an' gin I liked them waur than I do,

honour among thieves, you ken, deserves credit. It's a decent principle, sir.—But Kitty has breakfast ready, and guid manners ne'er yet refused justice to a good meal."

To breakfast they sat down; and honest Nathan gave ample proof of his good manners, by the exemplary justice he did to this excellent repast. It indeed consisted of a greater variety of good things than Frederick could have supposed it possible to procure in so remote and secluded a situation. But he soon accounted for the mystery, by recollecting that his hospitable host was no less a personage than the grand-treasurer and chief steward of the most active and successful association of free-booters at that time in Europe. This was not only an office of high trust and responsibility, but, what Nathan considered of much more importance, it was a highly lucrative one; for its very shavings and pairings, like those of some other high offices, were, if judiciously managed, sufficient in a few months to make a man's fortune.

That Nathan Lowery was not so stupid as to shut his eyes upon these important advantages of his official situation, we have been well assured; and that he had resolution enough to permit no squeamish scrupulosity of conscience to prevent him from availing himself of them, we have also

from good authority. He had made no arrangement with his employers as to compensation or fees of office. He considered it, therefore, equally just and prudent to take the matter into his own hands, especially as it was already in his own power, and compensate himself. The exact proportion of goods, that, on each new supply, he set apart for this pious purpose of providing for his family, has never been properly ascertained. It has been affirmed that he followed the devout example of our spiritual guides of the episcopal establishment, and appropriated the tenth; but others assert that he was too good a presbyterian to limit himself to the observance of a custom founded on mere superstition; and that he improved on the tythe-system, in the manner that Mr. Pitt used afterwards to improve on that of the taxes, by doubling their amount, and thereby took to himself a fifth.

However this may be, honest Nathan, at the time Frederick was placed under his protection, looked upon himself as rich. He had, indeed, more than trebly retrieved the loss he had sustained by being turned out of his Killead farm. His irritation on that account had, therefore, greatly subsided. Nathan also knew the world; and valued himself much, and not without reason, upon the accuracy of his foresight. He began, therefore, mentally to predict, that the late unceasing outrages, and

even successes, of the Hearts of Steel, were only preludes to their final ruin; as they would alarm all classes of society, and bring the whole national power in array against them. These reflections had seriously occupied his mind for some weeks past, and at the very moment his prisoner was first announced to him, his brain was busy devising some means to escape with his riches from the inevitable destruction which he perceived impending over the heads of his imprudent colleagues. To betray them, and by that means make his peace with the laws, was too dangerous an experiment. Summary vengeance might overtake him from men so rash and daring, and who would thus be rendered desperate. To attempt removing with his goods to another country, would be equally dangerous, and might be equally fatal.

The worthy treasurer was in this embarrassing state of mind, when the arrival of his prisoner started in his mind a new train of ideas, which in some measure relieved him. These ideas were partly, but cautiously developed during a conversation which he had with Frederick, after the breakfast just mentioned. Kitty having removed the table and retired with her brothers, Frederick and his host were thus left alone, when the former observed:

"So you think, Major, I hae rather mair civility aboot me than the rest o' the Boys?"

"You have at least shown more to me, Mr. Lowery. But to be told that you excel savages, is, I confess no great compliment."

"I wunna contradict you," said Nathan, "though you should ca' them savages; for, I doobtna, their killravages may whiles be unmercifu' amang their enemies. But, sir, you mauna think that I approve o' a' their doings."

"I at least hope you do not," replied Frederick; "otherwise I should at present feel uneasy in your company; for I should think myself contaminated to be even by compulsion in the society of an abettor and approver of murderers and public robbers."

"Thae names are unco harsh, Major," replied Nathan; "but we'll na' fa' oot aboot them. The Boys are aften rash, an', I'll admit owre severe betimes; but it's maistly when they're provoked by the cruel lan'lords an' their agents, that they owerstep the mark o' what's proper and fit to be done by christians, an' no' frae ony o' that bluid-thirstiness o' heart that they hae been accused o'. Consider, sir, hoo muckle they hae been provoked."

"No provocation," replied Frederick, "can justify wanton and deliberate guilt. And pray,

"You know these things best," observed Frederick. "I cannot presume to argue with you on this point; and a compulsory connexion with such wretches is, I acknowledge, a serious misfortune."

"I tell you thir things," said Lowery, "to prevent you frae blaming me, when I obey their orders in confining you. It gies me nae plesure to be your jailor; an' you maunna be offended at me, when to save mysel' frae their unmercifu' vengeance, I hae to guard you strictly. You ken yoursel', that your escape wad ruin me; an' yet, I wad like to deal frien'ly wi' you."

"Far be it from me," returned Frederick, to desire from you the slightest dereliction of what you may conceive to be the duties of your office. For the indulgences I have already experienced from you, I feel grateful; and shall be equally so for any you may yet think proper to allow me; and should my fate take the worst turn, I shall not blame you."

"It is to M'Manus ye're indebted for your life," said Lowery. "He has gi'en strict orders that nane be suffered to touch it—an' his orders maun be obeyed, for he noo rules amang us wi' a strong hand. An' it's weel he has ta'en the fancy to save you, or your life wadna' be worth an hoor's leash. Forsythe wad sune rid you o't. He wadna

gie ye time e'en to bless yoursel', he hates you so bitterly. Gin ye ever get loose, ye maun tak' particular care o' him, for whar' he yince hates he hates forever. He neither forgets nor forgies ony thing that yince offends him. He 's an unco doure man ;—a very devil in his temper."

"I thank you," replied Frederick, "for this information; I have had already some proof of its correctness."

"I tell it to you," continued Lowery, "for your ain benefit, that you may keep a sharp ee on him. Even when he promises fair, he 's no' to be trusted; for he can play the hypocrite like a very Judas, when he thinks he 'll win ony thing by it. I hope, sir, you 'll think my advice frien'ly?"

"I appreciate your kind intentions," said Frederick; "and shall not forget them, if I may have ever the power to serve you."

"You may yet hae the power to help me in a pinch," replied Lowery. "Nane o' us kens what lot's before him. The law may get me in its grip, an' that's an awfu' thing, sir. Gin the Hearts of Steel were put doon, it 's no' likely that judges an' juries wad hae muckle mercy on them. Ye micht then remember, I was your frien' in your troubles; an' it may be, help me oot o' the scrape."

"Should I have any influence at such a crisis," returned Frederick, "I shall, unless I should have

occasion greatly to change my present opinion of you, zealously exert it for your advantage. But I do not make this promise, to induce you to relax in the exercise of any vigilance over me, that you may suppose either your duty or your interest requires of you."

"That's reasonable, sir, an' considerate," said Lowery: "I like you for't. Ye ken we're a' fand o' a whale skin, an' like oor head to bide by oor shoothers as lang as possible. But mine wad na be likely to bide lang thegither gin you escaped frae me. But you're a gentleman, sir, an' will forgie me for being cautious in sitch a matter, though it should occasion you some hardship."

"Assuredly," replied Frederick, "I shall always, I hope, submit, without murmuring, to every hardship that appears to spring from necessity."

At that moment Roger Lowery entered the chamber, and informed his father that a man on horseback waited for him without. His father arose, and the young man took his station as Frederick's guard.



## CHAPTER VII.

*If you e'er saw on ground beset with briers,  
A solitary rose-bud peep beneath,  
So fair and fragrant that it made you wonder  
How it could happen to have flourished there,  
Where all was rude and foreign to its nature;—  
In such a place much more you would admire it,  
Than if it flourished on the gay parterre,  
It's own congenial soil, where 'twas expected.*

ULSTER BARD.

"Your father is a sensible man," observed Frederick. "He converses very intelligently for his station in life."

"Ay, sir," said Roger, "my father has a guid gift that w'y when he likes, an' can arguy wi' the best o' them; an' weel he may, for he used to be an unco reader o' histories an' the like; an' in his young days before he married my mither, followed the business, o' lan'-surveying, an' collecting the Cut.\* He could even, I hae heard himsel' say, speak grammar in them days. But he gat a piece o' lan' wi' my mither, an' took to farmin',

\* The County Tax.

an' ne'er since fashed his head mair wi' learned employments."

"Still, although he might not have continued to improve himself in such matters," observed Frederick, "he might have had his children instructed in them, especially as he could not be altogether ignorant of their utility, and must be aware that it was his duty to have his children educated if he could afford it."

"Why, sir," returned Roger, "as to affording it, while we had the farm, we werena that ill to lieve; for my father was aye canny, an' had plenty amang his hands. An' as to the matter o' learning, we canna compleen o' him. He gied us a guid deal o' schoolin'; an' we hae yin w'y or anither, I believe, been taucht as muckle as we 're likely to mak' a guid use o'."

"That is too probably the case," observed Frederick; "and yet, my friend, much as you seem to undervalue learning, you might have found a little of it beneficial in improving the style of your discourse, which certainly would have been no slight advantage. Your pronunciation, for instance—"

"Oor pronunciation, sir!" interrupted Roger, with a horse laugh, "He! he! he! haud you there, frien'! Why, as my mither says, we can speak as weel as our nybours, an' that 's a' we hae ony use for. Ye wadna' hae us set up for gentry's

bairns, wi' grammar in oor noddles: feggs, it wad ill set us in a barn-dance, or on a hairst-rig!"

"Then you have no wish for improvement?" observed Frederick.

"An' alteration 's no aye an' improvement, as my father says," returned the rustic. "An' wha kens if in this matter the profit wad p'y for the trouble?"

"It would, indeed, be a hard question to determine whether culture ought to be attempted on such an unpromising soil," observed Frederick sarcastically; "and, no doubt, honest Roger, you do well to despise what you might in vain attempt to acquire. But you say your father was once a great reader. Has he yet a collection of books?"

"Ay, sir, he has a hale drawfu' up-stairs. But syne we cam' to this glen, he has been owre muckle employed wi' buildin' the hoose, an' wi' the Hearts o' Steel business, to read them; but he min's a' the substance o' them as pat as I do the Chief End o' Man."

"And are you really well acquainted with that important point?" asked Frederick.

"Ay, sir, syne I was five year auld," answered Roger.

"Then you were wiser at that age than the most of men are at fifty!" returned Frederick. "May

I ask how you became possessed of so much knowledge?"

"I learnt it frae my mither, sir!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Frederick. "Your mother was a philosopher, then; and yet she has brought you up to despise literature and good English! This is a perfect riddle, Roger: can you explain it?"

"Explain it, sir;—ay, ay, sir, I can gi'e ye't every word frae the 'Shorter Question Beuk.'"

"What book is that, Roger?" asked Frederick, who really knew no book of that title.

"Why!" exclaimed Roger with much astonishment, "did ye e'er ken the like o' that! Ye maun surely sir, hae seen the 'Assembly's Shorter Catechism.'"

"Yes, truly, I have heard of such a work; I believe I may also have seen it," said Frederick; "but I never read it."

"Never read the 'Question Book!' again exclaimed Roger, with renewed astonishment: "an' hoo can ye hae got a' the learning an' knowledge that ye seem sae prood o'? It's very curious! Ye maybe haena read the 'Creed,' or the 'Lord's Prayer, either?'"

"I am well acquainted with both," answered Frederick, becoming serious; "but they contain

nothing about—what was it you called it—‘the Chief Duty of Man!’”

“Na’, sir; it’s ca’d the ‘Chief *End* o’ Man.’ But I’ll fetch you the beuk, an’ let you see it.”

Frederick thanked him for his intention; and Roger speedily produced the ‘Westminster Assembly’s Confession of Faith;’ to which were attached the ‘Larger and Shorter Catechisms,’ by the same Body; and the ‘Solemn League and Covenant’ of the Kirk of Scotland.

This book being in reality a curiosity to Frederick, he requested to be left alone in his bed-chamber while he perused it; which was readily granted.

It might not be proper to report his opinions on the various points of theological doctrine contained in this celebrated book, as there are many excellent people who would not consider them quite orthodox. It may be mentioned, however, that, as a whole, he viewed it with great veneration; not only as forming a body of divinity compiled and recommended by a large number of very learned and pious men; but as being the standard by which his venerated friend Mr. McCulloch, and his beloved Isabella, regulated their religious belief.

He had been engaged in its perusal, with much interest, for several hours, when Kitty entered to inquire whether he would take dinner with the

family, or in his own apartment by himself. He preferred the latter, and had a comfortable table soon spread before him. He had now an opportunity, which, after a little reflection, he prevailed on himself to embrace, of inquiring of his attendant, whether she knew any thing of Miss M'Manus?

Kitty looked somewhat surprised at the question! "Is 't the young lady, the Captain's niece, sir, you mean?"

"Yes, my good girl! Have you heard or seen any thing of her of late?"

"It is only about eicht days syne she was ta'en frae this very hoose. It 's a muckle pity that they use her sae, for she 's as bonny a sweet creature as 'the sun e'er shined on. I hae cried till I hae been sick for her."

"Surely they have not the inhumanity to behave with rudeness or ill-temper towards her?" said Frederick, with an agitation which he in vain endeavoured to conceal. "Ruffians as they are they cannot treat her with disrespect."

"Na', sir, I canna say they wanted to affront her; but they vexed her sairly, which is just as bad. For 'Squire Onsley, that was the magistrate—though they say he 's yin nae longer; for the Government brak' his commission for joinin' the Hearts o' Steel!—But, as I was sayin', 'Squire Onsley is

wud aboot her; an' her uncle foucht wi' her an' scolded her wi' terrible oaths and threatenin's, protesting he wad burn her gran'father's hoose, an' himsel' an' a' her frien's in it, if she wadna' tak' the squire. She couldna' tell what to do, for she was muckle fleyed for her gran'father's safety; and yet she couldna' bring her min' to marry sitch a dry guid-for-nothin' ruggle o' banes, mair especially as he had broucht on her sitch trouble an' misfortune, an' was aye teazin' an' botherin' her wi' his nasty love, when she wanted to hae naethin' awa to do wi' him; so that at last she hated him like the very *sorrow*—and in troth I couldna' blame her for 't; for though he 's weel enough aff in the worl', he 's no ee-sweet nor pleasin' in his fashions.—But, sir, you should eat your dinner, an' no' be sae muckle concerned. I wadna' hae tauld you aboot it, if I had thought it wad hae grieved ye sae."

"I have eaten a sufficiency, Kitty. My appetite is not quite so good as before I fell into the hands of your friends."

"Ah! sir! dinna ca' them my frien's!—I wish to Gracious that nane o' my frien's were leagued wi' them, for they hae been guilty o' awfu' doings."

"But," said Frederick, "can you tell me wheth-

er Onsley has as yet extorted from Miss M'Manus any promise of marriage?"

"No, sir, I think she has gi'en nae promise o' the kin'. But when they threatened her wi' the terrible things about her gran'father,—for her uncle swore that in yin week he wad bring her his head after havin' burned his body in the flames o' his hoose, if she wadna' comply, an' then force her to it into the bargain,—she fell on her knees, and begged sae hard for time to think on't, that they at last agreed to gie her a month—whilk is noo about three weeks run—to mak' up her mind."

"And why did they remove her from this place before the month expired?" asked Frederick.

"In troth, I can weel tell that, sir, to my sorrow; for I got an unco gaun-owre frae them a', especially frae my father, aboot it. I was muckle in the fault too, I believe to disobey him. But she had won sae on me wi' her sweet temper, an' I thought sae muckle pity o' her that I couldna' refuse to slip her some ink an' paper; an' had agreed to get a letter ta'en by a trusty frien' o' mine to her gran'father, to warn him o' his danger, an let him ken the place o' her confinement. But ill luck was against us; for my brither Andy fan' oot the matter an' discovered on us. An' Roger was gaun to kill him for't—for Roger's a guid lad an' wad hae done ony thing for Miss M'Manus: sae we were like to hae a fecht



in the hoose. An' Forsythe, the deevil's limb ! that I should ca' him sae, cam' to hear o't ; an' tauld Mr. M'Manus, wha' cam' upon us like a fury, an' swore we were conspiring against him to ruin him ;—and he wadna' let his niece stay in oor hoose anither nicht ; but aff he took her, as sune as it was dark, to Forsythe's ; for that wicked villain tauld him that he wad be accoontable for her safety, an' that she wad be weel watched by his suldest dochter, wha, syne his wife died, whilk was five or six months ago, has kept hoose for him in a lanely glen three or four mile' frae this. Before Miss M'Manus left us, the bonny dear gied me this silk purse an' this gold ring, as she said, in remembrance o' my kindness. But I would hae been hard-hearted, indeed, no' to hae been kin' to sitch a sweet young lady. An' her uncle too—for he 's no' the warst o' them,—when his passion was owre, said he was sorry to part us, but *needcessity* gar'd him do it again' his wull."

"Would to God," Frederick almost unconsciously exclaimed, "that I had been taken prisoner eight days sooner ! I might then have—." But, he instantly added, "that's a foolish wish, for they would not then have brought me here.—But, Kitty, have you heard nothing of her since she left you?"

"Naething, sir,—O ay, I had amaist forgot. I heard Forsythe, that nicht he brought you here,

tellin' my father that she was aye obstinate. 'But she's a damned sweet creature!' Thir were his very words; for ye ken he curses like a trooper; and Onsley, he said, will be a happy man if he gets her."

"Kitty," said Frederick, "I will detain you no longer. Tell your father that I feel indisposed, and do not wish to be disturbed for some time. The kindness you have shown to this young lady, I shall never forget. I request you to let no one know any thing of the information you have given me; and use all the diligence and caution you can in your inquiries concerning Miss M'Manus; for although it is not now in my power to afford her relief, yet I am extremely anxious to be informed of whatever befalls her."

Kitty promised that she would do her best to follow his directions, and withdrew.

Frederick threw himself on his bed, and gave vent to the agitation of his mind. Kitty had left the purse and ring in his possession. He kissed them, he placed them in his bosom, and had almost vowed never to part with them, until he recollected that they were the property of another.

"They are the gift of friendship and gratitude, but not of love," he mentally exclaimed, "O Isabella! what would I not give to possess one token of affection from thee? How would it soothe the

torments of this vexatious imprisonment! Oh! if I had only the pleasing assurance that I held an interest in thy heart; that thou dost sometimes, in the hours of thy captivity, cast a tender thought upon me, it would be balm for all my sorrows—it would be happiness to me! Happiness did I say!—No, no; I can feel no happiness while thou art miserable; and alas! supremely miserable thou now must be, for thou art, tender and lovely maiden! thou art in the hands of the most wicked, barbarous, and abandoned of human beings. Oh! that I had but one day's liberty, that I might fly and rescue thee: if I should die the next moment, I should be happy! But thy lover is imprisoned when thou dost so greatly need his assistance! He has, alas! no power to help thee in the day of thy deep distress! O! may the God of Heaven help thee! for thou dost need his help!—and surely he will hear my entreaty for so innocent, so virtuous, so pious a sufferer!”

He continued in this strain for several minutes; after which his emotion somewhat subsided, and he sunk into a state of fretful melancholy.

He was in this mood when, towards the evening, Nathan Lowery entered, with a countenance and manner which indicated considerable mental uneasiness.

"Major," said he, "you may expect a visit this evening frae some o' oor frien's."

"They will do me too much honour," replied Frederick, with a degree of phlegm mixed with a bitterness he had never before displayed.

"I cam' to prepare your min' for receiving them, by lettin' you ken their erran'," observed Lowery.

"My mind requires no preparation for such an unimportant event. I trust I shall always be prepared to act as becomes a man—such as these wretches, whom you style your friends must hate—a man of honour!"

"Major," said Lowery, "I am sorry to see that you hae lost your temper, which syne your comin' here I was prood to observe that you supported like a brave man. It may be, I hae unconsciously gien you some offence?"

"No! honest Nathan!" replied Frederick, assuming, from a feeling of kindness towards his host, a more complaisant air, "you have not offended me, nor am I startled by your intelligence; for I did not expect to be allowed to remain long untroubled by the destroyers of my peace and happiness. If you wish to communicate the purport of their visit, I will listen to it from respect to you, but not on account of any consequences that I dread from them."

"They hae heard," said Lowery, "that yin Blair o' Ballyrickert, a relation of Forsythe, an' a very active member o' the association, has been apprehended and carried yesterday to Carrickfergus. They would rescue him, as they did Douglas oot o' Belfast, but the place is owre strong for ony force they can muster; an' they wish to mak' you instrumental to his delivery."

"If that be their intention, friend Nathan," replied Frederick, "I assure you they will lose their labour."

"But they will mak' you proposals," said Nathan, "that I hope you'll listen to wi' guid temper; for, you ken, it's unco silly to defy the lion in his ain den."

"I thank you, my good jailer, for your friendly advice," answered Frederick; "but I have no doubt of being capable to suit my conduct to the occasion, without the aid of an aphorism."

"If I hae made owre free, sir," said Lowery, "you maun forgie me. My motive was frien'ly: I wish to prevent you frae being ta'en by surprise."

"You have not offended me," replied Frederick; "nor do I wish to offend you. I appreciate your motives duly. But I will not admit that any thing done by such ruffians as your colleagues can throw me off my guard. As to your advice, you may give

it and welcome—as much of it as you please: but until I feel at a loss how to act on my own suggestions, I cannot promise to take yours.”

“I may be owre officious,” said Nathan; “an’ you may hae done weel to check me. My news is, nae doubt, unpleasant; but it is true: an’ I hope the mere sound o’ telling it, can hae done you nae harm.”

“None in the world, sir,” replied Frederick, “unless by bringing to my mind the images of disagreeable men, somewhat sooner than they would have come of themselves.”

“I am sorry the Captain wunna be wi’ them,” ejaculated Lowery as he turned round to withdraw.

“You are unwise in that, my prudent host,” said Frederick; “for by his absence there will be one villain the less to contaminate your house.”

“It’s for your sake that I wish him here,” answered Lowery, “as he would keep them frae doing you ony serious mischief. Forsythe will noo do jist as he pleases; an’ when his temper’s up he has but sma’ care for a man’s life.”

“Well, let him do as he pleases,” rejoined Frederick. “When he has done his worst, he can do no more. When my troubles are over, his malignant spirit will have lost one source of gratification.”

“But I imagine, sir, it would be mair agreeable

for you to see him, wi' your ain living eyen, mortified by a disappointment o' his designs."

"Yes! perhaps you are right," exclaimed Frederick in a tone as if a new idea had suddenly caught his mind. "It is my duty to frustrate his designs against me. I will try to do it; but it must be in accordance with honour."

"You speak rationally noo, Major," said Lowery; "an' I'm glad to hear it. Gin M'Manus were here, I ken a' things wad be safe. But as that canna be, ye maun try no' to be owre high-spirited wi' Forsythè."

"Will not Forsythe respect the commands of M'Manus?" asked Frederick.

"To a certain extent, nae doobt, he will," replied Lowery. "But gin you rouse his anger owre muckle, I fear he 'll prefer gratifying his ain wishes."

"Have you heard from M'Manus since my capture?" inquired Frederick.

"I hae just this day got a letter frae him;" an' I may inform you that he 's at present employed, somewhat like an honest man, in defending his ain property."

"An honest man?" repeated Frederick. "That, I believe, is a rare character for him to aet. I should like to know how he relishes it?"

"Rather badly, I believe, for sae far," answered Lowery.

"That for him is perfectly natural," returned Frederick.

"But, gin you please, you may glance owre this letter," said the other: "it will show you that his present predicament is nane o' the maist pleesant in the world."

Frederick perused the letter; the following extract from which will sufficiently make known the unpleasant situation of M'Manus, to which Lowery referred.

"I am now blocked up in my own residence at Glen-Arib, by three companies of red-coats. I have about forty men with me, true Hearts of Steel to the very core; and would not be afraid, with plenty of ammunition and provisions, to stand our present assailants—although, by the 'bye, they are no triflers in their business—a twelvemonth's siege.

"The destruction of Rosendale's troops has, it appears, been the cause of my getting into this scrape. The day after that affair, it occasioned, as you may suppose, a most terrible ferment throughout the country; but instead of having the effect we expected, of intimidating opposition to our measures, it only inflamed that opposition to a height now absolutely uncontrollable by any power we possess.



It would seem as if every man, woman, and child, from Belfast to Colerain, had sworn our destruction.

“But, cheer up!—Hearts of Steel must never be dismayed! By our victory over Rosendale, we gained thirty good muskets, as many bayonets, and about three hundred charges of ball cartridge; besides sending thirty of their most active troops to Tophet, and securing their formidable leader from harm’s way.

“This was a good stroke, sir; and made our gallant Boys *sing blithely*, as your Scottish mon-grels would say. But in a few hours the aspect of affairs changed. How they could have so soon heard of their disaster, I cannot imagine; but the sun had scarcely been an hour up, and we were still within a mile of the field of battle—for we had employed a great part of the night in stripping the dead soldiers and securing the plunder—when a troop of soldiers, accompanied by a multitude of armed country people, appeared in pursuit of us. Luckily I had sent all the military spoil forward in a cart to Glen-Arib.

“We dispersed prudently enough, for there were only about twenty of us at this time together; and we of course saw that fighting would do no good. We were tolerably well mounted; but there were about a dozen of the enemy—mostly countrymen—as well mounted as ourselves. They

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Now ere thou enterest that awful cell,  
Bid to the world a sad, a last farewell!  
Here light of day shall never visit thee,  
But horrid sights by twinkling lamps thou'lt see!  
And thy fell tyrant hath resolved that here  
A speedy fate shall close thy young career.*

IRISH SOOTHSAYER.

It was about eight o'clock at night when Forsythe, attended by six of his confederates, arrived at Lowery's. After having warmed their stomachs with a reasonable allowance of Glen-Arib whiskey, they demanded to see the prisoner, and were immediately conducted into Frederick's apartment.

"So, ho! Major," said Forsythe as he entered; "you're pretty snug here, I see. A devilish sight better off, I believe, than one half of your neighbours! How do you like your quarters?"

"If your question proceeded from real kindness my worthy catechiser," replied Frederick, "you would be entitled to a civil answer; but impertinence is best answered by contempt!"

"What! my jolly firebrain! subject to the old

tantrums still? You have not forgot our passage over Shane's Hill yet. How would you relish such another nocturnal tramp?"

"I could relish it as well, I believe, as the virtuous and valiant Captain Forsythe would do an excursion in broad day on the King's high-road."

"You would be witty, sir," said Forsythe, "if you were not too ill-natured. I think you might have recovered your temper by this time, under our friend Nathan's smooth management. I suppose you have been treated rather like a prince than a prisoner; and have had nothing to do but to eat drink, and be merry. Hence you have become saucy and insolent; but, 'faith! we'll make you keep a better tongue in your head, or you shall pay for it!"

"To your business, complaisant sir!" said Frederick, "if you have any with me. If not, the shorter our conference is, I presume, it will be the more agreeable to both."

"Presume as you please, my gallant blusterer," returned Forsythe; "but learn this, as an incontrovertible article of your creed, that with respect to you I shall act as I please; and I am really at this moment very much inclined to begin the useful work of humbling your proud spirit."

"The sooner you both begin and end that benevolent work," said Frederick, "you will give me

the greater satisfaction; for, whatever you have either to do or to say to me, I really wish brought to a speedy conclusion."

"I came not at present to quarrel with you," returned Forsythe; "but to state to you the terms on which you will be permitted to remain in the same comfortable state of captivity you have as yet experienced under the care of your present indulgent jailer."

"A very magnanimous errand, truly!" exclaimed Frederick, "and worthy of its mild projector. What, sir! do you think I am so enamoured of imprisonment, that I will be ready to subscribe to whatever you wish, rather than not remain in it? But let me hear those gracious terms, my acceptance of which is to be attended with such a signal favour."

"If you are predetermined, sir," said Forsythe, "to reject our proposals, we need not offer them to you. What is your opinion, friend Nathan? do you not think your prisoner too cross-grained and obstinate to enter into any treaty with us, even for his own benefit?"

"Maybe," answered Nathan, "if Major Rosendale heard the terms, and perceived that they required naething dishonourable aff his hand, he might be brought to comply wi' them?"

"But your very considerate friend, Mr. Low-

ery," said Frederick, "no doubt expects me to promise compliance with his desires before he has expressed them, and before it is possible that I can know what they are. This is liberality, indeed!"

"Mr. Lowery," said Forsythe, "you know what we wish from the prisoner: state it to him;—for it seems impossible for me to converse with him, without exciting his petulance."

"Major," said Lowery, "we wish to save twa or three o' oor frien's, just noo in confinement un'er the charge o' your auld commander in Car-rick' Castle; an' wha, we hae owre muckle reason to fear, will sune be strung on the gallows, unless we can mak' a treaty in their behalf. Mr. Forsythe wrote yesterday to Colonel Jennings, acquaintin' him wi' your being yet to the fore, an' in oor custody a lawfu' prisoner. But this the Colonel either disna believe, or pretends that he disna, whilk is just as bad for oor purpose. He insists that the report o' your surviving the Mulloch-Sandal battle, is naethin' but a scheme o' oors to trap him into the surrender o' his prisoners. He says he winna be its dupe, an' that he 'll no' believe ony report o' your being alive, save yin signed wi' yere ain han'-writing."

"And what," asked Frederick, "will be the consequence of my refusing to sign such a report?"

"You will only," replied Forsythe, "have that

obstinate sulky soul of yours driven out of your cursed carcase, and be then made to play the same game that the renowned Clearfield did, who hung dangling as a public spectacle from the top of a pole forty feet high, dancing a jolly minuet with every breeze, to the great delight of our merry Boys."

"A comfortable result, truly!" said Frederick.

"Will you accept the wiser alternative, and sign this paper?" said Forsythe, handing him one which Frederick read as follows:

"To Colonel JENNINGS, Governor of the Castle of Carrickfergus.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have to acquaint you that I had the singular good fortune to survive the terrible slaughter at Mulloch-Sandal, in which all my men lost their lives. I am now a prisoner with the Hearts of Steel, who have hitherto treated me with humanity.

"They have heard that some of their party, at present in your hands, are threatened with condign punishment; and have resolved to make my life answerable for theirs. You will admit, therefore, that it is natural I should beg the lives of those men to be spared; and I trust that the friendship I

have always experienced from you, will induce you to pause before you sacrifice them; for it is determined by their colleagues, that the news of their death shall be the signal for mine.

"With the most painful anxiety I await the result of this application, which is to be decisive of my fate.

"I have the honour to be," &c.

"Mr. Forsythe," said Frederick, tearing the paper to pieces, and looking with infinite contempt upon his enemy, "you must have a far more despicable opinion of me, than, notwithstanding all your antipathy, I could have imagined, if you suppose for an instant that I could disgrace myself so far as to sign such a paper. However haughty and stubborn, or even insolent, you might consider me, I have surely given you no grounds for supposing me cowardly and mean."

"No speechifying, sir, if you please!" interrupted Forsythe fiercely; "the question is simply, Yes or No, with respect to signing these conditions, on which, recollect, haughty sir! your own accursed life depends. Will you sign them?"

"No! I would sooner cut my throat," answered Frederick, "than consult my own safety at the expense of interrupting the regular course of justice in the country!"

"Your throat, sir," said Forsythe, "shall be

cut for you soon enough ; and as to your reasons for refusing our terms, you may philosophise upon them at your leisure in the next world ;—we have nothing to do with them here. You will prepare to march : we have another trial for you : we must humble your proud spirit, ere we send it to perdition !”

So saying, he left the room, every muscle of his body being absolutely convulsed with rage. His attendants followed him, and Lowery only remained behind with Frederick.

“What he means by this last threat I cannot understand,” said Lowery, when the rest had withdrawn ; “but, whatever it is, be assured, Major, that it is something terrible, and that he will perform it.”

“Since his power is so absolute, and his mind so depraved, I doubt not,” said Frederick, “he will perform it. But there is one thing he cannot perform ; he cannot make me become despicable. To all bodily sufferings there must be an end ; but the pangs of mental debasement are everlasting. The former, as the lesser evil, is my decided choice.”

“I’m sorry for it, but I canna help it,” said Lowery : and he also withdrew from Frederick’s presence.

In about half an hour, three fellows, in black visors, and armed with pistols and bayonets, enter-



ed, and ordered Frederick to attend them; which he did in silence. At about a quarter of a mile from the house, a cart was found waiting; on which having bound him, two of them seated themselves beside him, and the third drove away the vehicle. They left Glenwherry water to the left; and after driving, according to Frederick's calculation, for nearly three miles, through by-roads, and over an unfrequented heath, they stopped at last at the foot of a steep hill. Frederick was then loosened from the cart, and compelled to ascend the hill by a very narrow, intricate, and dangerous path, until he came to the mouth of a cavern so extremely low, that, in entering, the party were obliged to go on all-fours. After proceeding in this posture for a few yards, however, the roof became more elevated; and as they advanced, it still continued to rise, until they were able to walk upright. At length the passage took a sudden turn to the left, and opened into a large chamber, which was partially illuminated by a small lamp that feebly twinkled at its farther end. This lamp rested on a small deal table, on which were an inkstand, several torn sheets of writing-paper, and a pewter measure containing some water. An oaken chair, a long four-footed stool, or bench, and a large deal chest, constituted the remainder of the furniture

In this dreary mansion. But there was a rope which hung from a pulley fixed in the roof immediately over the chest, of a very mysterious appearance. It had a running noose at its lower end, and was continued from the pulley just mentioned, to another fixed in an angle of the rugged roof to the right hand. After passing this last pulley, it made its way, through a fissure of the rocky wall, into another apartment.

An iron chain, drawn through a strong ring inserted into the ground near the chest, was pointed out to Frederick.

"We maun fasten this roon ye're ankle, nybour," were the first words addressed to him since he had entered the cave. He made neither reply nor resistance; and the operation was performed in silence.

"On that kist, sir, ye may sleep; an' gin ye like, ye may wrap this rug about ye," said the man who had chained him. "The kist's no locked; but I wad advise ye no' to lift the lid, for something's to be seen in it ye'll maybe no' like. But I'll warrant ye'll tak' your pleasure o' this. There's some oaten bread for ye, an' a bottle o' whiskey, an' a mug o' water; an' when the lamp burns low, there's oil in that jar to renew it. So guid nicht! but dinna think o' hangin yoursel' wi' the execution rape there."

With this friendly advice, the man and his two companions left him; and with an anxious and sad heart he heard the last sound of their footsteps as they retraced the long, narrow passage that led to the mouth of the cavern.

He insensibly sat down upon the chest, overcome by the intensity of his sickening meditations; and remained more than an hour in a state of melancholy absorption, incapable alike of accurate reasoning or distinct perception. At length his native courage resumed the ascendancy, and with it all his other faculties of reasoning and feeling. "I must not be thus cast down," said he: "It must not be in the power of such wretches to unhinge my mind; or reduce me to despondency! A great God over-rules all things: and whatever his sovereign purposes may be, they will inevitably be accomplished; and to them I will cheerfully submit."

Having thus fortified his mind by the dictates of religious philosophy, he partook of some of the homely refreshments that had been left with him, and felt much revived; after which he replenished his lamp with oil; and was about to stretch himself on the chest for repose, when he recollected the mysterious warning which he had received concerning its contents. He repeated the man's

words, "I would not advise you to open it, for there is something to be seen in it you may not like."

"It can be no crime to open an unlocked chest," thought he; "and to be frightened by the foolish assertions of an ignorant boor would be downright childishness. In God's name, I will open it; it may lead to some useful discovery."

He accordingly lifted the lid cautiously; but the lamp glimmered at too great a distance to discover distinctly what lay at the bottom. He introduced his hand to ascertain it; but instantly started back with an emotion of horror, for he had felt the *cold face of a dead man*. The sweat started from his brows, his muscles stiffened, and he stood for a moment as if petrified into a statue. His faculties, however, soon returned; and he exclaimed, "O God! here has been murder!"

At that instant he heard the approach of footsteps, and rays of light darted into the apartment; while a man cried out:

"Ah! you have discovered that have you? Confound the negligence of the fellows!—I told them to have the dead carcase removed before they brought in the living one. But blast you! it is so much the worse for you; for I dare not now let you live, even if I wished it."

The man was now so far advanced, that Frederick recognized his arch-adversary Forsythe. He carried in his hand a lantern, from which he took the candle and placed it on the table, without deigning to notice Frederick. He then took a draught of whiskey and water, and walked once or twice across the cave in evidently great but silent perturbation.

At length with an inflamed countenance and eyes flashing fire, he addressed Frederick.

"Methought, sir, that I heard you let fall the lid of that chest and utter an exclamation of terror? Is it so?"

"I am not apt, sir, to feel terror from trifles: but whether I did or did not, on an occasion which is no trifle, is no consequence to you," answered Frederick.

"It is," rejoined Forsythe fiercely. "Ay, and to yourself too, Mr. Petulance. This discovery has sealed your fate. Had you not made it, circumstances might have altered my determination to cut you off; but my own safety requires now that it shall be unalterable. I shall no longer offer you terms; for, I in truth care little whether Blair and his companions be hanged or not: I must and will look to myself. Hark ye, sir! you are doomed, for your curiosity, to swing on that same

rope which had yesterday the honour to break the neck of the unfortunate wretch within that chest."

He here paused, and walked for a short time in a hurried manner across the rugged floor of the cave. He then resumed :

"But it will not answer my purpose till to-morrow night. It suits me, wretch!" said he, looking at Frederick, with the malicious glance of a fiend, "that you should live till then."

"I thank you, sir," replied Frederick with great composure—for he had with much effort, by this time, recovered full command of his faculties, "I thank you for such candid and fair warning. I trust I shall not fall an unprepared victim."

"Curse your coolness!" exclaimed Forsythe. "Do you expect a rescue? If you do, by G—d! it must be from the devil's aid; for man cannot help you. Neither M'Manus nor Lowery, if they were so inclined, could find you here. This cave is exclusively my empire, sir,—I am absolute within its limits."

"It is a suitable dominion for such an infernal monarch!" replied Frederick in a still more provoking coolness of manner.

"Scoff while you are permitted, audacious puppy!" exclaimed Forsythe in terrible wrath. "Yonder noose, sir, look at it! will soon stifle the breath of your ridicule!"

He then ran to the mouth of the cave, and blew a horn, the sound of which broke like thunder through the subterranean vaults. In about twenty minutes he re-entered, attended by the three visored men who had accompanied Frederick to his present prison.

"Manacle this fellow's other limb, Jasper," said he to one of them; "fasten him round the waist also with an iron chain, and keep strict watch at the mouth of the cave until the morning. In the meantime, Inglis, you may go to sleep, that, when called on, you may be fresh for duty. As to you Archy, your duty is to watch the lady, as you were instructed. Be constant at your post, and vigilant. My brave boys! I shall soon have a long purse for your reward. Others may fight, but we shall share the spoil. You were cursed negligent, though, in not removing Onsley's corpse before you brought this bullying jackanapes here. But it will be of no consequence in the end, for the dog must die to-morrow night. The corpse however, must be buried by daybreak. Jasper and Inglis, see that you attend to it!"

Frederick was soon bound as directed; and the infernal agents and their master withdrew, but not until they had paid their customary devotions to the whiskey bottle—Forsythe desiring them to drink heartily, for it should be replenished in the morning.

"Nae doobt o' it, sir. We mak' nae half war' in oor trade. Na, na; we 're nane o' your bunglers that way, to kill men, an' get naethin' for 't. It wad be doon richt silly that, sir. We tak' the spoil, as the scripture ca's it, an' divide it fairly. The Hearts o' Steel also rob for us. Did ye na ken that we belang to that honourable body?"

"Yes, I know it," said Frederick; "but you seem to do things which, as a body, I conceive they would highly condemn;—for instance, the destruction of Onsley, one of their best friends."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned Ingles; "'faith you hae the richt soo again by the tail. We 're a kin' o' independent body un'er Davie—that is, Davie Forsythe, sir—that hae set up for oorsel's. We hae a' joined the Hearts o' Steel, nae doobt. But there are three or four o' us owre cunnin' for the rest, wha contrive to do business withoot them, an' gie them the blame o't. An' we hae 't in our heads, some o' thir nichts, to rob their treasurer Lowery himsel' o' the ill-gotten gear he hauds for them."

"Is not their treasurer too well guarded to allow you any prospect of success?" said Frederick.

"Na, sir; naebody but Lowery an' his twa sins guards their stores: it's no' thought necessary. You should ken that Hearts o' Steel can trust yin



anither; an' there's nane but them kens ony thing about it. But it's a strong place, an' Lowery keeps the key o't, so it wunna be an easy matter, I grant ye. Gin we should be catched, it wad be better for us to fa' into the hands o' the government itsel'; for M'Manus an' Douglas wad gather a clan that wad tear us to pieces, limb frae limb, without mercy."

"And how, suppose you were to commit that robbery, would you reconcile it to your oaths of fidelity to the confederacy?" asked Frederick.

"Jist as weel," replied Ingles, "as we can the stealin' o' a coo to the eicht commandment; or the killin' o' Onsley, or yoursel', dear Major, to the sixth—that is, by the help o' a guid stoot conscience."

"I am well answered," said Frederick: "the same disregard of moral obligation, which enables you to rob and murder, I might have easily supposed would equally enable you to commit perjury without compunction; and I am really astonished how companions in crime can trust each other on the security of oaths."

"I canna comprehend ye, sir," observed Ingles: "but this I ken, that Davie has promised us a reward might bribe a prince, when he robs the treasury; an' Douglas, M'Manus, Lowery, an' a' the rest o' the leaders, ha'e sitch confidence in him,

that I dinna doobt but they 'll gi'e him an opportunity to accomplish it; an' he has cunnin' enough, ye ken, to cheat them."

"He has wickedness enough to do it, at any rate," observed Frederick.

"An' gin he does attempt it, sir, we'll stick like burrs to him, as we hae sworn, through a' risks."

"How many are of you in his confederacy?" asked Frederick.

"Only three forbye Davie himsel'," answered Ingles. "I ha'e tauld ye mair nor I oucht to ha'e done; but I ken it can mak' nae difference, as ye 'll be put oot o' harm's w'y again nicht; an' after that, I'm thinkin', ye 'll tell naethin'. Mum's the word that maun carry us through safely. Guid mornin' sir. Ye 'll no' tell Davie oor conversation?"

Frederick assented to secrecy, and Ingles retired. At the mouth of the cavern he met Forsythe.

"I ha'e been in, sir!" said he; "replenishin' the whiskey flask, as ye bade me."

"And how is our prisoner doing?" asked Forsythe. "Does he seem any thing broken down in spirits?"

"Doin'!" answered Ingles; "why, sir, he's as hearty as a year-auld: an' as fto his brakins doon, I believe he couldna be mair stately an' stulwart

in his gaits, gin he were gaun to be married to an heiress!"

"I must converse with him, Ingles. I heard from Blair this morning, who's greatly down-hearted; and, as sure as the sun shines, will be condemned and executed, if we cannot get this stubborn mule's head within here, to write to his commander to save him!"

"But ye surely dinna intend to let him loose gin he does sae?" asked Ingles apprehensively; "he kens sae mony o' oor secrets?"

"No, by George!" returned Forsythe; "I'm not such a fool, Ingles. But I intend to speak him fair, until I get his hand-writing to this paper; and then, I promise you he won't live a dozen of hours! You may take Jasper with you and prepare his grave as soon as you please!"

"Richt, sir! ye're aye richt—game to the back-bane!" exclaimed Ingles. "We'll ha'e 't done, sir, as snug as spades and shools an' brawny arms can mak' it."

Forsythe now entered the cave, and was both disappointed and mortified to find that Frederick's appearance denoted an unalterable energy of mind and defiance of suffering, which even exceeded the report of Ingles. He hoped that he should have, at least, perceived some symptom of the forlornness and utter hopelessness of his situation, which

would have indicated a spirit somewhat tamed, and become not altogether averse to hearken to terms which might purchase deliverance. Ingles might have been imposed on by an affectation of courage; but he was himself now reluctantly convinced that the unembarrassed countenance, the steady eye and dignified aspect, bespoke the reality of an unsubdued mind, and argued unfavourably for the success of the deception he intended to practise.

For the purpose, if possible of intimidating Frederick, he assumed one of his most ferocious looks, and pointing to the execution-rope, with a voice and manner that would have made a common auditor shiver to the very marrow, he pronounced the awful words :

“Remember, culprit, death comes to-night!”

“To repeat such intelligence, worthy sir,” said Frederick, “is unnecessary. My memory is yet too young to be impaired on a subject so lately announced. But, villain! though I may be your victim, I deny your false epithet of culprit! Of what crime, pray, am I accused?”

“Ha! ha!” returned Forsythe, with a malignant grin worthy of a demon; “thou inquirest for thy crime. Detested offspring of haughtiness! does thy accursed pride screen thy offences from thy sight? or art thou ignorant of the moral code that regulates our confederacy? Knowest thou not the

criterion by which Hearts of Steel judge the actions of men? I can inform thee, viper! their *interest* is that criterion; and against that thou hast sinned—by that thou art adjudged; and to that, at nine to-night, thou shalt be sacrificed!”

“Presumptuous man!” replied Frederick; “am I a child, that thou thinkest to frighten me with such threats? I scorn them as I scorn thee! and defy the uttermost thy malice can inflict! Call not this pride; nor call it an affected disregard of death. I do not desire death; but I do not fear it. I would not, to avoid it, turn upon my heel at thy bidding: nor to avoid a thousand deaths, would I condition to be guilty of the least heinous of thy innumerable crimes: for, be assured, that death will be far sweeter to me, than life can be to thee, thou detestable concentration of all that is villainous and wicked! Read thy execrable code of morality to fiends like thyself; but pollute not human ears with its profanity!”

“Thou hast learned the language of abuse by rote, my young bravo,” returned Forsythe, “and it has been for thee an unhappy lesson: I might else, in pity to thy youth, have relented, and altered thy doom. But thy hot temper shuts the door of mercy against thee.—Why mock our morality? Hast thou committed no offence against us, even according to the creed of the world? Wert

thou not our declared enemy? didst thou not offer bribes for our destruction?—nay, didst thou not repeatedly seek that destruction at the head of armed companies? And have none of us fallen by thy means?—nay, by thine own hands? Yes; thou hast been the evil genius of our confederacy, the malignant star that has blasted our success. Thou ledst the way, and the whole community is now leagued in pursuit of us. Canst thou then, bound and powerless as thou art, in this cave too,—where no enemy of mine, or of my party, ever entered, but to die,—expect to escape? No! it were equally possible for thee, with a breath, to burst the iron band that envelopes thy waist, and, with a touch of thy finger, to cause the everlasting walls of rock that surround thee to open and admit of thy flight. I tell thee, there is neither escape nor life for thee, but on my terms, and by my permission. Wilt thou sign this paper?”

“No!” replied Frederick: “if it were to change this dungeon for a palace, these chains for a sceptre, I would not sign what would please thee; for I know that thou canst be pleased with nothing but guilt and baseness. As for escape, vex not thyself about it, sir; I ask it not—I expect it not. Since I am to die, my only request is, that thou wilt not disturb my last hours by thy presence. If thou canst not grant me this, hasten my death,

that I may be released from thee ; for the greatest evil I can now suffer from life, is to behold thee."

"Spawn of insolence !" exclaimed Forsythe, in a frenzy of rage, " It would be bliss to stab thee to the heart where thou standest ! But no ; my purposes must be answered with thee. When these are gained, to eternity then thou goest without fail ; and till then thou may'st know thy chains, for food or drink thou shalt not receive more in this world."

He then, with a horrible grin, indicating the malignant wrath of his hellish spirit, removed from Frederick's reach every species of refreshment, and left the cave.

## CHAPTER X.

*How hapless oft is blameless beauty's lot!  
By her own charms to dire misfortune brought,  
The fair one pines beneath some ruffian's power,  
As sudden frost benumbs the vernal flower.  
Oh! shield her, heaven! and clear the stormy skies,  
On thee alone the tender plant relies.*

ULSTER BARD.

It is now time that we should attend to the fortunes of Isabella, who had suffered much since she fell into the hands of squire Onsley, as has been already related. When the confederates of this gallant magistrate had freed him from the bands with which, it will be remembered, Robin Rainey had secured him, and he was again placed in the gig beside the disconsolate Isabella, who had swooned in her seat, without observing her situation, he drove off with such unmerciful speed, that she was nearly thrown out of the vehicle, the moveable top of which had been folded back. He stopped for an instant, in some alarm for her safety; but hearing her breathe, he hastily raised the top over her, secured her firmly in her seat, and



continued the rapidity of his course, with the intention of reaching his own house before any pursuers could possibly overtake him. This destination, however, was altered by M'Manus riding forward with the information that they were pursued by a large body of people from Ballycarney.

"To Lowery's with her," said her uncle; "they will not suspect that place, and your house will undoubtedly be searched without delay. Besides, I should be glad to procure her the attendance of Kitty Lowery until she becomes your wife."

Onsley, whose foible was not ill-nature, obeyed, and they reached Lowery's at about three o'clock in the morning.

It was now seen that Isabella had suffered much during the journey. She was pale and trembling, and so feeble, as to be incapable of walking from the gig into the house. She was soon placed on a bed, and nourishment and cordials speedily procured for her; but she refused to accept of them, and begged to be left alone for the night, that she might indulge in her own heart-rending reflections, for as to repose, she neither desired nor expected any. Her wishes were complied with, after she had consented that Kitty should remain with her.

She now gave way to the intensity of her harrowed feelings, and, for the first time since her

seizure, burst into tears. Her agitation was long and vehement, and at one time resembled so much an hysterical paroxysm, that Kitty became frightened, and was only prevented from alarming the other inmates of the house by the earnest entreaties of the sufferer, who, in about half an hour, became calmer; and, at length, the excitement of grief gave way to the exhaustion of nature, and she sunk into a short repose.

When she awoke, she found Kitty sitting by her bed side, watching her with great anxiety.

"Young woman," said she, "You appear to have a good heart. I thank Providence you are permitted to stay with me; for, Oh! without the presence of some friend, I feel that my heart would burst. But where are my persecutors?"

"I believe they're no' risen yet, for it's no' yet daylight. But compose yoursel', my dear young lady, an' try to sleep again; it will do you guid, after your wearisome an' unpleasant journey in the clouds o' the night."

"Yes; it was indeed a wearisome an' unfortunate journey for me,"—said Isabella with a sigh. "O Kitty! you know not how much I suffer, for my friends will be in distraction to learn what has become of me. They will think I am murdered."

"Be na' concerned aboot that, Miss M'Manus," replied Kitty; "They canna' wèel think sae when

it was ye're ain uncle that took you awa'. An' I heard him sayin' that your frien's a' ken wha did it, an' pursued them, an' even had a fecht aboot you."

"Yes, Kitty; that fight is another source of grief. They did fight. Imprudent, venturous young man, to attack so many! He must have fallen; but—O! Heaven support and forgive me if I have been the cause of the death of any human being!"

"Lay na' it sae muckle to heart," said Kitty perseveringly; "You'll do yoursel' harm—it was na' your fau't, ye ken."

"You are kind, Kitty; and I know it grieves you to see me thus. But I cannot help it; for I fear, very much fear, that my sufferings are but beginning. You cannot think how much that Onsley has made me endure. But my head aches violently and I am really sick at heart."

"Then do try to be calm," said Kitty, "for its frettin' sae that sickens you sae muckle. But gin ye wad tak' some cordial, an' a bite or twa o' this biscuit, it wad', may be, revive your spirits."

"No, no;" replied Isabella—"I feel no relish for any thing of the kind. No cordial can ease a heart that suffers like mine. If I could get that tormentor of my peace driven from my reflections, I might be comforted; but it is impossible; his persecuting spirit still haunts me. And my uncle—my own, almost my nearest relative, to join in

in the person of Frederick Rosendale. If flattery, persuasion, and entreaty, would now gain her, he would not regret that force which the violence of his passion had constrained him to use; but of this he was so extremely doubtful, that he was very much embarrassed, and could have heartily wished that matters were still in the same state in which they had been before he engaged in so unpromising an enterprise.

There were other circumstances which now, in the period of calm reflection, forcibly impressed themselves on his mind, and assisted much in promoting his uneasiness on account of the night's transactions. The fact of his being a confederate of the Hearts of Steel, which had been hitherto concealed, was thereby publicly exposed, and consequently not only his commission as a justice of the peace, but his life itself was endangered. At that very moment, perhaps, the armed population of Ballycarney, infuriated at the loss of Isabella, were ransacking and demolishing his dwelling-house, and denouncing vengeance against himself.

His mind was thus in none of the most comfortable of moods when M'Manus saluted him in the morning, as follows:

"Well! Squire, we have at length got the dove out of the hawk's nest."

"But I am sorry," replied Onsley, "that she so

greatly dislikes the change. I fear she will consider it only a removal to the bear's den. It was a disagreeable piece of business."

"It was rather roughly done, I confess," said M'Manus; "but boys like us, you know, never stop for trifles when we have a favourite object to carry. As to our caught bird, she may be for some time a little scared, no doubt, but we shall soon reconcile her to us. I will be a good uncle, and you a fond husband; and I think our kindness and attention will soon make her forget a canting grandfather, and an hysterical grandmother."

"If she can be won by kindness and assiduity, they shall not be wanting on my part," answered Onsley; "but last night's affair must have greatly embittered her mind against me; and I am really ashamed this morning to appear in her presence."

"Why! man," said Munn; "you appear to have a conscience as tender as a Puritan. It is nonsense to fear the frown of a pretty girl. But, Oh! I beg pardon. I forget you are in love. That makes the difference. I remember when I myself, who never regarded the frown of either man or devil, would not have taken the world to have encountered that of a certain young female. But these days are gone. I'll never again feel such sensations. Onsley, you have made me serious for

"Perhaps!" said Munn, "you now begin to appreciate the benefit of a wife yourself, Forsythe, since you have become a widower."

"You can guess shrewdly;" replied Forsythe, "I like the face of a pretty girl at present, with as much relish as when I was nineteen. If you could only provide for me as well as you have done for the squire, I think all the Chaldeans, constables, juries, or hangmen in the kingdom could not dishearten me."

"You are made of sterner stuff than the squire," said M'Manus; "you have not softened your nerves with so much wine: you have rather braced them tightly with good whiskey, like a true Irishman!"

"Shrewd again in your guessing, my pious prophet!" replied Forsythe, and he began to sing, as if in derision of the squire's gravity and uneasiness:—

"O! it purifies the blood,  
And it does the body good;  
And whiskey is a cordial for all mankind."

"Come, squire, we must have a pull at Lowery's poteen: it will comfort your heart more than all our lecturing."

"Amen!" said Munn, and the bottle was hand-

ed round in a merry trim ; Onsley partaking of it with as good a countenance as he could assume.

"Will you breakfast now, or wait till the lady appears at table?" inquired Lowery, who had joined in the jovial libation that had been just poured in honour of the Goddess of the Morning, into the thirsty stomachs of the Steel Boys !

"We shall wait for the lady, surely," replied Forsythe; "her presence, I believe, will do our brother Onsley more good than his breakfast, or even the poteen itself."

"But, inquire whether we must wait long," observed M'Manus, "for I begin to feel an appetite."

Lowery inquired, and speedily returned with the answer that the lady was at present too unwell to appear in company; and begged, therefore, to be indulged with privacy during the day.

"'Tis all nonsense! downright pretence!" cried Munn, somewhat angrily, "she shall appear if the gentlemen insist on it."

"I do not, for my part, wish to constrain her, or hurt her feelings farther at present," replied Onsley; "she has, God knows, suffered enough from us already. I think we should rather sooth her agitation than proceed to more harshness."

"Decide it among yourselves," said Forsythe; "I shall give no vote in the case."

"But I maun vote," observed Lowery, "that ye at present comply wi' her wishes, for she canna hae possibly got owre her last night's fricht an' rouch canter. Consider M'Manus, that she's no sae strong as you an' your frien's, wha care naething about such frolics."

"It may be so," said Munn, "let her take her way for the present; but I will yet overcome such obstinaey. Mr. Onsley, I perceive you are too soft-hearted; but keep courage, she shall be your's in spite of her caprices, or I am not M'Manus!"

After breakfast, intelligence arrived of the capture of Douglas, by a party of the troops stationed at Belfast; and of his being carried prisoner to that place. M'Manus's horn immediately sounded; the horses were got ready; and all, except Onsley, Lowery, and his two sons, whose office of protecting the booty committed to their care, secured to them a privilege which their father highly valued, of absenting themselves from all military excursions, set off to collect their forces, with the determination to effect the rescue of their leader.

The result of this attack on the Belfast garrison, has already been mentioned as successful on the part of the Hearts of Steel; but as it had little or no effect on the fortunes of Frederick or Isabella, its particulars need not be here detailed. The absence of M'Manus, however, which it necessarily



occasioned, was so far useful to Isabella as to afford her the enjoyment of two or three days' tolerable quiet; during which time she recovered from the bodily indisposition occasioned by the outrageous manner of her capture.

With the return of bodily health, her mental energy was also restored; and although she was resolved from motives of piety, to submit patiently to whatever sufferings should befall her, she was determined never to yield her hand to the detested author of her misfortunes.

For the first day, Onsley was altogether prohibited from any interview with her. To this he submitted without much difficulty; as he concluded that as she was really indisposed, his presence so soon after what had taken place, might disturb and irritate her so as to retard her recovery.

The next day, however, he insisted more earnestly to be admitted to her presence, alleging that he wished only to explain his motives for joining in her capture, and to assure her of his sorrow for having engaged in such an enterprise. But she was inexorable.

"If he is really sorry for what he has done," said she, "he can now make ample atonement for it, by restoring me to my grandfather. In that case I shall not only forgive him all he has made

me suffer, but I shall bless him all the days of my life."

Lowery, whom Onsley had by a very liberal bribe and a more liberal promise, secured to his interest, observed, that this was altogether out of his power, as her uncle had left injunctions upon himself which he dared not disobey, to keep her person secure, and vigilantly guard her against either escape or rescue.

"Then my uncle is my chief enemy," said she. "But it is for this man's ends that he has become such. I will not reproach him, for he is my father's brother; but I trust that my God will turn his heart from meditating an event which would be the ruin of all my earthly happiness."

By Lowery's management, however, Onsley was, on the evening of the ensuing day, enabled to obtrude himself into her chamber.

"Pardon my anxiety to see you, Miss M'Manus," said he, "It compels me—

"Sir," said she, "it is vain for you to make apologies. If you suppose that they will reconcile me to an intrusion which is equally disagreeable to me and useless to you, you are much mistaken. You have taken a displeasing step, which apologies will only render more displeasing."

"I am sorry—indeed, it breaks my heart to labour under your displeasure. Oh! Miss M'Ma-

nus, you know not how I love you. It was that love, that uncontrollable passion, that drove me to the desperate step of carrying you off from the reach of a rival too likely to be more highly favoured."

"I know not to whom you allude," said she, "nor do I wish to know; and if you have nothing more to say on the subject I could wish the conference ended."

"Do you forgive me then, fair maiden, nor let what I have done in the madness of my love, render me so very hateful to you, as to prevent your yielding to a reconciliation which your uncle ardently desires, and on which the whole future happiness of my life depends."

"If it be seriously your wish," said she, "that I should not hate you, you should know that the best and only method of obtaining that wish, is to restore me to my friends; or if you cannot do that, to inform them of my place of concealment, and then never afterwards disturb me with addresses that ever have given, and ever must give me, pain."

"You are too cruel, too inexorable, Miss M'Manus. Such terms surely are too harsh to be prescribed to a lover like me, whose only comfort is the expectation that you may yet relent, that you

may yet receive his society without feeling it disagreeable."

"I forewarn you, Sir, not to indulge such an expectation, for it never can be realized until you release me from the persecution of your addresses, and view me in the light only of a person who never can be more nearly connected with you than as a mere neighbour or acquaintance."

"To think of you, Miss M'Manus, to view you, in whom I have so long contemplated all that is lovely to the sight, and pleasing to the fancy, from whom I have so long fondly hoped to derive all that could constitute my earthly felicity, in that heartless light you mention, would be indeed to become miserable, for it would be the total disappointment and ruin of all my sweetest hopes."

"Sir, I dislike such rhapsody. If you persist in it, I must act with more rudeness than I could wish, in permitting it to remain unanswered. Only of this, before I assume total silence, I will assure you, that the more you say, the more disagreeable you will become; for I, at present, feel both your company and conversation extremely distressing."

"I shall then," replied Onsley, with some degree of irritation, "distress you no longer, at present, with my hateful presence. But know, proud girl, I shall not thus give you up. You are a jewel I

too highly value to loose you so easily. I have rivetted my ideas of enjoyment too long and too closely upon possessing you, not to make more powerful efforts for that purpose than I have yet made. These efforts may give you pain. I am sorry for it ; for your comfort is dear to me, but not so dear as the joy of making you my own."

He then bade her good evening, and withdrew.

## CHAPTER XI.

*I know, proud nymph, this is the man you hate;  
But I'm resolved that you shall be his bride;  
He is my friend, and I have sworn it to him;  
So longer disobedience won't avail you.  
Therefore prepare submission to my orders,  
And name the time—I'll bear no more with trifling.*

IRISH SOOTHSAYER.

THE day following the foregoing interview, M'Manus, Douglas, Forsythe, and three or four more of the leaders of the Hearts of Steel, arrived at Lowery's.

They were all in high spirits, particularly M'Manus. This was indeed the period of his glory. He had been successful in almost every exploit in which he had engaged. His assumed name, of Captain Thundergust was terrible to the whole country, and whenever it was attached to any written demand, operated like magic in causing the most courageous to open their purses, and deposit their contributions, according to order, at the appointed places.

He was just returned from the most brilliant and

celebrated of all his exploits, the rescue of his colleague Douglas from imprisonment in the metropolis of the province, and from the hands of a formidable garrison of regular soldiers. Nor had this been done by stratagem, but entirely by the physical force which he commanded, and the terror which his name inspired.

But the circumstance from which he, perhaps, felt more real satisfaction than any other, was the possession of his niece. She was now, he believed the only relative he had in existence, and the last stem from which any offspring to the blood of M'Manus was likely to arise. Should she marry without being controlled by him, it might be to some rigid presbyterian, who would despise the popish-sounding name of M'Manus, or it might be even to Rosendale, the hereditary enemy of that name. In either case, there would be no means of preserving it from utter extinction.

If she married Onsley, however, the case would be different; for previous to her seizure, he had exacted a condition from this unfortunate lover of which perhaps, the reader should have been earlier informed,—that all her male children should bear the surname of M'Manus. By this means he expected to have an heir of both his own name and blood, to whom he could bequeath his patrimonial

authority over the clan of Glen-Arib, and his hereditary hatred against the family of Rosendale.

His niece's extreme aversion to the match was now the only impediment to the success of this fondly-cherished scheme of resuscitating and preserving to the world the almost extinguished name of his ancestors; but this impediment he was determined, cost what it would, to overcome. Isabella was the only child of his only brother, and that brother was now no more. His authority over her, therefore, he conceived should be absolute and uncontroverted; and he was determined that, if she continued much longer her resistance to his favourite project, she should feel it to be so.

Often, when ruminating on this subject, would he exclaim to himself:

"I care nothing about her likings or dislikings. These she must sacrifice for the sake of the ancient and venerated name of her ancestors. Oh! what pleasure I shall feel when I fondle her first born boy in my arms, and reflect, that from him a race of M'Manuses may arise, who shall, through many a generation yet to come, be a torturing thorn in the side of English rulers, and be a bitter drug in the cup of the Rosendales!"

Notwithstanding he had formed these resolutions, he did not torment her for that day with any particular indication of the authority with which



he intended to enforce them. He only insisted that since she was now in tolerable health, she should appear to grace the evening repast with which Lowery was preparing to entertain the chiefs of the Steel Boys, in honour of the deliverance of their principal leader.

Her uncle having entreated rather than commanded her compliance in this respect, Isabella yielded, for fear of giving any unnecessary cause for irritation and harshness. She had even some hope that, by keeping him in good humour, she might in time prevail on that parental affection, which she did not doubt he bore for her, to restore her to her mother's relatives. "He will, at least," thought she, "unless I unreasonably offend him, protect me from any personal insult, if not altogether from the disgusting annoyances of the odious Onsley."

There is a natural feeling, perhaps weakness—but if it be weakness it is a very amiable one—in the mind of every female, in every situation, whether of grief or joy, which induces her to arrange her dress in the manner best calculated to do justice to her personal charms. Although, on the present occasion, Isabella was far from desiring to captivate any of the company, yet this instinct of her sex operated so far as to induce her to make the best appearance she could in the apparel she

possessed, (for, as the reader need not be told, her wardrobe was yet at Ballycarney;) and she took her place at the table, beside Kitty Lowery, arrayed in all that tasteful simplicity and neatness which was admirably adapted to display both the elegance of her form, and the beauty of her countenance.

Her uncle was delighted. Onsley was enraptured, for he conceived that her present compliance augured favourably of her yet yielding to fulfil the wishes of her uncle, and make himself happy. There was, indeed, no one present who did not admire her uncommon beauty; but there was one who became so entirely fascinated with it, that he resolved from that very hour to view every other project or pursuit as of inferior importance to the gaining possession of such charms. This man who was destined to be the cause of new and aggravated sufferings to Isabella, was Forsythe; a man whom the reader has already seen to have possessed an inflexible temper, and who pursued all his measures, with an obstinacy, a ferocity, and intensity of zeal, that defied all consequences, whether temporal or eternal. He had first seen Isabella on the night of her seizure by Onsley, and had become enamoured of her; but being acquainted with her uncle's intention to unite her to Onsley, he had restrained his feelings: but on this occasion he felt her attrac-

tions so powerful, that he gave every other consideration but that of possessing her, to the wind, and resolved to stop at the commission of no crime, nor at the sacrifice of either friend or foe in effecting his purpose.

"I have hitherto succeeded," thought he, "in gratifying my revenge, and why should I despair of success in gratifying my love? I have trampled upon all my personal enemies: they are now all either destroyed or beneath my feet, and why should I not get rid of rivals and opponents, to the indulgence of this sweeter but not less irresistible propensity that I now feel? I am yet but forty, as strong, active, and energetic as I ever was. My wife is, thank heaven, gone to the world of forgetfulness, and why may I not either persuade, or compel, which will answer the same purpose, this lovely creature to marry me? Her uncle must become reconciled to our union in spite of his heart. If not, bully as he is, I shall find means to raise a storm that will soon blow him out of the way.— But shall I betray my party? To be sure. What signifies my party to my pleasure? What signify my friends, to the indulgence of my fancy? What is fidelity? nonsense. What is reputation? a bubble. What is morality? a whim. What is religion? a jest, or at best but a riddle. But the possession of a lovely girl is the delight, the rapture

of existence. By heavens! she shall be mine, or may I be gibbeted!"

Having made this fierce resolution, even while the fair object of it sat at table before him, he continued to gaze on her charms in the full enjoyment of a luxuriant imagination, as if they were already his own. The company was too much absorbed in the business of the table, to observe the steady eagerness of his gaze; but Isabella herself, on more than one occasion, perceived something too pointed in it. She, therefore, became uneasy in her situation, and as soon as decency permitted arose, and, attended by Kitty Lowery, withdrew to her apartment.

When she was gone, these sons of jollity and free-living, after having drunk her health in a bumper, spent the remainder of the evening immersed in such a sea of wine, whiskey, mirth, ribaldry, and profanity, that if either care, morality or sobriety had approached them their clamours would have scared the intruder; or if she had dared to enter, they would have seized her, and drowned her in a flood of riot.

The next day some predatory excursion required the absence of M'Manus and the other leaders; but before he left Isabella, he thought proper to declare to her explicitly, that he expected from her

an unreserved submission to his wishes respecting Onsley.

"He is a man of property," said he, "and loves you tenderly; and I really do not know where, with a proper regard for your true interests, you could choose better."

"Mr. Onsley," said she, "already knows my determination on this subject; and it grieves me that you should be so solicitous with me to alter it, since I feel that it is one of those particulars in which I can never yield to you that submission which you may consider your due."

"And what is to prevent you from yielding to me obedience in this as well as in any other particular?" inquired he.

"Ah, Sir, I cannot force my inclination to become favourable to a man whose moral conduct I cannot esteem."

"Inclination! that is childish talk, my niece. The will of a rational person can easily overcome that. Were you willing to yield to your father's brother that obedience which nature has entitled him to claim from you, inclination would soon give way to your desire of doing your duty, and I should be rendered happy by seeing you comfortably fixed in the world, as the wife of a worthy and affluent man."

"I have, I assure you, my dear uncle, every

wish in the world to obey you in whatever is lawful and reasonable. But surely it cannot be reasonable to command me to become wretched ; for I feel that were I the wife of that man, nothing but wretchedness would be my lot."

" This is all romance, Isabella. You have read abundance of novels, I suppose. Although your old guardian grandfather is a puritan, he has not been able, I perceive, to keep such silly compositions out of your hands. Mr. Onsley is somewhat older than you, and in order to act the part of a persecuted maiden resisting the addresses of an antiquated lover, you imagine him to be older than he really is. But it won't do. If persuasion and kindness will not induce you to obey me, rather than be disappointed in a measure which I am resolved shall take place, I will use authority."

" Alas ! sir," replied Isabella ; " you may use authority, and inflict upon me punishment ; you may break down my spirits with the weight of your power ; but never, never shall any earthly power compel my lips to pronounce the awful words which would make me the wife of a man I cannot love."

" You then set my authority and power at defiance ?" said he, in an angry tone. " But know, young woman, that I can, and if you continue obstinate, I will make you feel glad to respect both.

But," said he, suddenly changing his mood, "I do not wish to be harsh with you. You are, I believe, at the present day the only person on earth, besides myself, in whose veins the blood of our house flows. It can therefore give me no pleasure to treat you harshly; and if I shall be obliged to do so, if your obstinacy compels me to use severe means to bring you to reason, remember the fault is your own."

"And why, my uncle, you in the sincerity of whose paternal affection I cannot but believe, why would you use severe measures towards your niece, your only relative, now amidst strangers, altogether dependent on your protection, in order to compel her to be the miserable wife of an odious man, whose person she can never love, and whose character she can never esteem? What can you see in him to induce you to adopt such unpleasant means of promoting his views at the expense of your niece's happiness?"

"What do I see in him? I see in him a worthy man, independent in fortune and respectable in character, and one who adores you, and one more-over to advocate whose cause in this matter, I am solemnly pledged. But what you can have seen to have excited in your mind such an utter dislike towards him, I own I cannot comprehend."

"I will not, sir, enumerate his faults; but I

know them to be numerous. Put yourself in my stead, and say whether you would look upon a continued course of persecution for nearly two years, as free from blame; say whether his late conduct towards me, to speak of nothing else, is not sufficient to prove the depravity of his character, and to embitter my mind for ever against him."

"If there is blame in that transaction, Isabella, I tell you candidly that it ought chiefly to be cast upon me. It was I who wanted you out of the hands of the canting Calvinist who had bred you up in the most accursed sect of the heretics. From the day you were born I have constantly wished your education to be in more suitable hands; but in this I lament that I have, until it was too late, been unable to succeed. Had it been otherwise you would not, at this day, have been an alien to the faith of your fathers: you would have been a member of the only true church, in the belief of which they lived, and under the protection of which they have gone to heaven. In that case, I would no more have wished you to marry the heretic Onsley, than I would have wished you to marry a Calvinist. A true son of the holy church—a Roman Catholic, madam, to speak in plain terms, would then have been the partner of your bed. But, alas! I cannot recal past time; I cannot root out from your bosom those principles and prejudices of heresy, which



have at least as good an opportunity of forwarding his suit at my house, as at Lowery's."

The paroxysm of consternation and rage into which this intelligence threw M'Manus was almost inconceivable. He hastened first to Forsythe's, and, accompanied by him, hurried on to Lowery's, denouncing the most terrible imprecations upon the whole family. The submissive temper, however, of Lowery, and the satisfactory evidence he adduced of his own innocence in the affair, and his unshaken fidelity to the common cause, induced him, in a short time, to moderate his rage; but he determined that his niece should not remain another night under his roof.

This unfortunate lady had also to bear her full share of her uncle's exasperated temper. "Rebellious traitress!" said he; "I perceive now why you so eagerly solicited a month's indulgence. It was to gain time to put this cursed conspiracy against your uncle and his purposes into execution. But I will give you no longer time to defeat my intentions. From this you shall remove to-night to a more secure place, and to-morrow Onsley shall control you as he pleases; for you shall be his own. Your month's indulgence is forfeited by this vile transaction."

This last intention of M'Manus, however, did

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not comport with Forsythe's views. He, therefore, interfered to alter it.

"Let her have the month, M'Manus," said he, "since you promised it. There can be no occasion for such urgency against her inclinations, especially as in her new prison she will have no means of either conspiracy or escape; and it will, doubtless, be the more agreeable to treat her with indulgence as she has now the less reason to expect it."

"Let her have it, then," said M'Manus; "although she has forfeited all right to it. But I indulge her in the delay only on condition that Onsley agrees to it."

Isabella heard these decisions concerning her future destiny in silence. She knew that remonstrance on her part would be fruitless, and she considered that to attempt it, would only provoke discussion, and prolong the continuance of her tormentors in her presence.

When they had withdrawn, she burst into tears, and tenderly embraced Kitty, who was permitted to stay with her, and who was, at this moment, almost as inconsolable as herself.

"Farewell, Kitty," said she, "I may not live long. But while I do live, I will never forget your kindness. Ah! you are likely to be the last sympathizing human being I shall meet with

in this world. Receive and keep these trifles in remembrance of me (here she presented Kitty with the purse and ring before mentioned.) They are but a small recompense for the affection you have shown me, and the sorrow you have been fated to suffer on my account."

After some persuasion, Kitty was induced to receive them, not, as she said herself, as wages, but as keepsakes—"An' I will keep them," she observed, "till my dying day, in memory o' my dear lady wha' I may never see again! Ah! it gies me a sair heart to think o' your gaun into the hands o' that wicked man, who is known to be the maist hard-hearted o' a' the confederacy, an' yin that neither the fear o' God nor man can turn frae following his evil designs. But, I will pray to God nicht an' mornin' for his han' to be owre you, an' to bless you whar e'er you be, amang frien's or enemies, or in gladness or in sorrow—for I am sure ye will aye deserve his blessin'."

"I thank you for that kind promise," replied Isabella. "Amidst whatever afflictions I may be doomed to bear, it will be a source of comfort for me to reflect, that there is one virtuous and sympathizing mind, engaged to supplicate heaven daily in my behalf. And Oh! Kitty, there are others too, whose minds are also virtuous and sympathizing, and whose hearts must have suffered intolerable

anguish on my account, who, I know, will be daily and hourly engaged in the same pious service for me. Surely, surely, I can never be totally miserable, while so many good and kind friends are pouring forth their fervent and holy petitions to the Supreme Disposer of all events, that he will be my protector and prevent me from sinking under the load of my afflictions."

When night came, she received a summons from her uncle to attend him. She again gave a farewell embrace to Kitty, and obeyed. She was placed on horseback, and, escorted by M<sup>c</sup>Manus and Forsythe, rode for about an hour, amidst darkness, and over rugged and unknown roads, until she came to the house of the latter. It was a low thatched edifice of but small dimensions, containing only three apartments. The largest of these was that into which they first entered. It extended back the whole width of the house, and contained the same kind of furniture, and exhibited the same slovenly and disorderly appearance usually seen in the kitchens of the lowest and most dissipated class of farmers.

Before a turf fire at the one end of this apartment, sat a bare legged man of a wild and haggard appearance. His hair was red, short and woolly, his nose and cheeks somewhat pimpled, as if from the effects of hard drinking, and his eyes inflamed,

seemingly from the same cause. His countenance was broad and red, like the full moon rising in a mist. His chin was short, and his wide mouth exhibited a horrible grin. He wore no neck-cloth, and his coarse shirt, and dark coloured waistcoat were both open, displaying to view the disgusting appearance of a broad, brawny, sun-burnt chest, covered with long red hair.

Beside him sat a female apparently younger, but not much more attractive. She was of a fat junky make, with a round blazoned face, and black hair of a greasy appearance. Her cheek bones were high, her nose of the snubby form, and somewhat turned up at the end, while her staring gray eyes exhibited a sarcastic look mingled with an expression of impudence. She was dressed in a loose linen night-gown, with a gray petticoat of quilted drugget. Her breast was as open to view as that of her companion, and displayed a sight, not so disgusting perhaps, but certainly far more indelicate.

On the arrival of our travellers at the door, these two worthies had not arisen; but two men of more common appearance, and whom, on that account, it is not necessary to describe, had received the horses, and attended to the commands of Forsythe.

your present jailer, and any adventurous attempt of your own, to escape, will only be attended with unpleasant consequences to yourself."

Isabella was soon again locked in her bed-chamber, and M'Manus departed.

It was about two hours afterwards that the key turned slowly in the door, and Forsythe entering cautiously, relocked it on the inside. Isabella had been weeping upon her bed, but she started up at his appearance, and could not avoid shuddering at the mysterious manner of his approach.

"Your uncle is gone, fair lady," said he, in a low tone, "and that sheepish-souled animal, Onsley, is not yet arrived."

"Such information is of no consequence," she replied. "Why has Mr. Forsythe been so anxious to communicate it, that he has intruded on my solitude for the purpose?"

"Because, Miss M'Manus, I am your friend. I feel a strong interest in your fate, and am desirous to deliver you from the persecutions of the odious Onsley."

"Ah! by what means would you effect that unlooked-for, happy deliverance?" she exclaimed. "Will you indeed, have the generosity, the virtue, the manliness to restore me to my friends? Oh! if you do, they will for ever thank my benefactor, and I will for ever pray for his happiness."

same roof with your betrothed, and have not visited her! A very ardent lover truly!"

"She refused to admit me, although I begged in the most earnest manner."

"The deuce she did!" cried Munn, enraged; "still in the pet: but I'll introduce you to her this moment!—But stay! here comes Kitty with the roast-meat and potatoes. We had as good dine first."

This was a wise resolution, and for Isabella perhaps a fortunate one; for it had the effect of greatly allaying the irascibility of her uncle's temper, which had been very much increased by an empty stomach. However, the hour of trial soon came bitterly enough; for the dinner being finished, and washed down with a goblet of punch, M'Manus led the way to his niece's apartment.

"Well! my Isabella," said he on entering, in rather a kind tone, "your uncle is again returned to you in safety; aren't you glad of it, especially as he brings you a lover along with him?"

"I am indeed glad of your safety, my uncle!" she replied; "but your present visit would have been equally welcome without your companion."

"I hope you have no intention to say that he is unwelcome?" demanded M'Manus.

"As your friend," she replied, "I can welcome

him; but not as my lover, as you have chosen to call him."

"And in calling him so, I call him properly," cried her uncle; "and, moreover, I insist upon your receiving him as such!"

"It is impossible, Sir! I cannot act the hypocrite. Would you have me deceive you, and feign a regard where I feel none?"

"This obstinacy, Isabella, I shall no longer endure. Remember what I told you when we last parted; that if gentle means should fail to produce your compliance, others will be used; and be assured, that I have it in my power to use others!"

"I may fall a victim to your power, Sir; but my own happiness shall never be the victim of my own act! How could I take the sacred marriage vow which would bind me to love a man, whom I know I never can love, nay, whom I fear I never can esteem?"

"Not yourself, young woman, but those who have been the cause of exciting you to this obstinacy, shall be its victims! Yes, terrible will be the sacrifices I will make to it: in one week from this day the preacher M'Culloch shall be no more! He shall dearly pay for his grand-daughter's stubbornness. When you see his accursed head tossed at your feet, after his body is consumed in the flames



of his dwelling-house, you may then repent that disobedience which destroyed him."

"Ah! Sir, have mercy!"—

"Be silent, girl, I tell you: I have not done with my scheme of vengeance! When I describe to Isabella how the conflagration spread, while a thousand Hearts of Steel beneath my command encircled the devoted premises, and stood ready to destroy the rabble who assembled to save them: when she hears of the terrified inmates rushing out naked from under the flaming rafters—for the scene will be in the night—and hears that they are bound hand and foot, and again cast in to suffer a fiery death amidst the blazing mass!"—

"Oh! Sir, you will turn me distracted, do what you please with me."

"Silence! I say again, keep silence, insolent girl! my vengeance must have scope.—The habitation of your youth in ashes; the body of your grandmother,—of her who, in your own mother's stead, raised and nursed and fed you on her lap,—burned to a cinder; the head of your grandfather, from whom you have imbibed all that stubbornness which shall thus be his ruin, lying mangled on that hearth-stone, and roasting at that very fire before you!"

"Oh! my uncle!" do not be so barbarous?

"Silence! again, perverse girl! I command you.

You have already sealed their doom by your disobedience. These will be delicious subjects of reflection for you; and you will then remember that you are the cause of all."

"I will not be the cause. Dear uncle! You cannot do such savage deeds. O give me time to reflect. Oh! you will destroy me at once."

"Peace! I say, I will not destroy you at once; I will harrow your perverse soul with the lingering torments of remorse, for your obstinate rebellion. Answer me! girl. Knowest thou a youth named Rosendale?"

"What of him, my uncle! What of him! I do know such a youth."

"He too shall be the victim of your disobedience. I have a snare laid which ere long will bring him under my power, and in your very presence I will slice the living flesh from his bones, and broil it on that hearth, piece by piece, until he expires with agony and horror. For he has been the chief cause of your contemning my will."

At this moment Onsley, whose eyes had been fixed on Isabella, rushed towards her, exclaiming, "My God! M'Manus you have killed her."

M'Manus turned round, for he had been raging away without deigning to notice her, except occasionally to command her to silence; and beheld her, indeed pale and apparently lifeless, in Ons-

ley's arms. He ran to the door and called on Lowery, Kitty, and the whole family for assistance. They rushed in, and she was laid in bed, where, for nearly a quarter of an hour, she exhibited no signs of returning life.

"She is, indeed, gone," thought M'Manus: "Alas! I have lost my niece. The picture was too horrible for her to bear;—but she had a right to obey me. Had it not been her contempt for my authority, I never should have sketched it. She herself was to blame!"

While he was thus grieving, and half-blaming, and half-justifying himself, Kitty Lowery gave a shout of joy and cried out that she was recovering.

"Thank the holy Virgin!" thought Munn.

"Thank God!" exclaimed all the rest. "She will yet live."

She now heaved a deep sigh, and opening her eyes, looked wildly around.

"Ah! is it over yet?" She faintly uttered. "Is he still suffering?—But I dare not look at it;" and her eyes again closed, and she sunk into silence.

At Lowery's suggestion, M'Manus and Onsley left the room, and she shortly after recovered so far as to be able to converse, but in a strain of wildness that showed her faculties to be yet in derangement.

"Kitty! Is this Kitty Lowery?" she asked, looking with a fixed gaze at her attendant:—"They blamed my poor grandfather; but it was indeed my own fault. And the poor kind old woman, my tender-hearted grandmother, surely she could not offend them. But they burned her too. It was savage—savage! Oh! they had not human hearts. But I could not marry Onsley. Yet to save them, ah! what would I not do? I will marry him; only save them!" Here she looked imploringly at Kitty: "Oh! Kitty tell them to save them, and I will marry him. O God preserve me!"

She here again closed her eyes, and relapsed into silence, in which state she continued for nearly ten minutes, occasionally starting, and heaving a long sigh. At length she re-opened her eyes, and looking round, in a more rational manner, asked if her uncle was not in the room?

On being answered in the negative, she seemed to reflect for a few seconds, and then said,

"Surely I have been dreaming! it was a most horrible vision. Thank God! it was not real! He could not be such a monster. But surely he was here to day. Kitty, was not my uncle here to-day?"

"He was, my dear lady. But be composed"—replied Kitty. "He only threatened. Naething has happened to your friends. It was only to

frighten you into this odious match. But be comforted; for I hope they wunna noo insist. They were unco fleyed they had killed you."

"It was a shocking picture, Kitty; I recollect it all. Ah! never will I forget it! Never, never! But, ah! they are Hearts of Steel that have threatened it; and I know too well, that, when enraged, they have cruelty enough to perform such a tragedy. But thank God, it is not yet done; and I will let them sacrifice me in any manner they think proper, ere they put the horrid idea that has seized them into execution against my innocent friends."

"Be composed, my dear lady," said Kitty, "and trust in God. He may yet open a door o' deliverance for you."

"I will trust in Him, Kitty. But if it be his will that I should be the victim, I hope he will give me strength to submit. I would indeed fain submit, but I feel a rebellious spirit within me against this match. Oh! God forgive me for murmuring at thy decrees."

M'Manus and Onsley staid at Lowery's that night, but they considerately forbore to disturb Isabella with their presence; lest they might retard that recovery of her composure, which gave them so much joy to hear was gradually taking place.

"This will do," exclaimed Munn. "I perceive,

know, I am sure you do, what a sacrifice it will be of both my principles and feelings. Will it be offensive, therefore,—Oh! surely it cannot be offensive to you, if I beg a little time to reflect before I decide?”

“I have decided, girl; it is for you to comply, or abide the consequences.”

She here violently clasped her arms round his knees, and burst into tears. “Oh! grant me one month, one short month,” she exclaimed, “to live in peace and seclusion, ere I pronounce the fatal promise. Oh! do not refuse me, my only uncle, this small request. If you have any respect for the memory of the mother who bore you, Oh! think that her sainted spirit may be, at this moment, looking with pity on the sufferings of her grand-daughter, anxious that her son may not refuse a boon that will perhaps save her from destruction. Think how that venerated parent, if she were yet on earth, would plead with you in my behalf. With tears she would remonstrate against this unnecessary haste: ‘My son,’ she would say, ‘your niece is not now in a fit state of mind to make this promise. Give her time to prepare herself; for the decision is of importance to her future happiness!’ Oh! my uncle! do not resist a mother’s wish! do not refuse her tender supplication in behalf of her only grand-child, now in tears be-

fore you, and suffering an inexpressible agony of mind; lest you should deny this boon."

"My niece! you beg earnestly," replied Munn, his sternness beginning to give way. "Grand-child of my mother! Yes; you are, you are her only female offspring! Take a month, since your heart is bent upon it; after which, since I have thus yielded to your wishes, I shall expect that, without giving us more trouble, you will yield to mine. In the mean time try to be comfortable, and you shall want for nothing that may contribute to make you so. Kitty will attend to your wants, and I shall give her father strict charges concerning you. Good bye! I have now some important business on hand, and you may not see me for a number of days."

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Sweet are the evening hours to me  
When balmy dews prevail,  
I like the dappled flowers to see,  
And catch the fanning gale ;  
Dear are those strains that through the grove,  
The linnets soft convey,  
But dearest far thy tales of love,  
To me, whene'er we stray.*

ULSTER BARD.

THE great object which now occupied Isabella's mind was, how she might inform her friends of the place of her concealment. She knew that they could muster a force amply sufficient to effect her deliverance, if they were certain to what place they should direct it; and she conceived that if they were only apprised of their danger from M'Manus, their safety could be easily ensured by a nightly guard round their dwelling, or the family might remove to a garrisoned town, until the power of the Hearts of Steel should be broken, and the circumstances of the country again become such that the regular laws would be sufficient to afford its peaceable inhabitants protection.

In the hopes of finding means for this desired



communication, Kitty was again despatched in search of young Hassan, as soon as was calculated that he had returned from Ballymena. On this occasion she was successful, and met the youth the evening after his return.

The sagacious reader will have already suspected that these two young people loved each other, and the suspicion is well grounded, for they did love each other tenderly.

Kitty was an interesting, buxom, rosy-cheeked girl, very mild and modest in her manners, and had completely captivated Hassan. This youth was an intelligent, active, and well-behaved young man, already capable of mixing with the world in fairs and markets, and transacting a good deal of his father's business, who, besides managing a profitable farm, had a small concern in the manufacture of linen cloth.

After his journey, Sam had spent an idle afternoon, and was crossing one of his father's fields on his way from a neighbouring house, revolving in his mind whether he should that night visit Kitty, which it is ten to one would have been decided in the affirmative, when, to his great delight, he perceived the object of his meditations turning into the lane which led to his father's house.

There is, perhaps, no being on earth less sensible of fatigue than a lover hastening to meet his mis-

tress. Although Sam had walked a considerable distance that day, and had rambled, since his arrival, as much as might have rendered him sluggish in his motions, yet, the sight of Kitty gave such velocity to his limbs that he rather flew than ran, and was in an instant at her side.

"Guid e'en, Miss Lowery! Ye're a brisk traveller in a winter e'enin'? Is a' weel wi' ye?"

"Very weel, Sam. When did ye wun hame? I heard you had gane to Ballymena market."

"I cam' hame this forenoon, Katy. But gin ye're no' in a hurry to gang to the hoose, I wad like to talk wi' you a wee. I hae muckle to say, for it's noo mair nör a week syne we last met."

"An' what, Sam, hae you to say syne that time? I canna think ony thing o' consequence can hae happened to you, for you seem muckle the same as ever."

"Ay, I hae na reason to complain o' ill-health, or ony accident like that, Katy. But my mind's no' sae weel as I wad like, an' ye're the cause o't Katy! for syne we last talked thegither you hae na' been a minute oot o' my head, nicht or day; for you then gi'ed me the praise aboon Billy Purdy sae sweetly, that I thought I heard you talkin' ever since. But tell me the truth; do you no' still gi'e Billy some encouragement?"

"Encouragement!—Troth—no, Sam! I ne'er

gi'ed him ony encouragement. He's a bletherin' fellow, and guid for naethin';—I ne'er liked him."

"He disna' say sae, Katy! he tauld yin o' my acqua'ntances in Ballymena market, last Saturday, that he could get you ony day!"

"He 's a fause haverill, Sam.—I wadna' tak' him gin he was clad in gold, an' had a' the parish o' Connor to himsel'.—But I'm no thinking to marry ony body for three or four years yet; so Billy Purdy needna' tell sitch a story."

"But Katy, dear! dinna' be offended; you maun surely marry afore that time. Ye canna' aye lieve wi' yere father. Oh! gin I was sure that ye wad prefer me, I wad be happy and wait your ain time."

"I dinna' ken richtly wha I wad prefer yet, in siccan a case. But I hae na dislike to you, Sam: ye're a guid lad, I believe, an' micht, gin ye gat a guid wife, mak' a guid enough husband. But yin should na' be owre rash in sitch a matters. The knot o' marriage canna' be loosened; an' twa young folk should ken each ither weel, an' like each ither weel, or they tie it."

"True, Katy: but don't we ken yin anither weel enough? an', as to likin', I can say for mysel', that I prefer you to a' the young women I ever saw. Ah! Katy, my heart will never feel for an-

ither what it feels for you! But you ken this weel, an' I needna' talk o't."

"Ye hae often tauld me sae, Sam! But I canna' a'thegither credit it, for you ken you were yince as fond o' Nancy Drenan."

"As fond o' Nancy Drenan as o' you! Na'; dinna' believe it, Katy; it was a fause story raised because, when she had nae company, I convoyed her hame frae Dick Simpson's dance last hairst: but I swear to you, Katy, that it was only through frien'ship. I ne'er had a fancy for her, nor did I e'er feel ony thing like a true-hearted love for ony lass but yoursel'; an' gin ye should marry anither man, I ken that I'll ne'er afterwards do weel."

"Dinna' think sae, Sam! Ye wad soon get anither sweetheart, an' forget your Katy. But I hae nae notion o' marryin', Sam; so we needna' talk about what may ne'er be!"

"Gin ye lieve, Katy, ye maun marry somebody, ye ken: an' why no' think o't an' talk o't in time; it's surely no' sae unpleesant a subject?"

"An' for why, Sam, maun I marry somebody, as you say? I need na' marry ava unless I like; and gin I dinna' like it, I need think nor talk muckle about it: an' as for it's being a pleesant subject, I own I'm no' muckle o' a judge; but there's mony anither subject I like better."

"Oh! Katy, if you were only in love as I am,

you wad like to talk o' love; an' gin you loved ony yin half sae weel as I love you, ye wad like dearly to talk o' marriage to that yin. Ye wad surely like to speak aboot what wad mak' ye happy; an' I feel that a marriage wi' you wad mak' me the happiest man that ever lived! Oh! Katy, dear, dinna tak' it amiss; but I here swear to you, that unless I get you for my wife, I will never hae anither, nor shall I ever feel comfort."

"I hae been often tauld that we should na beleave a' that young men swear to us when they mak' love; but, Sam, I ne'er yet found ye in an untruth, an I wad hae ill will to miseredit ye noo: for I maun confess, gin every thing else wad answer, I wad na' be muckle feart to trust mysel' to ye as your wife, which is mair than I wad say to ony ither young man I ever saw!"

"Oh! Katy, love! how happy I am to hear ye say this! Gi'e me yin kiss frae yere bonnie lips for that sweet sayin'! Dinna' be 'shamed noo: we will get every thing to answer; we will be man an' wife yet! Oh! my ain Katy! hoo happy I am! Think me your ain Sam, an' tak' me to your bosom—for I never will be ta'en to the bosom o' anither."

"Hoot, Sam! Hae some sense, noo! Ye ken I like you: but ye maunna' be owre free wi' your

kisses and dautin' till we be married, gin that ever be."

"Ever be! dae ye doobt it, Katy? It maun be! We maun be man and wife, and that ere lang too, or I will gang distracted: for indeed I canna' lieve much langer withoot ye, an keep my senses."

"Weel! weel! hae patience in the mean time, Sam: I'll no' object when every thing answers. But I cam' the nicht to bespeak your help in a matter ye can muckle oblige me in: but ye maun promise that ye'll help, an' that ye'll keep it a dead secret, before I tell you what it is?"

"I promise," replied the youth; "I swear, I solemnly swear, that, let it be what it may, I will help you to the utmost o' my power; an' that I will keep it a secret as dead as the grave."

Kitty now informed him of the service she wished him to perform for Miss M'Manus; and that he must that very evening procure pen, ink, and paper, for her use.

"An' haste ye!" said she; "for the young lady will be thinkin' lang for my return; an' my father may miss me, which wad be likely to be unfortunate for us a'. I'll wait here till ye come oot wi' the ink an' paper, gin ye hae ony in the hoose."

"I hae plenty o' baith, an' I'll be wi' ye in a minute, my love!" He darted off with a light heart and swift heels, and in less than the stipulated time

he was again by his Katy's side with the much wished-for articles. To secure them from observation, although it was now dark, she rolled them in a handkerchief. Her lover then offered her his arm, and convoyed her with a brisk and bounding step to within a gun-shot of her father's house; where, after promising to meet her on the following evening in order to receive the letter, he impressed on her warm lips an enraptured kiss, and bidding her good night, returned home one of the happiest youths in the country.

When the mind is obscured amidst the thick clouds of misfortune, the slightest glimpse of sunshine that happens to pierce through the gloomy scene is apt to be hailed with an ardour, and cherished with a delight, greatly disproportioned to its real importance. The wretch supposes that the storm of his sufferings is about to abate, and that this solitary glimpse is the rainbow harbinger of a returning calm. Every day, every hour, are thousands of afflicted mortals doomed to experience the heart-breaking fallaciousness of these transient meteors, that cast an occasional gleam which for a moment gilds the dark horizon of their wretched existence. But transitory as they are, and galling as are the disappointments they occasion, they nevertheless break the continuity of extreme affliction, and are indications that the Ruler of all, although

the door swiftly after her with the intention of locking Matty within. But, unfortunately, Matty was too strong for her, and pulled open the door before she could introduce the key. Isabella, trusting now to speed alone, threw down the key, and ran with such fleetness that she would soon have left her pursuer out of sight and effected her escape, had not Forsythe himself unluckily appeared, and the fair fugitive fell once more into the hands of her tormentor.

"So, Madam," said he, "you wanted to run for it. But my good stars have not yet deserted me;—my treasure is not yet lost; and, 'faith, I shall now secure it where it shall not so easily take wing and fly away."

Isabella burst into tears. This second, or rather third, disappointment in her attempts to escape, was almost too much for her fortitude to bear. She fell on her knees, when Forsythe overtook her. "Oh! God of Mercy!" she exclaimed, lifting her hands towards Heaven, "am I again fallen into the power of this savage? Oh! if it be Thy will let me die on this spot—let the earth in compassion open and swallow me, so that I may be freed from his loathsome presence—so that I may be no longer exposed to the violence of his infamous designs. O God! my Maker! help me!



help me!—without Thy help, I am utterly undone!”

Regardless of her agony and tears, the now enraged ruffian forced her along, half-carrying her, towards the house. He then blew a horn, and Jasper, Ingles, and Archy, soon made their appearance.

“Ingles and Archy,” said he, “come along; we must now introduce this lady into her new dwelling. It may perhaps be somewhat damp; but we can delay no longer. I hope, Archy, the fire is kindled?”

“Ay, it’s blazing brawly,” replied Archy.

“As for you, Jasper,” said Forsythé, “go to the cavern, and wait on Onsley till the morning. Now, my lady, for your new quarters.”

The unhappy Isabella, more dead than alive, was conveyed to the Den of the Castle,—a place the very name of which had inspired her with the most horrid ideas; and, on entering it, she looked on herself as entering a living tomb—a sepulchre, in which all her prospects of earthly peace and comfort were to be for ever buried.

The entrance of this den, which was situated near the peak or angle of a high hill, beneath the ruins of an old ruinous castle, could only be approached by a very narrow, rocky, intricate path, scarcely to be traced but by those well acquainted

fled : but he perceived that Kitty, who slept in the same apartment, had retired to bed. "It maun therefore be Miss M'Manus," thought he, "wha is yet up ; and Kitty maun ken what she is aboot. I will watch her closely, till I discover her schemes ; an' I 'll let my father ken what I hae seen."

He accordingly did watch her closely ; and in about half an hour perceived her walking across the room with a letter in her hand.

"Aye, feggs!—I ken the thing noo," said he : "she has been writing, an' we ha' been forbid to gi'e her pen an' paper. But it was for this Kitty was sae lang oot in the gloaming. Nae doobt it's to bring the sodgers on us ; but faith, she'll no' play us this trick. I'll tell my father aboot it yince he rises, an' we 'll hae the room searched."

In the morning he accordingly put this gallant resolution into practice. Old Lowery became greatly alarmed, chid and scolded Kitty, and the result was, that the letter and writing materials were given up, and a full confession made by Kitty of the whole transaction.

The mortification and disappointment of Isabella were now extreme. All her cheering anticipations of a speedy delivery from her horrible captivity were dashed to the ground ; and for a moment she was almost tempted to resign herself to despair, for she saw no prospect before her but insult, per-

secution and misery. The duty of resignation, however, was too strongly implanted in her pious mind, to permit this temptation to be of more than momentary duration; and renewing her resolution to submit to the will of Providence, she in the course of a few hours felt and displayed a tranquillity which gratified Kitty, and even in some degree surprised herself.

But this incident came in a few days to the ears of Forsythe, and was destined, through his agency, to produce to Isabella misfortunes of a severer nature than any she had yet experienced. This man's mind had been for some time past much occupied with endeavours to discover some means of inducing M'Manus to transfer the custody of his niece's person from Lowery to himself. This occurrence, he immediately perceived, was one of the most favourable for his purpose that could take place. He lost no time, therefore, in communicating an account of it by letter to M'Manus, representing to him the extreme danger and imprudence of permitting such a captive to remain under the care of such a weak-minded family.

"Kitty has already avowed herself," said he in his letter, "a partizan and a tool; and as to Roger, I have strong reasons for suspecting that he bears for your niece a feeling of too tender a nature to oppose any of her wishes. It is a fact, that he ac-

not see any reason why he should. Onslow has withdrawn his claim, and even attempted, without his consent, to restore you to your Ballycarney friends,—an offence which I am persuaded your uncle never will forgive; for, I believe, he would as soon have you in the hands of the Tartars as theirs. What say you my dear maiden? Do not be so inconsolable; it will be my whole study to please you if you only yield to become my own."

"Your own! no, Sir: I need not repeat it—never, never; nor will my uncle ever consent to it. He had in an evil hour pledged his influence over me to Onslow, otherwise he never would have persecuted me as he did on the subject; but as to you, Sir, what claim have you on either him or me?"

"The claim of present possession of your person, and of an unalterable resolution never to part with it," answered Forsythe. "If you yield not voluntarily in a few days, I have means of forcing you to my wishes you think not of. In the mean time, I shall give Aschy charge concerning you. When you want any thing, pull this cord, and it will give a signal which will bring either him or Matty into your presence, who will obey all your reasonable commands; but think not of liberty, until you are my wife, and your uncle the friend of our union. It will be useless for you to project any

means of escape; the entrance of this rock-bound dwelling is well secured, and well guarded, and absolutely impregnable to any force you can apply against it, even if there were no sentinel to resist you. Live contented, my love, for I wish you, even here, to be happy; and you shall want for nothing I can procure to make you so. But begin in time to consider yourself mine: it may save us much future trouble; for trouble we shall have, my fascinating girl—unwillingly, I assure you, on my part—if you do not comply when required. And look at that rope!" he exclaimed, pointing to one which hung from a pully in an angle of the room. "You inquired by what tremendous engine I can enforce your compliance. That rope forms a part of it. Be not frightened; it shall not be applied to yourself: no; I value your sweet person too highly for that: but its application will be such as effectually to constrain your will and enforce your determination. I will now leave you till to-morrow; but again I request you to be contented. Refreshments shall be sent you; and if you want a few books to amuse you, such as I have, command Archy, and he will bring them to you."

He retired, much to her satisfaction, without offering her any rudeness; and soon afterwards, Archy entered to know her commands.

She was not, at first, inclined to give any; but,

after reflecting a little, she asked if he could procure her a Bible?

"Why, Ma'am, I canna' weel say; I doobt na' my master has yin, though I believe he ne'er reads it.—But it's a queer thing to ask for in this lanely Den: is there naethin' else ye wad like as weel?"

"Nothing in the world, Archy. It would please me much if you would procure me one."

"Weel, I'll try, Ma'am; but winna' ye hae some supper?"

"I hae occasion for none; I feel no appetite."

"But ye maun eat, gin ye mean to lieve," observed her sagacious attendant: "an', 'faith, I'll fetch you something that wi' its very smell will gi'e ye an appetite."

So saying he departed; and in the course of half an hour returned bringing a Bible, and provisions for a comfortable meal. Whether the agreeable odour of the latter produced the effect of exciting her to an appetite, according to Archy's prediction, it is not necessary to say; but it should not be concealed that the sight of the former gave her so much delight, that her heart leapt within her, and her countenance glowed with joy.

When archy withdrew, she turned over the principal passages of consolation with which the Holy Book abounds, and which she remembered her grand-father often and often to have recommended to his people when in distress. She read the sorrows of Job, and from his patience endeavoured to learn resignation ; while, at the same time, his happy restoration to prosperity and joy inspired her with the hope that the same God who pitied him might yet pity her, and grant a similar termination to her afflictions. With this Divine volume under her pillow she retired to rest, and felt assured and easy as if she were under the immediate protection of Heaven.

Oh! ye sceptics, who would wantonly deprive suffering humanity of that most sovereign of all restoratives for a wounded spirit, the word of God, either ye have no benevolence in your natures, or ye are not aware of the incalculable mischief ye would do to your fellow mortals ! What can be your motive for the inhuman attempt ? Surely it cannot be to enlighten the world ; for, ye must have understanding enough, to perceive that the consequence of your success would be to plunge mankind into a deplorable state of hopeless darkness and utter despair, from which they should in vain attempt to grope their way to a better existence. Oh ! for mercy's sake, cease to propagate

your mischievous and cruel doctrines; and, until you can furnish us with a better foundation for hope and comfort than the gracious promises of the living God to the soul that he chasteneth, let us enjoy those promises, to which we now cling as the rock of our safety! Deprive us not of the divine light of Christianity, which alone can guide us through the valley of death, and cheer us amidst the darkness of despair!

Isabella had not been long risen the next morning, when Forsythe visited her.

"I have just this moment," said he, "received a letter from your uncle. I am cursedly sorry for it, as it calls me from you to hard service at a very interesting time, for I thought to have had our affair concluded to-night, and to have been happy in your lovely bosom. The curate has promised to attend: but fate interferes, and I must now postpone the business for twenty-four hours longer, and then for happiness in spite of fate!—The occasion is this my fair one!—your uncle expects to have a scuffle with your champion of Mr. Clusky's Glen, Rosendale, and a party of his troops, and he calls for my assistance, and that of as many good Steel-Boys as I can muster for the occasion. I must go without fail; for, at present, I wish above all things, next to pleasing yourself, to please your uncle. Besides, I should not be loath to try what



mettle that Rosendale is made of, for I shrewdly guess that he is a favourite of yours ; and if I could but discover what has made him so, I might, perhaps, by imitating him, become so myself. This is my speculation, lady ; is it not a fair one ?”

“ Sir, you will, if you please, excuse me from entering into conversation at present. I am really much indisposed for it !”

“ But, if I were like Rosendale, I dare say you would feel no indisposition to converse with me, Miss M<sup>c</sup>Manus. Is it not, therefore, a fair speculation, I again ask, to discover in what his charm consists, that, by imitating it, I may acquire your good graces.”

“ I think it a very foolish speculation, Sir.”

“ Why so ?”

“ Because I do not believe that you are in any respect qualified to succeed in such an imitation.”

“ Why ? my fair sceptic ; have I not head, eyes, tongue, hands, and limbs, as well as he has ? I do not see, therefore, why I may not assume the same tones, postures, and attitudes by which he has gained your favour, if I had only the original before me to copy after.”

“ Whether he is with me a favourite or not, Sir,” replied she, “ is of no consequence to you ; for you may rest assured that, in no character,

whether real or assumed, shall you ever become one; for by no effort can you ever divest yourself of your baseness and depravity."

"A round and deep charge, indeed!" replied he, "and to lips less lovely than yours it might have been a fatal one! But I forgive you, for although you are a severe, you are a beautiful accuser, and I love to hear you speak, although it should be to abuse me. But this confounded business I have on hand to-day requires my attention. I shall see you to-morrow, however, if my soul and body keep together till then. Have you any message for your uncle?"

"None, but that if he gives me back to my friends I shall forever love and pray for him."

"He will give you to me first, I hope. And I shall be your most faithful and devoted friend. But, adieu for to-day;—and forcibly seizing her hand, he violently kissed it and departed."

"Thank God," thought she, "the monster is gone, and I shall have at least one day's quietness for the study of this holy book, and the committing of myself to the care of its great and gracious author. But oh! it is Rosendale they are pursuing. May heaven preserve him from their power, for they use it terribly!"

Not daring to trust herself with the agitating

reflections which the idea of Frederick's danger excited in her mind, she had recourse to her Bible, and from it sought and found that celestial comfort which alone could yield repose to griefs like hers.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*What horrid scenes ! they make the blood run chill !  
Art thou a man ! and can'st thou do such things !  
And are there men who can assist thee in them !  
Oh ! God ! of what are human hearts compos'd ?—  
If it be not impiety to ask thee,  
What direful stuff is that which makes them fit  
For deeds, to do which even the devils would shudder !  
That such are men, forgive us, if we question ;  
Alas ! they have inhumanized themselves !*

ULSTER BARD.

It was in the after part of the ensuing day that Forsythe again intruded on Isabella's solitude.

"Once more I behold you," said he, "and I come with brilliant news for you. Your nettlesome bully, the terrible Major Rosendale, that threatened to shoot or hang every soul of us poor Hearts of Steel, like as many crows or dogs, because some of us had taken a fancy to your sweet face, is now in our hands, a prisoner as large as life ; and his whole troop have been sent packing to the other world on Satan's business, for their impudence in attempting to disturb us in this."

"Rosendale in their hands!" thought she, "O God!" and she sat for some moments stupified without hearing another word of her tormentor's discourse. At length she fainted, and fell upon the bed.

Forsythe pulled the signal-cord already mentioned, and Archy appearing, he was despatched to bring Matty to Isabella's assistance. But before Matty's arrival she had recovered, and Forsythe, conceiving that it was necessary thoroughly to subdue her spirit before he could reduce her to his purposes, had resumed his highly-coloured narrative of the disasters at Mulloch Sandal. He dismissed Matty, and continued:—

"Some lucky ball either splintered or broke the arm of your champion, and had it not been your uncle's pleasure to save him, I should have also broken his neck by a fling over the precipices of Shane's Hill: but, mark me, madam, if your obstinacy provoke me too far, I shall yet send a leaden messenger through his brain. And there's another rival I must immediately get rid of. Onsley must die. Startle not fair maiden! This is your uncle's fault. He is as obstinate as yourself, and he swears that while Onsley lives, none else shall ever wed you if he can prevent it. This obstacle to my happiness must therefore be immediately removed. What! shall the life of a sorry

lubber-hearted poltroon thwart me in my designs? No, by Heavens! I resolve not for an instant! And, fair lady, you shall see that what I resolve must be performed."

So saying, he raised himself on a chair in that angle of the apartment in which the ominous rope, to which he had formerly directed her attention, hung, and looking through an aperture in the rocky wall through which the rope passed, he exclaimed—

"Damnation! the scoundrels have not yet fixed it." He then called to Archy.

"Go," said he, "tell Jasper and Ingles to do their duty instantly; for, by heavens, I won't wait five minutes longer, if I should do it myself. Haste, and be back immediately."

Archy obeyed.

"And you, fair lady," said he to Isabella; "You whose beauties have fastened on my imagination with irresistible vehemence, you shall no longer trifle with me. The power of kindness has been tried with you in vain. I will now try that of terror, and if that fails, force shall do the business. Yes, by heavens! you shall marry me, if I should screw the very words out of your mouth to form the vow. But now for the application of the engine!" said he, again looking through the aperture in the rock. "All is now ready I perceive;"

and he looked round with a horrible grin of satisfaction at Isabella. "Maiden," said he, "you shall now witness the irresistible energy of my mind—the uncontrollable powers of my resolution—and you shall henceforth learn to act as I prescribe—to obey as I command;—for you shall perceive that the fate which awaits opposition to my will, is as certain as it is terrible."

Archy having returned, "Lend a hand here, my jolly boy," cried his fierce employer: "we must give the miscreant a lift to the ceiling."

They pulled the rope for five or six feet into the apartment, and introducing it into an iron staple near the chimney, fixed it there.

"Ascend this chair, maiden," said Forsythe, "and look through that chasm, and tell me what thou seest."

Isabella was in no haste to obey.

"Ah! sir, excuse me," said she; "I am unwell, and have no curiosity to look at your doings."

"By hell and fury, I must be obeyed! Archy, seize her, we shall force her to look."

Archy approached to catch her arm—"stand off!" said she; "I will obey, but come not near me."

She climbed the chair, cast one glance through the aperture, and terrible were its effects; she gave a fearful scream, and would have fallen from the

chair lifeless on the floor, had not Forsythe caught her in his arms and laid her on the bed.

She had seen, in a rude cavern beneath her, the body of Mr. Onsley suspended by the neck from the end of the rope which her two jailers had pulled in her apartment, and shockingly convulsed with the last agonies of expiring life. No wonder she gave the scream of horror, and fainted on the spot. She had never imagined any thing so dreadfully horrible as this spectacle; she had never conceived a human being so desperately wicked as to be capable of such a deed, as she saw there committed by the ruffian who had at that moment the absolute control over her own fate."

It was a long time before she recovered sufficient sensation to articulate. Forsythe had retired much perplexed, for he feared that he had indeed lost her by his own mismanagement.

"But no matter," he muttered as he departed. "Lovely as she was, she was, perhaps, too obstinate for me to have ever reduced her to my wishes. I ought to have rifled her sweets while she possessed them. By Heavens! I have been deprived of bliss unspeakable! It was a cursed destiny that first threw her insatuating charms in my way. But, no; I have been compensated by the delight of beholding them. I have gazed upon them with-rapture, and keenly felt even the anticipations of that



ecstasy which would have been mine, had she become so."

He thus went on, cursing fate, but at the same time endeavouring to console himself for what had happened, by recollecting the joy he had derived from gazing upon her unrivalled loveliness, and congratulating himself that, although she might be now lost to his absolute possession, she had already administered pleasure to his sight. It is thus that minds constituted like his, never, unless conscience becomes awakened within them, permit themselves to receive any serious impression from grief, sorrow, pity, regret, or any other of the tender and mollifying emotions. Their natural hardness of heart resists every softening influence, as wax resists water; while, at the same time, it receives and retains the impressions of the fiercer feelings, as the same substance yields to the power of flame.

When Archy, however, brought him information of her recovery, his delight scarcely knew bounds.

"I shall yet be thoroughly blessed," he exclaimed. "My rival is now gone, and her uncle will sanction our union—at least when it is once completed; he will find it wise and necessary to do so. But as to her own consent, she knows now I am a-a-murderer—that is, I am a fellow determined to gain my point in spite of all obstacles, and she will

never yield it until she is forced ; and forced she shall be, for I must not, after having done so much to clear my way, stop until I reach the goal !”

With this resolution fixed in his mind, he hastened back to her prison ; but he did not enter, for Matty, hearing his approach, met him at the door, and begged of him not to come for that night into Isabella’s presence, as the sight of him, under present circumstances, might drive her to absolute insanity.

“ She speaks sae wild,” said Matty, “ that you wad think her mad already. She aye cries oot aboot the foul murderer, as she has the impudence to ca’ you, an’ says that God Almighty,—whilk I tauld was doonricht cursin’—wad yet deliver her frae his bluidy hands ;—but ye ken that’s a’ nonsense, for there’s na’ mair likelihood o’t, an’ I tauld her sae, than o’ that big stane takin’ wings, an’ flyin’ up to the skies.”

“ Pacify her as much as you can, Matty, and take care not to fret her to-night by too much contradiction, for I really wish much for her speedy recovery. I will call on her to-morrow, and have hopes she will then be both pacified and submissive.”

On the morning he accordingly waited on her ; but her mind, in place of being submissive, as he expected, had recovered its energy, and she had

renewed her resolution never to be his, no matter what earthly consequences might ensue.

"Well, Miss M'Manus," said he with great coolness as he entered, "I hope you have got over your last night's shock, and are now convinced that farther opposition to my will and my power must be unavailing, since I will scruple to commit no deed, either virtuous or vicious, humane or barbarous, that may serve to gain my wishes; and for you I wish, lovely lady, too vehemently, not to obtain you, if either cunning, treachery, crime, terror, or torture, can do it."

"I defy thy threats, barbarous man," said she, "for I have an assurance within me that I never will suffer pollution from thy hand. Thy rocky prison may be strong, thy villanous heart may be hard, thy savage wrath may be furious, and thy power over me thou mayest believe resistless; but know, monster! there is a power more resistless than thine, and in His name I defy thee. All thy cunning, all that energy of which thou so much boastest, cannot detain me within this rock a single moment beyond the time limited by His will; nor canst thou move a finger against me but while He permits. Why should I, therefore, fear thee, wretch, since thou art His enemy, and He will assuredly blast thy designs?"

"Excellent! preached! lady," replied For-

sythe. "By the Powers of Steel! thou art a perfect oracle. Was it during thy late trance, fair Sybil, that thou obtained the gift of prophecy. Wilt thou establish a sect by the power of such a supernatural commission? Faith, thou wilt be a captivating teacher, and I shall become one of thy most zealous disciples! Thou wilt have many a gallant youth among thy followers. But trust me, lady, it will be thy smiles and thy sweet looks, and not thy doctrines (which I find are cursed harsh and unpalatable,) that will gain thee proselytes.—But thou settest me at defiance, dost thou? Thou art not yet enough convinced of my power to control thee. Last night's sample, I find, has been lost on thee. But, hear me; I have still means to resort to, that will be more terrible to thy feelings—that will scorch thee to the very marrow—that will melt thy obstinacy, or break thy heart. Wilt thou be mine at a word, I ask thee, or prepare to undergo the most terrible of thy trials?"

"The choice," she replied, "requires no deliberation. Try me as thou wilt, thine I never shall be. And to the God of all I commit my cause."

"Dost thou think," said he, "that I am a dastard like the wretch whom I hanged last night, to be frightened from my purpose by the slang of superstition, or the nonsensical gibberish of priestcraft?"

Commit thy cause to whom thou wilt, to me thou shalt commit thy person, and in thy arms I shall enjoy my paradise. Let dreamers talk of heaven, mine shall be to riot in the fragrance of thy bosom. For this it is worth while to abide some abuse, and for that which thou now heapest on me, soon shall thy loveliness remunerate me."

"Blasphemer!" said she, "pause, and tremble, for thou hast uttered sentiments of dreadful import to thyself. Ah! I can even pity thee, villain as thou art; for the fiery vengeance of an immortal God is flaming over thee. Ah! unless thou dost speedily repent, it will fall tremendously on thee, and thou shalt be melted in the furnace of everlasting misery!"

"Ill-tongued prophetess!" cease thy lying sooth-sayings," he exclaimed with great bitterness; "or, even thy beauty may be to thy person an insufficient protection from my vengeance. But I have vengeance in store, not against thy person, for it is lovely—but against thy mind, for it is hateful—which I shall hasten to inflict. Farewell for a space."

So saying, he forcibly caught her, and embracing her forehead with an almost convulsive violence, departed.

It was late that evening when he returned. "Lady," said he, "I have now the means of

shortly proving thy hellish predictions to be false. Didst thou not prophesy thy escape from my power? Didst thou not foretell that heaven would blast my designs? I come now to announce that to-morrow night those designs shall be accomplished, and that, instead of melting in the furnace of misery of which thou spokest, I shall melt in raptures upon thy bosom. Prepare then to pronounce the marriage vow, or to live with a distracted brain and die of a broken heart."

"I am prepared," she replied, "not only to choose, but absolutely to welcome the latter alternative."

"I came not now to argue with you," said he, "but to gaze for a moment on your charms, and to forewarn you that your obduracy will be conquered, so that it shall not be said that you were vanquished by surprise. Deliberate, therefore, in the interval, for I wish you to yield deliberately. Good night. It is the last night you shall bear the name of M'Manus." And he withdrew.

Isabella spent the greater part of this night in the exercises of devotion. She felt a presentiment that there was some crisis about to take place in her fate, but whether for deliverance or destruction she could not tell. But she knew that it was her duty to be earnest and busy in prayer with the God she adored. After reading a considerable portion

of the Scriptures, she, therefore, copiously poured forth the supplications of her pious and afflicted soul to the author of her being, the great God of compassion, the friend of the friendless, and the helper of the distressed, to afford her deliverance from the terrible fate that seemed hovering over her; or if it was his will that she should endure it, to grant her patience to submit. But sin, sin alone, was what she begged that in every extremity she might be preserved from committing.

She then sung several psalms and hymns expressive of confidence in the Almighty protector of virtue and innocence, and of pious resignation to the dispensation of his wise providence. It was on this occasion that she administered so much consolation and delight to Frederick Rosendale,—who, without her knowledge, lay, as the reader already knows, bound in irons in the adjoining cavern—by the almost heavenly manner in which she sang the version of the twenty-third Psalm, that has been given in a former chapter.

When Forsythe entered the ensuing night, there was the broad expression of malignant triumph visible in his countenance. He went directly to the aperture in the rock through which the rope passed.

“All is right,” said he. “Now, my love, for marriage or distraction! The curate waits with

Matty at my house till we send for him. What say you? Will you marry a man who adores you, or will you permit a whirlwind of horror to drive you to madness and despair?"

"Hardened barbarian!" replied she, "how often have I answered that question? Any thing—torment, horror, or despair, or all combined,—I again answer, any evil whatever, rather than unite my fate with thine."

"Is that thy inflexible choice? lady," said he.

"Well, to the proof of it. Ascend once more that chair, and tell me what thou seest."

"Why should I give myself useless pangs," she replied, "by obeying thee? I should no doubt see some other victim of thy barbarity."

"No, madam, thou art mistaken. If he become a victim it shall be to thy obduracy. But he is no victim yet. Look and see if thou wilt save him. His life hangs upon thy nod. If thou causest him to die—him who risked his life gallantly to save thee——"

"Whom dost thou speak of? barbarous man!" exclaimed she with great agitation.

"Look and see," he replied coolly.

"Ah! monster, to what dost thou reduce me?" said she, ascending the chair. The next moment she exclaimed, "Oh! God of mercy! is it possible?" Then looking at her tormentor,—*"What dost thou mean, inhuman savage, by this?"*



"Tell me what thou hast seen?" he demanded.

"Ah! wherefore should I tell you?" said she, trembling with terror at every joint.

"Because it is my will thou shouldst," he replied. "Tell me this instant what thou hast seen, or by G—d! I shall pull this rope, and then!"—

"Ah! sir—do not; I have seen——"

"Whom? say it. I command thee."

"I have seen Major Rosendale."

"How hast thou seen him?"

"Ah! sir; indeed my voice fails when I attempt to describe it."

"I shall describe it for thee then. Thou hast seen thy lover, and thy heart's beloved, for I know he is such, sitting at a table with a lamp burning before him, pinioned and hand-cuffed, and the end of this rope fastened round his neck, expecting every moment that it shall be drawn up—for its machinery has been described to him—and himself sent to perdition by a swing at its end. Shall I pull it?"

"Ah! no—no—sir, I beg of thee to spare him."

"Well! thou knowest the condition. Shall I send for the curate?"

"Ah! sir, no;—Oh! my God! I cannot tell what to do or what to say. I shall indeed go distracted. Oh! my brain! my brain! my burning brain! In uttering these exclamations she paced

rapidly up and down the apartment, ringing her hands in all the violence of absolute frenzy!"

"Speak! fair lady!" he again demanded, "shall I pull this rope?"

"Oh! no: for God's sake no; have mercy! have mercy!"

"Well then! shall I send for the curate?"

"No, no: do not murder him! on my knees I beg of you—"

"No need for kneeling, madam. Say at once, will you be a wife or a murderer?"

"I never, never shall murder him! I never shall be a murderer!" she exclaimed incoherently, for her senses were almost departing.

"Well, then, my love, become my wife, and I shall send for the curate."

"Your wife! no: but then you must not murder this young man. Oh, God! I shall die."

"This is madness, lady!" exclaimed Forsythe, with a malignant impatience. "Say either yes or no, to save him—for, by Heavens! I shall not wait for another reply. If you will not consent now that the curate shall come, I will immediately hang Rosendale; and then, Madam, mark!——But first let me look at you: you are, indeed, beautiful and tempting; those charms are well worth any crime I can commit to enjoy them. I have thought better of it: I must be happy this night, and I shall

be so without marriage. I can do without the curate. Marriage is the mere sound of words: we are male and female without it. It was but to please your uncle I wished for it; so here goes to hang Rosendale; after which I shall force you to my embraces, and be happy without asking any one for permission."

At this instant, as he was preparing to pull the rope, she rushed in a frenzied manner upon him, and snatched it out of his grasp. He soon, however, overcame her in the struggle which ensued; and, having the rope again in his possession, he made a sudden effort with his whole strength to draw it, when it gave way, and he fell back, uttering a most blasphemous exclamation, against one of the sides of the rude chimney which projected considerably from the wall. The next moment he had ascended the chair to ascertain the cause of this accident; when, to his utter consternation, he beheld two men busied in freeing Frederick from the cords and irons with which he had been bound.

"Treachery! treachery! By Heavens, 'tis a rescue!" he exclaimed, and he hastened out to sound his horn, and collect some of his banditti for an attack upon these assailants.

At the first sound of rescue, Isabella fell on her knees to adore God for this signal interposition of

his mercy in her favour, and that of her lover. "O God!" she cried, "he was on the brink of perishing; and thou hast graciously snatched him back to life. Thou hast also saved me from a dreadful fate,—a horrible pollution. O God! O God! it is all thy mercy!"

Her emotions of joy overpowered her: she could utter no more; but she burst into a flood of tears, and threw herself on the bed in a paroxysm of pious gratitude.

Here we shall leave her for a short time, that we may give an account of this providential and unexpected rescue by which Frederick Rosendale was snatched from the jaws of death, and restored to liberty. For this purpose we shall proceed to another chapter.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Now for the villains!—Follow me brave souls!  
My hands are loose again, thank God! and now  
The fiendish master of this den may tremble:  
His legions shall not save him from my grasp!  
But first the angel-victim whom he tortures,  
Must be deliver'd from his horrid fangs,  
And then for justice on the curs'd monster!*

IRISH SOOTHSEYER.

WHEN we last parted with Frederick Rosendale, it will be remembered that he was in a very uncomfortable and forlorn situation, expecting in a few hours to meet with a violent termination of his earthly existence.

From a mere feeling of malignant revenge, Forsythe had in the morning forbidden him the use of either food or drink; and had ordered Ingles, who was his sentinel, not, in any shape, to administer to his wants, nor so much as enter his presence, lest conversation might give him a momentary relief from his painful reflections.

This severity of persecution defeated itself; and

was one link in the chain of causes which produced Frederick's release.

"It's hard an' useless too," thought Ingles, "to let the man, gin he were the devil, gang to the ither world wi' a hungry belly. By Heavens! it's no' christian-like."

He had scarcely muttered this charitable observation, when Jasper came forward.

"I'm ordered no' to visit the poor fellow within," said Ingles; "has Davy gi'en you the same directions?"

"No," replied Jasper: "I met him as I cam' up; but he spak' naethin' about the prisoner; only he said he intended to ha'e anither hanging job to do the nicht!"

"Then," observed Ingles, "the poor devil will be the better o' a dose or twa o' Glen-Arib, to keep up his spirits. But Davy tauld me to gi'e him neether meat nor drink. That's no' just civil, Jasper, when we're to send him sitch a lang journey as to Nick's country! But ye're no' under orders; ye should gang in, an' gi'e him something o' the comfortable to cheer him awae, while he's amang us."

In Jasper went, therefore, without making any reply.

Frederick's head was reclined on the table; and

he was absorbed in such a state of profound meditation that he did not observe Jasper's approach.

"Major Rosendale!" said he. Frederick looked up, and beheld one of his gaolers without his visor.

"Ha'e you ever seen me before?" asked the man.

"I cannot remember," said Frederick.

"It may be you didna' notice me at Ballycarney meetin'-hoose; but I sat in the next pew to you but yin on the sacrament-day."

"Then you heard the affecting discourse which Mr. M'Culloch gave us that day; and yet you are in league with monsters of wickedness!"

"I grant, Sir, what you say 's a' true; but I am bound to them by oaths; besides, I'm weel supported by them. But, to tell the truth, I dinna' a'thegither like thir doin's o' Forsythe's, especially syne he 's gat' oor young lady Isabella in his power; for I begin to doobt her uncle 's no' quite at the bottom o't; though Forsythe says that he does it a' by his orders: an' it was to M'Manus I was sworn; an' gin I thought that he an' Forsythe didna' well understan' yin anither, I wad,—for I may speak plain to you,—ha'e naethin' mair ado in thir things, though I should lose Forsythe's frien'ship, an' the large reward I ha'e been promised. I was to get yin tenth o' the spoil o' the treasury kist,

whar, Davy says, there maun be mair nor ten thoosan' pun' by this time lodged. But, Sir, I wad do you a service noo, gin I could hide it frae Forsythe."

"Hide it from Forsythe!" repeated Frederick. "What can you fear from that villain? You can set him at defiance: he is already an outlaw."

"As to that, Sir, ye ken I 'm an ootlaw mysel'; and it wadna' be richt to betray Davy eether, for he has done me mony a guid turn."

"You are the best judge of your obligations to him," observed Frederick; "but no obligation ought to bind you to any man in a career of manifest guilt."

"Ye're may be richt enough in that matter," said Jasper; "but gin ye could tell me hoo I wad be safe in serving you noo, I wad fandly do it."

"Why, that can be very easily managed, Jasper. Put Forsythe and all his confederates at defiance: and as to your outlawry, should I, by your means, recover my liberty, I promise to protect you from its consequences, and use all my influence to procure its reversal."

"Ay! but the Hearts o' Steel wad then ruin me an' my family!" said Jasper.

"I shall place both you and your family in comfort and competence, in a situation where their



power cannot reach you; so that you need fear nothing on that account," said Frederick.

"Then, Sir, I'm your frien'," replied the man; "an' I may noo tell you my real name; for Jasper's only yin I ha'e ta'en up, like some ither o' the Boys, to deceive folk: Moore is my name."

"What!" said Frederick, "are you the man for whose family Mr. M'Culloch had such a regard?"

"The same, Sir! I'm the Ned Moore that was yince his gardiner. But he kens I'm noo-a Steel-Boy; an' I beleeve he canna' regard me mair. It's no' safe for me noo to be at Ballycarney. I ha'e nae seen it syne Miss M'Manus was carried aff; but I ha'e heard that the guid auld minister is still frien'ly to my wife an' weans, though I ha'e done him sae muckle mischief. But I maun tell you that I ha'e met wi' a frien' o' yours within this half hoor! He's on the search for you; an' he's a canny chiel, gin he wadna' crack his jokes so freely on yin. But I was sae glad to see him, for he brought me news frae hame, that I amaist let the secret oot concerning you. He smells that I ken somethin' aboot you an' the young lady; an' I just cam' to see gin ye wad forgi'e what's past, an' protect me frae hurt, should I help to set you free."

"I pledge my honour that I shall forgive you

freely, and exert all my power to protect you ; nay, I shall reward you liberally, provided you also assist in effecting the deliverance of Miss M'Manus."

"That 's what your frien' insists on too; an' ye may depend on me lendin' a han' cheerfully, for he tells me my dochter Jenny is amaisht wud syne she was ta'en aff."

"And who is this friend to whom I am so much beholden?" asked Frederick.

"It 's your ain servant, as he ca's himsel', Robin Ramey; an' he wad mak' ye laugh gif ye saw him just noo disguised like a lame beggar-man, for fear o' detection. I wadna' ha'e ken'd him, had he no' first scounded me, an' then made himsel' known."

This intelligence was, it may be supposed, very pleasing to Frederick; for he had no doubt that the combination of shrewdness and bravery, which he knew Robin to possess, would command success in his present generous enterprise; and that, if it were possible to effect his deliverance by such means, there was an agent at work who would not be baffled.

"Robin 's a gallant fellow!" said Frederick; "and methinks if I were only new unbound and armed, with Robin by my side, and you also assisting us, we could fight our way to safety in spite of any opposition that we might encounter."

“Na, na,” said Moore; “it wadna’ answer just noo; there’s Ingles at the door. I ken he canna’ be won owre; an’ I wadna’ like to ha’e him run through the body; an’ unless we wad do sae, he wad gi’e an alarm that, at this hoor o’ the day, wad bring at least half a score o’ Steel-Men on us. I’ll be on guard mysel’ at six o’clock, an’ then we’ll manage things mair snugly! Keep guid heart, in the mean time, Sir; for I dinna’ think Davy intends you ony harm till aboot nine: I ha’e heard as muckle; but ye maun ha’e somethin’ to nourish ye, that ye may be strang gin we meet wi’ enemies! an’ I’ll get you provisions in spite o’ Davy; for Ingles, I ken, wunna’ prevent that.”

He accordingly furnished Frederick with a tolerable meal of bread, beef and grog; which, in conjunction with the hope that now brightened within him of freedom both for his beloved and himself, greatly recruited the strength of both his mind and body; and Moore, on taking leave could not help remarking, “Why, Major, I see a guid meal’s aye a guid thing; for ye noo look twenty pun’ better nor ye did when I first cam’ in.”

“Yes,” said Frederick; “good food for the body and good hopes for the mind, should make any man look pleasant, even though he has chains on his ancles and fetters on his wrists.”

Forsythé again visited his prisoner in the eve-

man, searching his pocket for some pence to give the intruder.

"Na, na, nane o' your monee, Sir!" said he, "I ha'e thirty gold guineas in this silken purse, an' I ne'er thought to ha'e sae muckle in my life. It's maybe mair than you ha'e yoursel' Mr. M'Culloch, But I'm gaun oot amang the Steel-Boys to search for the owner o't; an' to look after Miss M'Manus too. So keep your siller: Rabin Rainey's no' yet the lame beggar he appears to be."

"May Heaven bless you! Robin," said the clergyman with some surprise. "But have you studied the matter thoroughly. You may bring evil upon yourself without doing them any service. Indeed it appears a rash project, Robin!"

"Rash, or no' rash, Sir; I'll no' dispute the point. I'm only come to cheer your heart awee, by telling ye, that gin Miss M'Manus an' my master, be aboon the grun' for ae fortnicht langer, an' Rabin has tongue, eyen an' lugs aboot him, ye'll hear frae them, an' maybe see them too. The Hearts o' Steel wunna' be owre auld-farrant for Rabin. But ye'll keep the thing close, and let naebody ken o't, only the auld mistress, jist to comfort her, until ye hear mair o't."

"You're an acute lad, Robin," replied the clergyman; "and may God bless and prosper your undertaking, for your intention is generous."

"Wi' sitch a blessin', Sir," said Robin, "on my way, I 'll win the race, dinna' be fleyed for 't: an' I 'll neither be feared for man nor devil. Sae fare-weel ! an' keep patient till ye see me again."

With this wise counsel, Robin withdrew to bid farewell to a young female whose charms (and they were of no mean order,) had made a deep impression on his heart, and who, being herself greatly interested in the success of his enterprise, had encouraged him to it, and had also given him some information which contributed much to its success. This female was Jenny Moore, whose attractions, it will be remembered, had been the cause of some of Clearfield's indiscretions. Robin and she had, the preceding evening, held a long, although he thought it an extremely short, conversation on the subject of his intended enterprise. The same messenger who had the night before secretly conveyed Frederick's purse, watch, &c. into Mr. McCulloch's hall, with their proper directions, had also conveyed a letter to Mrs. Moore from her husband who had been one of Frederick's escort from Mulloch-Sandal to Lowery's.

With the contents of this letter Jenny had become acquainted, and revealed them to Robin; for whom his gallant conduct on the night of Isabella's seizure, had excited in her heart a feeling warmer than maidens often choose to confess.

By these means he was informed that Isabella was in the custody of Forsythe, and that Major Rosendale was also a prisoner with the Hearts of Steel. The place of their concealment, however, Moore declared that he was not at liberty to disclose, neither could he tell what was likely to be their fate.

These hints, however, were sufficient to point out to Robin the course he should pursue. To find out Moore and obtain more information was his first object. The letter had mentioned that he was at present chiefly resident with Forsythe, and under his immediate authority. But where Forsythe haunted it might not be so easy to discover; for since he was proscribed, his own house being a dangerous residence, it could not be expected that he should be often found there. His house had, in fact, been several times searched by the military; but having always intelligence of their coming, he contrived to elude them; and it was generally thought, that, like the rest of the proclaimed Steel-Men, he was seldom or never at home.

Notwithstanding this uncertainty of Robin, as to where he should go in quest of Moore, he set out, after taking a tender farewell of Jenny, with a light heart, and high certainty of success; because, in his own mind, he was determined to succeed,

provided the objects of his search were yet, as he himself expressed it, in the lan' o' the leeving.

Being well assured that the mountainous district in the centre of the county, including Agnew's Hill, Shane's Hill, Colin Hill, and Slimiss, were the most frequented haunts of the Hearts of Steel, he bent his course in that direction,

It was late twilight when he entered the village of Ballynure. A beggar carries in his very appearance a letter of credit to all houses throughout the hospitable and jolly land of Ireland; and Rainey, not forgetting that he possessed such a document, entered without ceremony into the first house that struck his fancy.

Although it was become dark, neither candle nor lamp as yet illuminated this house; but it was partially lighted by the glimmering of an almost exhausted turf fire, with the hot ashes of which an old woman was employed kindling a short tobacco-pipe, at the moment of Rainey's entrance. Two men were also perceived, sitting on a huge chest in a dark corner of the apartment remote from the fire.

"Guid e'en neebours!" said Rainey; "I'm awee wearied. Wi' your leeve, I'll sit doon an' rest my shanks. Guid wife, I can spare ye a bit o' tobacco, giu ye want ony o' a guid quality."

"Whar' cam' ye frae, neebour?" asked the woman.

"Frae ayont Crumlin," replied Rainey. "It's near a year—Guid bless me, hoo time slips roon!—syne I was turned oo't a guid hauddin' o' lan', an' as snug a biggin' as ye wad wish to leive in, by a hard-hearted lan'lord, because anither man, a scoon'rel' like himsel', offered him ten guineas o' a fine mair nor I could muster, for the place. The Lord's curse!—but I should na' swear, ye ken, guid wife—though I canna' weel help it betimes, for I ha'e been turned desolate, an' forced to the last shift o' an honest man, to wan'er aboot the worl' wi' a poke an' a staff."

"An' what becam' o' yere family? guid man," asked the woman.

This was almost a puzzler for Robin. He had not thought of such a question, but his fertile brain in a moment suggested an answer.

"His wife, Providence had kindly ta'en to Himsel', the winter before, by a consumption; an' as to his weans, the twa' eldest were able to work oot, an' the youngest, a wee bit lassie, only eel't year auld, was keepit by a neebourin' frien' oot o' charity. For himsel', he was sae troubled wi' the *rhumaticks* in his joints, that he was na' able to work for his breed, an' had e'en to beg for it."

This account of Robin's misfortunes procured



him a plentiful supper of good oaten meal *stir-about* and *butter-milk*, on which he fared with as much relish, as an alderman would on turtle. After supper, one of the two men who had sat on the chest moved towards him, and inquired—

“What do you think, frien’, o’ the Hearts o’ Steel-Boys, that keep the lan’lords an’ lan’jobbers in sitch awe?”

“Faith,” replied Rainey; “I think they ’re bauld fellows, an’ deserve muckle credit for their spirit!”

“Had ye never thoughts o’ joinin’ them? if I may mak’ sae frae as to ask. They micht ha’e helped you to ’mends on your enemies.”

“But neebour,” observed Rainey, “it ’s no’ safe to speak a’ that yin thinks on thir matters. An’ I ’m a frail body that wad hardly be able to dance a Gallows-Green hornpipe, wi’ ony kind o’ grace.”

“Ye ha’e some punk in ye though, I see,” said the other, winking sagaciously at him; “an’ gin you be discreet, you micht get ’mends enouch an’ no’ be invited to sitch a dance.”

“Gin ye tell me hoo I could manage that, Sir,” replied Rainey, “I wad coont ye a frien’. For I think my auld legs wad grow soople yet, gin I could get my head raised awee in the worl’ without my neck being in danger. An’ I wad na’ ha’e muckle objection to help the Hearts o’ Steel awee,

an' e'en venture something wi' them, gin they wad tak' my case in han', an' drive Mat Miliken oot o' my place; for though I should ne'er get a stane o't again, I wad be fain to see the scoon'rel that robbed me, weel payed hame for it.—But, Sir, I may be speaking owre free wi' you."

The other, without replying, gave him a signal to follow him out of doors, which was promptly understood, and readily obeyed by Robin. The man there proposed, that if he would take the oath of fidelity to the Hearts of Steel, he should be immediately introduced into their society, and his cause not only avenged by their arms, but himself supported by their funds.

"It's a vera guid offer," observed Rainey, "I ken ye ha'e arms, but I did na' ken ye had funds. Ye ha'e a treasurer, an' offishers o' accoonts, nae doobt?"

"Ay; we ha'e a treasurer;—a vera cautious, discreet, trusty man," was the reply.

"I ha'e heard o' yin Forsythe," observed Rainey; "a very clever fellow, they say. Is he an offisher?"

"Ay," said the man, "'troth is he; an' as keen a headed, through-gaun a chap as ony amang them."

"Gin I maun swear, I wad rather do 't to him or some ither active offisher, wha' would explain

a' matters to me, an' wha would be accoontable for my being weel treated : for I ha'e been tauld that there are some uncannie blades amang ye." •

" It 's but reasonable, auld man," said the other, " that I should ask the oath frae ye noo ; for, 'feggs, ye micht betray us without it."

" Wha could I betray?" returned Rainey. " I ken nane belonging to you but ye'rsel', an' even yet I dinna ken your name. But gin I ken'd a' about you, ye micht tak' the word o' an auld man, that I wad na' betray you. Faith! I wad be owre muckle fleyed, for ye 're wonnerfu' men. I ha'e heard hoo ye owrecome a hale regiment latèly, in a moss at Shane's Hill, an' killed every mither's sin o' them, forbye their commander."

" Na, sir, we did wiser: we took the commander prisoner, an' slaughtered the rest. We ha'e him noo a hostage to save oor frien's confined in Carrick' gaol."

" That 's bauld! that 's bauld!" cried Robin with applause.

" Gin ye wad mak' me an ee witness o' that, I wad swear ony oath to your cause ye like."

" About four miles aff, at Glenwherry-water, ye wad see him. I 'll be there the-morrow nicht, but, at present, I ha'e anither gate to gang."

" Weel, weel," said Robin, " I 'll tak' your word for 't; an' gin ye tell me whar to meet you the-

on account of the events of the night—she was silently employed, preparing for him a milk supper, with which he intended to regale himself before he withdrew to rest.

“You tak’ an unusual time for travelling, stranger,” said Lowery to his new guest, as he entered. “Hoo did you happen to find this oot-o’-the-way place at sae late an hoor?”

“I missed my way on the hills,” replied Rainey, “awee before the gloamin’! but as it is fine moonlicht, an’ I was na’ muckle in a hurry, I thought I wad just danner alang as fortune guided; till, at last, ye see whar’ she has set me; an’ gin ye’ll alloo’ me the breadth o’ mysel’, by the ingle, for the nicht, I’ll no’ think o’ wan’ering farther; for I canna’ weel tell hoo to get me way oot this glen till day-light shews me.”

“I’m just gaun to bed, my frien’,” said Lowery. “But if Katty there thinks richt to accommodate you wi’ a rug an’ a blanket, I ha’e nae objection. You would doobtless be the better o’ a wheen prattoes an’ a cauld bane to pick after your ramble. Katty! wur there ony prattoes left frae the dinner, that he can warm in the ashes?”

Kitty answering in the affirmative, Robin observed, “Ye’re very kin’, Sir; but I wad prefer some o’ your posset, gin you can spare it; an’ a bite or twa o’ oaten bread: I’ll be content wi’

what ye leave, Sir; gin you'll no' be owre greedy on what's in the pan."

Lowery good-naturedly assented to this; and consuming his own portion in a few minutes, handed Robin the remainder, and withdrew to bed.

"Guld be thankit!" said Robin fervently, when he had despatched his wholesome meal. "Ye're unco quiet here the nicht, lassie; ye ha'e na' muckle o' family, I fancy?"

"I ha'e twa brithers," replied Kitty; "but they're at a neebour's diverting themsel's the nicht. It's no' aften, this sometime back, that the poor fellows ha'e had time for amusement."

"Are ye no' fleyed, lassie," said Robin, in a low voice, "that they may fa' in wi' the Hearts o' Steel, and be robbed, when they are oot sae late?"

"Na," replied Kitty; "the Hearts o' Steel ken better wha to rob; they winna' touch poor lads like them."

"Ye're richt, I believe, lassie; they are bauld boys, an' aye seek for rich game. Did ye hear gin they gat muckle frae the Major they took at Mulloch-Sandal?"

"Hoo should I hear a thing like that," replied Kitty; "but I'm sorry they should e'er ha'e gat sitch a man in their power!"

"He's a weel-lookin' chap, I'm tauld," observed Rainey. "Did ye e'er see him, lassie?"

"I ha'e seen?—but na'—hoo could I ha'e seen him?"

"Wi' ye're twa bonnie e'en, lassie! An' I maun say that, except Miss M'Manus an' Jenny Moore, I ne'er saw a woman that had twa sae bonnie!"

"Ye ha'e seen Miss M'Manus, then?" observed Kitty with some emotion.

"Trowth, ha'e I," replied Robin, "mony a precious day; an' I wad gie the very head aff my shoothers to see her again; for I fear the bonnie lamb is noo in a bad tether."

"Alas! it's but owre true!" said Kitty with a sigh.

Robin's penetrating eye immediately discerned the state of Kitty's feelings; and he resolved, without further ceremony, to avail himself of the discovery.

"You're a guid hearted young lass," said he, "an' a frien' o' Miss M'Manus; and wadna' be sorry, I think, to hear o' her being yince mair at her ain fire-side."

"Sorry at it!" she replied. "Oh! would to Gracious, that she were safe oot o' their han's!"

The fervour of this exclamation was enough for Robin; and he determined promptly to bring Kitty to the test of whether she could assist him or not in his endeavours to discover the place of Isabella's concealment.

"Gin ye tell me, my guid lass, whar' they ha'e hidden her, auld an' frail as I am, ye 'll find that in attempting to rescue her frae the limbs o' hell, my arms will grow strong an' my legs soople; an' the auld beggar-man will act sae discreetly to baith you an' your father, that ye 'll ne'er rue the night's lodgin' ye ha'e gi'en him."

"If I thought ye wad accomplish what ye say," replied Kitty, "I wad risk a' chances, an' tell ye what I ken; for I ken weel, that gin eether Miss M'Manus or Major Rosendale were at liberty, my father wad never be hurt!"

"I'll accomplish it, I swear to ye, my guid lass, or I will die!" said Rainey, with an energy that immediately caused Kitty to suspect that he was not the decrepit beggar he appeared.

"Ah! then ye're no' the lamiter I thought ye," said she. "An' ye're may be a frien' o' Miss M'Manus, cam' here to seek her in disguise."

"Gin I were sitch a frien'," asked Robin, "wad ye discover on me, an' gi'e me up to the Hearts o' Steel?"

"Na, Sir, indeed! I wad for the sake o' that young lady, help ye to relieve her frae the terrible dangers an' troubles that noo surround her; for gin she be na' soon relieved, she 'll be in her grave."

"Weel, I'll be plain wi' ye, my guid girl, and

tell ye, that I'm no' a beggarman ! I'm a frien' o' baith Miss M'Manus an' Major Rosendale, an' am come to search them oot, an' to deliver them, or die in tryin' it."

"Ye'll no die, I trust!" replied Kitty. "But ye maun ha'e help; yin arm winna' be able: an' I can get ye guid help. But ye maun promise no' to hurt eether my father or brithers, by ony thing ye become aqua'nted wi'."

Robin not only readily promised this, but most solemnly swore it to Kitty's entire satisfaction: after which, she gave him an account of the present situation of both the objects of his pursuit, so far as she knew it; and added, that she would procure for his assistance in the enterprise, he had on hand, a young man on whom she could effectually depend.

In a short time Robin made known to his fair confederate his real character, and set out by her directions for Hassan's.

He had scarcely, however, proceeded half a mile from Lowery's, when his generous enterprise was likely to have been cut short by an attempt on his life, which had nearly proved fatal. A man on horseback rode fiercely up to him, exclaiming:

"So, Mr. Beggarman! you thought to gi'e me the slip, did ye, after pumping frae me the secrets o' the Steel-boys? But faith I soon smelled a



rat! So aff ye go to your lang hame withoot mair ado!"

So saying, he fired a pistol, the contents of which would, no doubt, have finished poor Robin's earthly career, had his assailant's rage permitted him to take a better aim: but he missed his object, and Robin immediately drew a small spear, which had been concealed in his staff, and plunged it with all his might into his opponent's body.

"Tak' that!" said he, "ye murderin' rascal, into your heart's bluid! You, at ony rate, winna' molest honest folk again in this world."

He dragged the body to some distance from the public road, and then proceeded on his way, in great perturbation of mind. He had slain a man, and he could not avoid feeling agitated, although he was conscious that, had he permitted this ruffian to escape, he would inevitably have frustrated his efforts to rescue Frederick and Isabella from the hands of his associates, by giving them intelligence of his intentions. Besides, his antagonist had other weapons, with which he might have continued the attack; and the loss of his own life, it was probable, would have been the consequence of his forbearance: yet he felt much concerned for what he had done. His misgivings, however, soon began to subside, for Robin had a mind not very liable to lasting impressions of this nature; and,

in a short time, his only regret was, that there happened to be no witness to the transaction.

While he is hastening forward to Hassan's, the cause of this rencontre may be related; and, as Robin will not be long on his way, it must be done briefly.

When the man who had conversed so freely with him in Ballynure, returned to his companion on the chest, and informed him of the particulars of their discourse, the latter immediately remarked :

"That fellow will certainly betray us, Dick," which was the name of Robin's acquaintance. "He evaded the oath; an' you may depend on't he's gane off to Lowery's to hunt oot mair information. I could lay twunty to yin that he's some cursed spy in disguise."

Various circumstances, especially that of Robin setting off so hastily at an hour so unusual for beggars to travel, confirmed the suspicions thus excited in Dick's mind; and he swore a tremendous oath, that if the "damned cheat had really ta'en the way to Lowery's, he would soon pit him past tellin' tales."

He instantly armed, and went in search of a horse; but fortunately he met with some delay in finding one, and it was upwards of an hour be-

fore he was ready for the road. He reached Lowery's only a few minutes after Robin left it.

"Was there a stoot-lookin', limpin' beggar-man wi' you here the-nicht, Miss Lowery?" he inquired.

Kitty was inclined to deny the fact; but had not sufficient courage. She tried, however, to allow Robin time to get as far as possible out of danger, by detaining his pursuer with evasive answers. At last she admitted that a beggar-man had called for a short time, but was now gone.

"Then, by Heavens! I maun be after him," said he, mounting his horse. "He maun be gane westward, for I pursued him frae the east, an' it's the maist likely course for him to seek lodgin' during the night."

He galloped off, leaving Kitty in extreme terror on account of Robin's danger; but his career was soon terminated, as already stated.

By the time that Robin arrived at Hassan's, the family had retired to bed. He contrived, however, to obtain an interview with Sam, on whom the mention of Kitty Lowery's name operated like a charm; and he entered with great readiness into Robin's project.

Robin now informed him of his transactions with the man whom he had killed; and observed

that it was necessary he should immediately return to conceal his body more effectually, lest its discovery on the morrow, which where it now lay was very likely to take place, should alarm his confederates, and induce them to take such steps with respect to Frederick and Isabella, as might defeat the efforts they were now making for their rescue. Hassan volunteered to assist him in effecting this concealment. He accordingly armed himself; and the two hastened without delay to the scene of the scuffle. They cast the Steel-Man's body into a deep ditch surrounded with brambles, where they soon completely covered it with sods, stones, and other rubbish. They then returned to Hassan's, and taking a few hours rest, set out with the dawn according to Kitty's directions, towards Forsythe's residence, in search of Ned Moore, from whom Rainey made no doubt of either extracting by craft, or extorting by violence, all the information he desired.

They had no occasion, however, to approach Forsythe's house; for Robin, who had his eyes always on the alert, perceived Moore descending a hill at some distance on their left. He desired his companion to conceal himself, while he hastened forward to meet Moore. Robin managed this interview so well, that, as we already know, the bal-

ance of Moore's, alias Jasper's, feelings soon vibrated, and finally altogether turned towards the right side. Frederick and Isabella were, in consequence, victoriously delivered from the hands of their enemies.

## CHAPTER XX.

*Speak, fellow-venturer! must we now submit?  
Are all our schemes of grandeur and revenge  
Come to this issue? Huddled in a cart,  
Bound hand and foot, and dragg'd, like public scare-crows,  
To fret awhile in jail, and then be hanged  
For themes to drunken hawkers in the streets!*

IRISH SOOTHSAYER.

THE power of the Hearts of Steel was now rapidly declining. The star of prosperity which had so lately shone with such splendour on their cause was now decidedly on the wane, and it soon set in utter darkness—never more to rise.

In the commencement of their career, we have seen that they have succeeded in securing impunity from the laws, by intimidating the juries; but they had so egregiously abused that impunity, that all ranks of men began at last to feel the necessity of putting a stop to their outrages, by countenancing and supporting the tribunals in the discharge of their duty. The Government also exerted itself, by sending a large military force to the North, in order to protect the peaceable inhabitants, sub-

due the conspirators, and assist the civil power in the execution of the laws.

In consequence of these energetic measures, one or two Steel-Men had been already executed, several more were under sentence of death, and the gaols were filled with prisoners belonging to the association, the number of whom was every day increasing. It was not without reason, therefore, that Nathan Lowery foreboded the approaching ruin of the confederacy, and felt anxious to have his own safety provided for, by securing Frederick's interest in his behalf.

Not many days after the preceding occurrences, the association received an irrecoverable blow by the capture, at the same time, of both M'Manus and Douglas. The former of these champions now felt himself at the mercy of those laws which he had long despised and detested, merely because they were administered by a people of a different descent and creed from his own; and, in his fall, he consequently considered himself the martyr of a national cause. Douglas could not view his misfortune in such a dignified light. He knew no other code of laws which it was his duty as a citizen to obey, but those against which he offended, and by which he was now to be punished. He had embarked in the cause, it is true, from motives that possessed some sprinkling of generosity min-

gled with the less justifiable ingredients of resentment and perhaps ambition. Many of those unfortunate people whose quarrel he espoused, had been in reality cruelly treated ; and, as the existing laws afford them no means of redress, he thought it laudable and patriotic to endeavour to check the evil by the terror of popular vengeance. It was from this view that, at the commencement of the association, he countenanced some acts—such as the destruction of Clearfield—of unjustifiable and barbarous violence, which, it must be acknowledged, had all the intimidating effects he desired. Not only was an almost total stop put to the new system of renting lands, but an almost total indemnity from legal punishment was secured to his own party.

Had the matter stopped here, Douglas would probably have been satisfied, for the principal of his original objects had been gained ; but he had connected himself with men, over whom, although he was the reputed leader, he had in reality but little control, and who did not wish it to stop here. Feeling themselves, from the terror they inspired, suddenly elevated to a degree of importance in the community they had never before enjoyed, the majority were desirous of persevering in a system from which they derived such an advantage. The opportunity of enriching themselves by plun-



der which this combination afforded, was also very agreeable to many of his adherents, and attracted to its ranks every profligate ruffian and lawless depredator in the country. Hence numberless acts of private robbery, and even assassination, were committed by members of the society, that were neither sanctioned, nor approved, nor even known, by either Douglas or M'Manus. The great object of the latter we have seen to have been the gratification of a long-cherished revenge for national and family injuries of an old standing. It was an object neither felt nor known by any of his confederates, except his own personal followers, the men of Glen-Arib. He cared not on what footing the present possessors of the soil, whether landlords or tenants, stood with each other. All he wished was, to have them embroiled, so that they might commit mutual mischief; for he conceived it his first duty, and he felt it his chief pleasure, to stir up the hereditary enemies of his name and nation to each other's destruction. The exterminators of the Milesian race were to him, what the Romans were to Hannibal—detested objects of sworn and perpetual animosity.

On being attacked at Glen-Arib by the military, as has been stated in a former chapter, he found means to give his confederates early information of the circumstances, in expectation that they

might hasten to his assistance with a force sufficient to drive off the enemy.

He wrote to Lowery, Forsythe, and Douglas, and sent verbal messages to several other influential Steel-Men. Of his letter to Lowery we have already given an extract; but this cautious keeper of the purse could lend him no succour. Forsythe, we have seen, had other objects in view at that time; and was even in a fit state of mind to have wished M'Manus at the Devil. He therefore paid no attention to the communication.

Douglas, however, desirous of returning the service M'Manus had done him by rescuing him from his captivity in Belfast, and aware of what importance the striking a successful blow would be to their declining cause, hastened to muster a force for his relief.

The troops, by whom he was assailed, consisted of about one hundred and thirty men, under the command of a Captain Russell, a man of great coolness and sagacity in military affairs. On arriving at Glen-Arib house, he advanced to the attack with some caution, for he suspected that M'Manus had both the means and the inclination to make a vigorous defence. His summons of surrender having received no reply, he ordered his men to approach and fire on the premises. The volley did but little damage, making only a num-

ber of perforations through the doors and windows. It was instantly returned, and eight or ten of the soldiers were killed. The same experiment being repeated three or four times with nearly the same result, Russell thought proper to retire to a greater distance, and turn the siege into a blockade, until he should receive a supply of artillery and a reinforcement of troops, for which he instantly despatched a message to Carrickfergus.

The soldiers encamped on the sea-shore, within view of M'Manus's house; and as night came on, Russell conceiving himself to be in an enemy's country, took the precaution of placing sentinels at various points, and permitting only one third of his men to sleep at once.

During the early part of the night, the full moon shone beautifully on the crimson-coloured waters of Red-Bay, which, rolling shoreward in successive billows to meet the slow stream of Glen-Arib, would retreat back again with their new associate to the depths of the ocean. The public road at this place lay for several miles along the beach, and an ancient narrow stone bridge threw its single and crazy arch over Glen-Arib water, immediately behind the soldier's camp, and formed a pass very easily guarded. On the other side of the water opposite the camp and almost adjoining the bridge, a partizan of M'Manus possessed a large

stone house which the latter was desirous of occupying with a number of his men, as from it he could very conveniently annoy the troops, and effectually prevent their retreat southwards, while he meditated throwing them into confusion by a sudden sally, as soon as the moon should set, and it should become sufficiently dark for the purpose.

To execute this plan he despatched the owner of the house, who was named M'Fall, with a dozen of men, to ford the stream at some distance above the bridge, and out of view of the soldiers. But the attempt was unsuccessful; for it was not yet dark enough, and the Glen was too narrow to permit them to pass at a sufficient distance from the camp. They were therefore observed by the sentinels, and about twenty of the troops soon attacked them.

The firing informed M'Manus of what was going forward. In order to save M'Fall's party, if possible, he hastened at the head of his small force, with fixed bayonets and loaded muskets, against the troops, and a sanguinary action, conducted rather by fury than skill, instantly took place. But it was soon decided. The troops were more than twice the number of their assailants, and were so far from being taken with surprise, that, by command of their officer, they awaited the attack coolly with arms in their hands

Every circumstance, therefore, rendered the conflict unequal between the parties; and, in a few minutes, two-thirds of the Steel-Men were stretched on the ground in the arms of death. The soldiers seemed this night determined to take ample vengeance for the slaughter at Mulloch-Sandal, and spared none, until Russell ordered them to cease the carnage and to make prisoners. But before he could be obeyed, every one of the Steel-Men, including M'Manus himself, had fallen in their wounds. The field being searched, he, with ten others who still survived, was found, and carried into the house, which was now open for the admittance of the troops. M'Fall and Dennis M'Clurkin were also among the wounded.

M'Manus was placed in bed, and his wounds examined. He had received a musket-ball in the right shoulder, and several bayonet-thrusts in other parts of the body. The ball was extracted; and in the morning he was judged to be capable of enduring the fatigue of journeying in a litter to Carrickfergus.

The troops had lost nearly thirty of their number in this expedition, but their victory was complete; and they rejoiced much in the idea that the renowned and terrible M'Manus was, at last, their prisoner: and, if they had lost considerably of their men, they were consoled with the reflection,

that the proportion of the reward for capturing him would be the greater to each of the survivors.

After breakfasting sumptuously on the fare they found in M'Manus's house, they proceeded with six of their prisoners, including M'Manus, M'Clurkin, and M'Fall, leaving the other five behind on account of their being evidently in a dying state.

Having a number of their own wounded under their care, they moved slowly along one of the most sublime portions of that truly sublime coast. On their left, the billows of St. George's channel broke in foamy showers among a thousand prodigious masses of white lime-stone rocks irregularly scattered in every direction, and produced a never-ceasing roar of the mighty waters. On their right, an almost perpendicular bank, formed of the same calcareous materials, chaotically and fearfully piled upon each other to the height of a thousand feet, hung pendulously over their heads, and excited a doubt whether they were in more danger of destruction from the threatened approach of the overwhelming ocean or the tumbling down of the mighty masses above them.

Having advanced as far as the old Druidical image, called Cloch-a-Stookan, which affords the resemblance of a gigantic woman formed out of a huge rock, sitting upon the beach with her face to

the road, they stopped for a space to adjust their litters; previous to their ascending the precipitous path which leads over the Point of Garron, and over which, to this day, a treble force of horses is required to drag an ordinary load.

In those days this path hung fearfully in a side-lining direction towards the sea; and many a terrific tale is yet told in the neighbourhood, of fatal accidents happening to men, and beasts, and loaded vehicles, by their falling over and being dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. Thanks to the improving spirit of latter times, these accidents are now prevented by a substantial wall built along the eastern edge of the path, and the road down the declivity made much more passable than in the days of M'Manus; although, even yet, its passage is no easy task for the traveller who journeys in a wheeled vehicle.

The troops had adjusted their cars and litters, and were about to encounter the ascent of this difficult and dangerous defile, when they suddenly perceived a body of armed men winding down towards them. Their dress declared them to be a party of the Hearts of Steel, but how numerous could not be ascertained, for they almost instantaneously halted.

This was the party which Douglas had hastily collected, and with which he was advancing with

as much rapidity as possible to the assistance of McManus. It consisted of about two hundred of his partizans, tolerably well armed, but not under much discipline. The rapidity of their advance had occasioned them to be discovered by the troops before they were aware,—a circumstance which Douglas much regretted; for, had he discovered the enemy first, he could have lain in wait, until they had all got into the defile, when he might have attacked them to such manifest advantage, that victory would have been certain. But the error, or rather misfortune, as he considered it, could not now be remedied: and his only hope was, that, by remaining obstinately in his present position, the commander of the troops, rather than be retarded in his march, would attempt to dislodge him; in which case he knew he could make him pay dearly for his rashness.

But Captain Russell was too cautious an officer to hazard such an experiment; besides, he calculated that before many hours would elapse, the reinforcement for which he had sent the preceding day to Carrickfergus would come forward, and with its artillery would soon remove the impediment which now obstructed his march.

In the mean time he wished, if possible, to allure the Steel-Boys from their elevated and impregnable station, by making a retrograde movement to



the north, as if he intended to return to Glen-Arib.

But Douglas had no temptation to follow him ; he perceived that M'Manus's party was already defeated, and his own was not sufficiently powerful to cope with such a body of well-appointed troops on equal ground. He therefore adhered to his resolution of keeping his stand, until he should compel Captain Russell either to attack, or march back in reality to Glen-Arib.

Affairs, however, did not remain more than an hour in this posture, when Douglas was alarmed by the appearance of red uniforms approaching from the south. His party became panic-struck ; they had no means of escape. A high and inaccessible precipice frowned over them on the west, a deep and horrible gulf yawned beneath them on the east ; and the only passes to the north and south were occupied by their enemies in formidable force.

The reinforcement which was now advancing to the aid of Russell was under the command of a Captain Adams. It consisted of fifty foot-soldiers and twelve artillery-men, with two pieces of cannon. On perceiving the Steel-Men, Captain Adams sent forward a flag, summoning them to surrender on pain of being instantly attacked.

Being only allowed fifteen minutes to deliberate,

five or six, who acted as their officers, speedily agreed on their answer, which was, that they would immediately lay down their arms, and come under any obligation, or give any security that Captain Adams might demand, to keep the peace for the future, on condition that their persons and properties should not be molested for any past occurrence.

Adams, not knowing that they were hemmed in by Russell's party on the north, was inclined to give them terms, lest they might escape out of his hands. He therefore replied, "that such of the proclaimed leaders of the Hearts of Steel as were among them must be given up unconditionally; but that he would grant the terms required to all the others, except such as might be afterwards convicted of felonious acts, from the effects of which he neither could nor would grant them any promise of indemnity."

After a short consultation, these terms were accepted. Douglas and three or four others were made prisoners. The names and places of residence of all the rest were taken down, and a solemn oath administered to each, that he should keep the peace, and, if called on at any time, be ready to give bail to that effect. While this ceremony was going forward, a messenger was despatched to Rus-

sell, who immediately approached with his party and assisted in its completion.

This was a stroke which cut up the daring confederacy of Steel-Boys almost by the root. Not only did it bring its two principal leaders—the men who were in fact the vital spirits of its existence—into the hands of the constituted authorities of the land, but it separated from its cause nearly two hundred individuals, who had been hitherto its staunch supporters, but who were now glad to purchase impunity by defection.

The next day, the military party which had done so much for the country arrived in Carrickfergus, and the captives were lodged in jail. As their trials did not come on for some weeks, we shall leave them in the mean time, and turn our attention to the affairs of Frederick Rosendale.

## CHAPTER XXI.

*My love ! I left you with an aching breast,  
Though short the time, nor distance far away ;  
Yet in thy absence I can find no rest—  
Climes seem the distance, ages are the stay—  
The powers of love know how my feelings burn ;  
They see the longing tortures I sustain,  
How fain I am, how anxious to return,  
And press my fair one to my heart again !*

ULSTER BARD.

“THE hand of that God who never forsakes those who trust in Him has been conspicuously displayed in his extraordinary and happy deliverance ;” said Mr. McCulloch, as Frederick finished a brief recital of what he had undergone while he was a prisoner in the hands of the Hearts of Steel.

Isabella was present. She had also related her sufferings ; and Frederick was much embarrassed to account for so much beauty and innocence being subjected to such calamities. ●

“I know,” said he, “nay, I feel, that there is a just and gracious Providence that overrules all events ; but I confess, my reverend friend, that it

appears to me incomprehensible how so much goodness was permitted to suffer such persecution and affliction for the gratification of villany."

"Sir," replied Mr. M'Culloch, "according to my belief, no human being is, or can be, even in his most harmless hours, absolutely untainted with sin; none descended of Adam can be altogether free from the corruption of his fallen nature; and, consequently, a sufficient portion of transgression will be committed by the best of us to justify Omnipotence in awarding to us even greater calamities than is ever the lot of the most wretched to endure in this world. But of this, Major Rosendale, you may be assured,—that such is the goodness of the Supreme Being, that He never permits the virtuous and the pious to be afflicted but for purposes advantageous to themselves. We do not, indeed, always see the gracious chain of events by which this is accomplished. But it is not necessary that we should see it: it is only necessary that we should under every circumstance act well our part, believing that the Author of all can do no wrong, and that 'He maketh all things work together for the good of them that love him.'"

They were conversing in this pious strain, when Robin Rainey entered with intelligence that M'Manus, Douglas, and many others of the Hearts of

Steel, had just passed under a strong escort on their way to the county jail.

"Ah! my uncle," exclaimed Isabella, "he is caught at last. I fear, oh! I fear they will have no mercy on him."

"He is your uncle," said Frederick; "but as different from you, in temper and disposition, as Hell is from Heaven. Still he is your father's brother, and is not destitute of some dignified and generous feelings. I owe my life thrice to those feelings. Of this the dispensers of justice in the land must be informed. Be comforted then, Miss M'Manus; for notwithstanding appearances are at present so unfavourable, he may eventually be saved, and may spend an old age of penitence and virtue."

"God of Mercy grant it!" she exclaimed.

Frederick now hastened after the escort, with the view of bespeaking good usage and accommodations for M'Manus. He soon overtook it.

"Captain Russell," said he, "you have one prisoner in your custody in whose fate I am much interested. M'Manus thrice saved my life when I was in the power of the Steel-men: I trust this will be remembered to his advantage, and procure him good treatment."

"Assuredly, Major!" replied Russell: "what

ever accommodations you desire shall be provided for him."

M'Manus overheard this conversation. He looked out from his litter, and addressed Frederick:—

"What!" said he, "am I still to be indebted for favours to a Rosendale? Recall your interference if you please, Sir. It was not from friendship or generosity that I saved your life; but because you saved mine, and I scorned to be your debtor. Recall your interference, I desire you. Let them treat me as they choose; for I cannot endure always to owe you obligations."

"Mr. M'Manus," replied Frederick, "it is not from any selfish wish to assume a triumphant position over you, but from feelings really desirous of your welfare, that I would alleviate as much as possible the weight of your misfortunes. I can lay you under no obligation by any act of friendship now in my power: you have thrice paid what you owed me, and I am vastly in your debt."

M'Manus's proud spirit became considerably mollified by this address.

"If you were not a Rosendale," said he, "I could esteem you. But it is no matter: the contest must cease—I cannot longer strive against fate. The star of M'Manus is now fast fading, and will soon be ex-

tinguished for ever. Rosendale is still to be triumphant!"

Here he paused, as if his emotions were too powerful for utterance. His passions seemed to be at variance : pride struggled with gratitude, and hereditary hatred with personal affection. At length he said, " Why should I contend ? Rosendale, wilt thou accept the hand of friendship from an old, a sworn enemy to thy name and race ? "

Frederick caught his extended hand, observing, " Why should you be so perseveringly my enemy ? I wish for your friendship, and freely offer you mine. "

" Alas, Sir ! " continued Munn, " that animosity is of long standing ; it is a family legacy. But now I perceive it will be of no service to cherish it longer. The blood of that family shall soon be dried up in the veins of every human being, except a single female ; and she, alas ! is lost to our faith, and will probably soon become lost to our name ! Ah, Rosendale ! a malignant fate has indeed shed its baleful influence over the house of M'Manus. True, I find—too true, has been the prediction which I many a time cursed an old Scottish hag for singing at my father's fireside :—

" M'Manus in Rosendale ever shall find  
An invincible foe, or a friend that is kind ;



And M'Manus from Rosendale's power may depend,  
As his sorrows began, so his sorrows shall end!"

"To prevent this fate, Sir—to prevent the destiny of my family from hanging upon yours, cheerfully at any period of my life would I have sacrificed every earthly prospect of either happiness or ambition."

"If it be reserved for me," replied Frederick, "to end your sorrows, as these verses portend, believe me it shall be done from motives of real kindness, and not from vain glory; and I trust you will not consider any effort I may make in your favour as placing you in either a state of dependence or obligation."

"The termination of my life alone shall terminate my sorrows," said M'Manus; "and to him who accomplishes the one, the other shall be owing. But, happen what will, I shall curse you no longer, although I cannot yet bring my mind to bless you! Tell my niece, for I know she is again in the preacher's mansion yonder—tell her that I am glad she is there; and, heretic as she is, I feel strongly inclined to bless her, and I hope that she will be blessed!"

"I shall tell her so," replied Frederick, as he bade him good bye; for the cavalcade had begun

again to move: and he returned to Mr. McCulloch's.

The next morning an express brought him the following letter:

“ Rosendale-House, Jan. — 1767.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ It has become my painful task to inform you of the dangerous state of your brother's health. His complaint has gained rapidly on him for some weeks; and it is the opinion of his physicians, with which his Lordship himself was yesterday made acquainted, that he has not many days to live.

“ He received the intelligence with fortitude, and expressed a desire that you should be immediately sent for, as it would give him great satisfaction to see you before his departure. He then proceeded to arrange his worldly concerns, the labour of doing which he underwent with great cheerfulness; and now says, that he has no other temporal wish than to see you before he dies.

“ Your mother's health is as good as usual; but her mind suffers much on account of his Lordship's situation. It is, indeed, a melancholy spectacle for the merest stranger to behold a human being on the brink of dropping into eternity in the flower of youth, from the enjoyment of friends, fortune,

respectability,—in short, every thing that can make a continuance in this stage of existence desirable. What, then, must it be for a mother to behold such a spectacle in her own son! Nature will have her due; and your mother cannot, on some occasions, refrain from yielding to her feelings the tribute of both tears and lamentation.

“ Her mind also suffers greatly on your account. We have lately heard much of the boldness, strength, and ferocity of that dangerous confederacy against which you have been ordered to lead your troops; and a rumour has even reached us, but we pray Heaven that it is incorrect, that an enterprise which you headed against them has been attended with the most disastrous results, both to yourself and your party. It stated that your men were all either slaughtered on the spot, or captured for the purpose of suffering a more deplorable fate. It is also mentioned that you are among the number of the latter unfortunate victims to the vengeance of an infuriated and merciless banditti, who, in this quarter of the country, are described as the veriest monsters of barbarity and wickedness that ever disgraced the human form.

“ Under all these circumstances, you will easily conceive what consolation and joy would be occasioned by your appearance amongst us; for we in

reality suffer more uneasiness, feeling, as we do, more uncertainty respecting your fate than that of your brother. His we look upon to be decided; and, although it is not possible to reflect on it without the pangs of grief and sorrow, yet we are relieved from the tortures of that suspense which we feel respecting yours.

“Lest our information should unfortunately prove correct, and this letter be, in consequence, prevented from reaching you, I have accompanied it with one to the Governor of Carrickfergus, requesting from him particular intelligence concerning you.

“His Lordship has not heard the report of your capture: it has only, in fact, been very lately that it reached us; and it has been thought unadvisable to embitter his last moments with intelligence which might only hasten their termination.

“This letter is sent by express, because, in our present state of anxiety, any delay which might be occasioned by the ordinary mode of conveyance would be of very serious consequence.

“I have the honour to be, &c.

“H. CARLOW.”

Robin Rainey was immediately summoned, and ordered to prepare hastily for a journey to the South. He withdrew to obey his directions, but

was not many minutes absent when he returned with a letter in his hand.

"Sir," said he, "I was bade to gi'e you this by an aqua'ntance o' mine, an', I believe, o' your ain. The horses will be ready, Sir, in half an hoor; but I wad like to see a frien' aboot ten minutes, just to bid fareweel, gin ye ha'e nae objection: I 'll then be ready to follow you owre the kingdom."

"If your friend lives convenient, Robin, and all be ready for starting in an hour from this time, you may take the farewell you speak of: but remember I am in extreme haste, and must not be detained longer."

"You 'll no' be detained, Sir, the twinklin' o' an e'e langer!" said Robin, as he made his bow and retired.

Frederick had by this time glanced over the letter Robin had brought him. It required an immediate answer; but this Frederick was too much agitated and too much hurried to give. He, however, handed the letter to Mr. M'Culloch, with a request that he would take some leisure hour, as soon as convenient, to reply to it in his name, assuring the writer that he would attend to his wishes as soon as some important domestic concerns, which now required his whole attention, should allow him leisure; and that if in the interval any mis-

fortune happened, to him of the nature that he dreaded, he should give him immediate information of it, and he would promptly interfere in his behalf.

The reader may be here informed, that this letter had been put into Rainey's hand by Roger Lowery. It had been written by his prudent father, Nathan, in consequence of his great solicitude to obtain, through Frederick's interest, an indemnity from the proper authorities for having been connected with the Hearts of Steel.

It may be mentioned here, lest it should be neglected elsewhere, that although Frederick could not at this juncture attend to Nathan's affairs, he in the course of a few weeks had them settled to his entire satisfaction. In a short time afterwards Kitty Lowery became Mrs. Hassan, and received on the occasion, a letter of congratulation and an appropriate present from Isabella.

What passed between Robin Rainey and the friend of whom he was so anxious to take farewell, may be concisely related. This friend was no other than his sweetheart Jenny Moore. She was seated at her father's fire-side, busily employed at her spinning-wheel, when Robin entered. Her mother was present; but as no time was to be lost, he boldly addressed the daughter:—

“Jenny, wad ye speak twa or three words ben ,

the hoose? I'm gaun on a journey, an' want yere ain ear awee."

Jenny blushed; but, on looking at her mother, she received an approving glance, which corresponding with her own inclination, she arose and led Robin into an adjoining chamber.

"I'm gaun to leave ye, Jenny," said he, "for some time—I canna' tell hoo lang; an' though my maister's in a great hurry, I could na' think o' gaun aff withoot comin' to bid you fareweel an' just to ask you for some keepsake, as a token o' yere esteem an' constancy till I come back."

"An' whar' are ye gaun, Rabin, in sitch haste? It's surely no' to hunt mair o' the Hearts o' Steel? I dinna' muckle like them expeditions o' the Major's; they're no safe—that he might be already convinced o'."

"I dinna' think that it's on ony fechtin' trip we're gaun this time; for there's only oor twa sel's, I un'erstan', to tak' the road. I think he's for a jaunt up the country to see his frien's—though he wad na' gi'e me time to speer o' the journey. So ye need na' be fleyed, dear Jenny—for I'll come back safe an' soon' to ye, an' I trust we'll ha'e mony a lang an' happy day thegither. But there may be ither lads wantin' ye when I'm awa', Jenny; for I ken twa or three wad fain tak' up wi' ye, gin they durst. But I maun ha'e yere pro-

mise, that ye 'll min' nane o' them in my absence; for gin I thought ye wad, it would gi'e me a sair heart."

"There 'll nae yin speak to me in the way ye mean, I 'll warrant ye, Rabin. An' gin ony should, ye ken weel enouch I 'm no sae giddy as to min' them. Na, na; ne'er fear nor mak' yer-sel' uneasy aboot sitch a thing. There 's my han', I 'll gi'e encouragement to nane till I see yoursel' again."

"Ah! Jenny noo', that 's a guid kind lassie!" said Robin, pressing her to his bosom, and at the same time tasting her cherry lips. "When yince I come hame again, we 'll no' be lang in doobt; for I 'll ha'e things sae fixt wi' the Major, that we 'll e'en gang thegither, I trust, ne'er to part till auld age parts us by carrying us to the grave! Here 's a riband an' a ring I boucht yestreen in Carrick': ye 'll keep them an' think o' me till my return. But I maun ha'e a lock o' yere bonny hair; it will gi'e me mair pleasure when I 'm far awa', than any ither keepsake, tho' it were a gowden box set wi' jewels."

"But Robin!" observed Jenny, thinking that she ought, on her part, to provide for his fidelity, and that it was but fair she should obtain his promise of constancy, as he had obtained hers,—  
"Robin!" observed she, "ye 're gaun whar', nae



doobt, ye 'll see mony a bonny lass, bonnier than e'er ye thought Jenny; an' then ye 'll forget a' the promises an' fine professions o' love ye ha'e sae aften made me. Do you no' think ye 'll forget Jenny, wha may then sit heart-broken, an' vainly rue that e'er she gi'ed her promise to her fause Rabin?"

"Forget you, my ain Jenny!" exclaimed Robin, "an' be fause tō you! Na; sooner shall the sun forget to rise in the mornin' owre the Craig o' Ailsa, or the full moon to shine on Moulderslee Hill. A 'bonnier face attract me!—ay, Jenny that it micht, gin I could see a bonnier yin! But that's impossible. Gin my eyen should e'er think anither face bonnier than yours, may they either rot in my head, or be picked oot by the corbies! Na, na; I ne'er will think ony woman bonnier or sweeter, or in ony respect better, nor even half sae guid, as my ain sweet Jenny! Sae dinna' fret; for I swear to ye that I never will nor can love anither half sae weel!"

But Robin's time was too limited to permit a prolongation of this precious interview. With a reluctant and heavy heart, he therefore gave his sorrowful Jenny the parting kiss, and hastened to attend his master. He had been absent several minutes beyond the time allowed him; but of this Frederick was so far from being aware, that he supposed him to have returned before its expira-

tion: anxious as he was to set out on his journey, the last twenty or thirty minutes had passed as rapidly with him as they had done with Robin; for they had passed much in the same manner,—namely, in the society of her, in comparison with whom he looked upon the whole world as void of interest or value.

He was booted, spurred, coated and gloved, and altogether prepared for his departure: and all the time he was thus equipping himself, his mind, deeply concerned as it was for the melancholy situation of his friends, was busily employed in contriving how to procure only five minutes in private of a parting interview with his beloved. Hero as he was, he did not on this occasion possess the same intrepidity which we have seen his servant Robin so gallantly and successfully exerting. Not being able to think of any method which propriety would sanction of accomplishing his desire, he had even relinquished the very hope, and hastened from his dressing room to the parlour, where he had left Isabella sitting with her grandfather and grandmother, in order, since he found he could do no better, to bid her farewell in their presence. But let poetical lovers talk of the cruelty of Fortune as they please, she often favours faithful ones beyond their expectations; and, on this occasion, she was propitious to Frederick Rosendale.

The old people had been called away on some domestic affair, and on opening the parlour-door Frederick was delighted to find Isabella alone:—

“Miss M‘Manus,” said he, “I am come to bid you farewell. I hope, however, that it is only for a short space. I must hasten to attend the death-bed of an only brother; and when the melancholy duty is performed, I will return here, for it is only where you are that I can feel enjoyment in life. Oh! will you deign to spend a thought of tenderness on me in my absence?”

“My friends are never absent but I think of them,” she replied; “and surely, Major Rosendale, you cannot suppose me so destitute of gratitude as, after all you have done for me, to forget you, no matter how long the period or wide the space of our separation.”

“Alas!” said Frederick fervently, “if gratitude be all I can claim from you—if no tenderer feeling shall direct your thoughts towards me, unhappy indeed has been my errand to this world!—Oh! Miss M‘Manus, you know well that I love you beyond all earthly objects; and my only hopes of happiness in life are built on the possibility that you may yet reciprocate my affection, that your gratitude may change into a sweeter—a more endearing feeling, and that with your free consent you may

become my own. Oh, dearest of maidens! encourage this sweet hope by one kind expression—by one tender token, that you will permit me to hold, in my absence, an interest in your heart warmer than can arise from mere gratitude.”

“Sir,” she replied, “your rank and prospects in life forbid me to look on you in the light of a lover. Were we equal in these respects, and I inclined to fix my affections on any one, I confess I know none whom I would prefer to you. But, Sir, it is a subject on which I do not wish to think, much less to converse; for I conceive it prudent to keep my heart as long as possible free from such impressions as it might possibly produce.”

“Heaven be praised! then you allow me to hope,” cried Frederick, “since nothing but rank and fortune interfere to forbid me! Rank and fortune! Miss M’Manus; ah! surely you do not suppose that I can for an instant value them in comparison with you! If they be the only obstacles to my happiness—the inestimable happiness of possessing your heart, I can soon rid myself of them—I can soon reduce myself to a mere competence if it will please you, if it will gain me your love; for, alas! without your love, of what avail would either rank or fortune be to me?”

“Sir,” she observed, “this is too much. I wish you to make no sacrifice of the kind; neither is

my aim to try the strength of your affection. I believe your professions of attachment to be sincere: I should scorn the mean suspicion which would cause me to doubt your veracity. But we have at present conversed enough on this subject: affairs of a very different nature ought to occupy our attention. Your brother, anxious for your presence, is on the bed of death; and your mother and sister are at this moment suffering all the pangs of uncertainty respecting your own fate: and I too—I have a near relative—an uncle, perhaps on the eve of suffering an ignominious death for avowed transgressions. Major, we ought indeed to think of other things than our own happiness!"

"Alas! I think of these things also!" said Frederick. "But it is not here that we can do these relatives a service; yet it is here, and here alone, that I can plead for a return of that affection, the obtaining of which, I acknowledge, is the desire that lies nearest to my heart. I hasten, my love, to do my duty towards my afflicted friends; but, before I go, may I not be indulged in availing myself of one favourable moment to beg that you will tenderly remember me in my absence?"

"Farewell, then," said she; "I will remember you! Ah! perhaps"—and she involuntarily heaved a sigh—"too tenderly!"

Frederick was enraptured. He seized the fair hand she had extended towards him and kissed it so ardently, that she blushed, and, with some effort, hastily disengaged it from his grasp.

"Forgive me, my dear Isabella!" said he, somewhat embarrassed, "if I make one more request."

"What is it?" said she. "Ask it, and let us change the subject."

"Will you permit me to write to you?"

"You will, I suppose, correspond with my grandfather, which I think will be sufficient."

"Ah! cruel girl! you speak coolly. Will you not answer me if I write?"

"Unless my grandfather approves of it, I cannot."

"Your letters shall be enclosed in his. Then you will not object to them?"

"I will acquaint him with their contents," said she; "and such reply as he sanctions, you shall receive."

At this moment Mr. McCulloch entered the parlour, and Frederick had to remain content with the promises he had obtained. He, indeed, congratulated himself on the result of this interview, for he had derived from it a greater certainty of possessing an interest in her heart, than he had ever before obtained.

As Robin Rainey was waiting at the gate with

the horses, Frederick at length bade farewell to his beloved and her venerable parents, and hastened off, followed by Robin, who, during the time he had waited, had frequently muttered:—

“Gin I had thocht the Major wad ha’e been so langsome, I micht ha’e had a ween mair kisses frae Jenny.”

## CHAPTER XXII.

*A man of grief, in foreign soils,  
On life's adventurous journey toils !  
His road with frequent storms o'ercast,  
Full oft he bends beneath the blast.  
But fate at length her frown resigns,  
A more propitious planet shines,  
And all his long misfortunes end ;  
For Heaven is still the sufferer's friend.*

IRISH SOOTHSAYER.

THE evening of the next day brought Frederick to the avenue of tall elms which led to Rosendale house. His mother and sisters had been anxiously watching for him the whole day : they now espied him, and rushed forward to meet him. He was soon in their arms.

"Heaven be praised !" exclaimed his mother, as she enfolded him. "He is still spared to me, and he will yet see his brother alive."

His arrival was cautiously announced to his Lordship, whose frame was too much wasted to bear the slightest shock of either joy or sorrow without injury.



"Let me see him!" said he; and his sunk eyes for an instant brightened with the glance of pleasure.

Frederick in a moment had his almost expiring brother by the hand. His ghastly, shrunk, and emaciated appearance greatly affected him. His heart filled, and an unbidden tear started to his eye; for, as he beheld him, early recollections rushed on his mind, and he became melted into woman's softness.

"Frederick," said his Lordship, in a feeble interrupted voice, (for his breathing was very short and laborious,) "I am rejoiced to see you. But I shall not see you long. My struggle must now be soon over. My physicians can do no more for me. They have resigned me to my fate. But I trust that the great Physician of souls will not forsake me; for, oh! he is more skilful to save, than they are to cure. Mr. Carlow has given me much comfort and encouragement by his pious exhortations reward him for my sake. Alas! I never enough appreciated the value of religion until death approached me. Now—now I feel how merciful God has been in revealing his gracious Gospel to us. It shows us the road, the only certain road, to future happiness, through the redemption of sinners by the sufferings of Christ. Oh! Frederick, never lose sight of that Heavenly road. Cherish

religion in the days of your health and prosperity, and it will support and bless you in your dying moments! Your mother and sisters will now depend on you for protection. But you have a kind and generous heart, and I do not fear for them. I recommend them to you."

Here he became too feeble to speak audibly. His mourning relatives stood weeping over him, and contemplating this remnant of a human frame, that was yet young, and was once active. After some minutes he directed his eyes towards them, with a consciousness that they felt acutely for his situation.

"May God bless you—bless you all!" said he, making an unavailing effort to articulate distinctly. But he was able to utter no more; for the struggles of dissolution now commenced, and before many hours he was a corpse.

Some days afterwards the following paragraph went the rounds of the Irish newspapers.

"Died on the — inst., in the 24th year of his age, at his seat in the county of Meath, Arthur Lord Viscount Rosendale. His Lordship had been for several years past of a consumptive habit. Within the last few months this insidious and unmanageable disease became confirmed upon him, and made daily havoc on his constitution; but he bore its ravages till the last moment with the for-

titude of a true Christian. His Lordship left no issue. His title and estates have therefore devolved on his only brother, Major Rosendale, of the fifty-ninth Regiment of light infantry. This is the gallant officer, whose daring enterprises against that lawless banditti of the North, the Hearts of Steel, have lately excited so much public attention. We trust that he will live long to enjoy the splendid fortune and the exalted rank to which he has succeeded, and on which he is so well calculated to reflect lustre."

After paying the last tribute of respect to the remains of his brother, by having them deposited with due solemnity among the dust of his ancestors, and arranging all family matters to the entire satisfaction of every one concerned, the young Lord Rosendale began to turn his thoughts towards the sweet flower he had left blooming in the North, whose charms had never indeed, since he left her, been a moment absent from his imagination.

He wrote to Mr. McCulloch; and did not forget, as will be readily supposed, to make an enclosure to Isabella considerably longer than the envelope. Of this long communication, which breathed the true spirit of an ardent and faithful lover, we can only afford the concluding paragraph:—

\* \* \* \* \*

"I shall soon return to the North; for greatly

indeed do I long to behold my Isabella ! Do I call you mine ? Yes ; I trust the time is not far distant, when you will give me a legal claim to do so—when the holy rites shall unite us, never, with life, to part ! Ah ! with what delight shall I pronounce the vow which makes me exclusively yours ; and with what rapture shall I hear your lovely lips, in return, pronounce that which makes you for ever mine ! It is these sweet hopes alone that, at present, yield me any comfort, and make my existence tolerable. Were I deprived of them, dark, dreary, and desolate indeed, would be my path of life ! But the idea that you will long be the companion of my journey, brightens the prospect, and renders every thing cheerful around me. Amidst the perplexity of business, or the gloom of sorrow, the recollection of your image can chase fatigue and alleviate grief ; and whenever I experience a moment of joy, which in your absence can be but seldom, it is rendered more delightful by thinking on your loveliness. Ah ! well may I, with a slight alteration, adopt, as descriptive of my own feelings at the present moment, those truly elegant verses, into which your favourite poet has breathed such an unrivalled tone of tenderness and sweetness :

“ Where’er I roam, whatever scenes I see,  
My heart untravell’d turns to thee !”

Still to my *fair one* turns with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain !

“ May the Almighty shower eternal blessings on  
your head ! Farewell !

“ Your faithful lover,

“ ROSENDALE.”

But his Lordship was at this period too deeply in love, to be content with the verses of others as a vehicle for his feelings. He therefore turned poet himself; and perhaps, like other lovers and other poets, he thought that he loved more fervently, and wrote more cleverly, than any body else. In consequence of this opinion, which he was of course very desirous that Isabella should also entertain, he did not rest till he had transmitted the following stanzas, inclosed in another long letter to her, dated only three or four days after the foregoing:—

“ TO ISABELLA.

“ In yonder vale, ah ! who is she,  
So sweet, so modest, and so fair ?  
She seems of angel mould to me,  
Although she fills my heart with care !  
Thou sweetest maid of loveliness,  
That ever charm'd a lover's sight !

Oh ! wilt thou hear my love's excess,  
My bosom's anguish and delight ?

" By gentle Boyne's meand'ring stream  
In musing mood I often rove,  
Absorb'd in raptured fancy's dream,  
To meditate on her I love.

Oh ! Isabella ! sweet to me  
The hour of night's serenest shade ;  
For then I roam to think of thee,  
When Nature hush'd in sleep is laid.

" If chance the moon, with silver ray,  
Gleams flickering on the wave below,  
Upon its bank my form I lay,  
And tell the passing stream my woe :  
Or should a darker scene prevail,  
Without one star my path to cheer,  
My sighs then tell each passing gale  
That Isabella is not here !

" On him who wanders thus to pine,  
While love-lorn cares his bosom rend,  
A captive to thy charms divine,  
Oh ! dost thou deign one thought to spend ?  
When by thy native streamlet's brink,  
At evening hour, thou lov'st to rove,  
On him, Oh ! dost thou ever think,  
Who thinks on nought but thee and love ?"

Whether Isabella was more charmed with the

poetry or prose of her lover is of no consequence; but some one of them, perhaps both, pleased her so much, that she punctually replied, and that too in a tolerably encouraging strain, to each of his letters. His Lordship, therefore, had every reason to consider himself a favoured lover. He consequently viewed his fair correspondent as his destined bride; and looked forward to the day which should crown all his desires, by giving her to his arms, with a degree of impatience which the certainty of its some time arriving could alone inspire.

He had been about three weeks absent from his fair one, when he received from the sheriff of the county of Antrim a subpœna, requiring his attendance on the tenth day from the date thereof at the Court-house in Carrickfergus, then and there to give evidence, in behalf of our Sovereign Lord the King, against certain outlaws and disturbers of the peace, belonging, or charged with belonging, to an illegal combination of men, known by the name of the Hearts of Steel. And herein he was required to fail not at his peril.

A day or two previous to his setting out in obedience to this peremptory call, he walked out with his friend Carlow towards the ancient castle of the M'Manuses, in order to take a sentimental look at the spot where the ancestors of Isabella had once

resided in all the enjoyment of affluence, grandeur, pomp, and power.

"With what feelings of delight," thought he, "will my loved-one behold the place where many a lovely M'Manus, like herself, and of her own blood, received the homage of enamoured hearts—where hospitality reigned, and where music, song and enjoyment, flourished in the hall of her forefathers!"

On reaching the venerable edifice, towards which he now felt sensations of attachment and respect he had never formerly experienced, he met with a genteel-looking elderly man, who seemed to be viewing the fabric with great interest and attention.

On the approach of his Lordship and Mr. Carlow, the stranger respectfully saluted them; and mentioned that he had been just gratifying his curiosity and love of antiquity, by exploring the venerable structure before them.

Lord Rosendale, who was much struck with the appearance of the stranger, and felt suddenly towards him a profound feeling of respect, very politely gave him a concise history of the building; and pointed out every thing remarkable and striking about it to his observation. He then cordially invited him to visit the more modern structure



of which he acknowledged himself to be the owner.

"You are Lord Rosendale, then?" said the stranger.

His Lordship bowed assent.

"Your kindness and urbanity, my Lord, are irresistible; I will accept your invitation. My name is Manson."

The party now withdrew to Rosendale House, where Mr. Manson informed his Lordship that he was on his way to the North; and that he had a servant and horses in the adjoining town.

"I am to set out for that quarter myself the day after to-morrow," observed his Lordship: "if your business is not very urgent, I should be glad of your company; and, in the mean time, would take it as an additional favour if you would make this house your home."

"Your politeness lays me under much obligation, my Lord; and the business would be extremely urgent indeed, which could induce me to decline such a flattering proposal. Two or three days' delay will occasion me no inconvenience; and I shall attend your Lordship's pleasure on this occasion."

This matter being settled to the mutual satisfaction of the parties, a rational and extremely agreeable evening was spent at Rosendale House; and its noble owner and his guest became every hour

more and more confirmed in their favourable impressions of each other.

The next morning, Mr. Manson rendered himself still more interesting, by entertaining the family with a brief sketch of his life. He was induced to do so in return for the account which Lord Rosendale had just given of his adventures among the Hearts of Steel. The intense interest which his guest took in his recital was noticed by the whole company, and excited considerable surprise. Sometimes his countenance exhibited the pallid hue of terror, and at other times the glowing flame of indignation and rage. He, however, made no comments : but after his Lordship had concluded, he sat for several minutes silent, seemingly absorbed in deep and serious meditation. At length he remarked :

“ In early life,” my Lord, “ I enjoyed, for a short space, much felicity ; but it was succeeded by a long period of extreme sorrow and affliction. I may inform you that I am a native of this island, and of its Northern province, which I wish now, after a long absence of nearly eighteen years, to visit, in order never more to leave those scenes, where alone, of all the earth, I never knew happiness. I fled from those scenes in the wildness of grief ; for it was there too I had become unfortunate ; and, in the season of my sorrows, I only felt

pain in beholding objects from which I had often drawn delight.

“My friends knew not to what part of the world I fled; nor did I, indeed, know myself where my flight should end: for, at my departure, I could scarcely be said to have had a determinate object in view. I took shipping in a Liverpool trader from Belfast, traversed England, and soon found myself in the crowded streets of its metropolis, a stranger unknowing, unknown, and without recommendation. Its busy and various scenes, however, were of some service in diverting the melancholy which preyed upon me: and in the course of a few weeks I made some acquaintances; and, among others, a young Irishman named Connolly, who was my fellow-lodger. This young man was of extremely pleasing manners, and a good heart. He sympathized so much in my affliction, that I told him the tale of my sorrows; and from that moment he became my faithful and active friend.

“He was preparing for a voyage to the East Indies, in the capacity of a cadet; and he had influence enough to procure me a similar situation, which, by his persuasions, I was induced to accept, especially as I knew not how to dispose of myself to better advantage.

“Shortly after our arrival at Calcutta, we were

despatched along with the troops that formed the expedition against Tanjore. We had several skirmishes with the natives, which generally terminated so successfully on our side, that we became in many instances foolishly rash: so that if but three or four of us were strolling together, we would think little to attack, and would sometimes put to flight, a whole company of Hindoos. On several occasions, however, our men paid dearly for such temerity; and, among others, myself and my friend Connolly suffered its consequences—I was captured, and he was slain.

“It was in the evening. We had wandered to some distance from the camp, by the skirt of a beautiful grove of palm-trees. The first surgeon of the regiment was with us. He was a Scotchman named Rutherford, and a man of considerable learning and great worldly sagacity, but at the same time of a convivial and friendly disposition. We were conversing in a careless desultory manner, without thinking much about an enemy, for whose courage and prowess we had imbibed the most sovereign contempt, when a party of about twenty native troops rushed out of the wood and fiercely attacked us. We defended ourselves for some time successfully, and slew five or six of our assailants. But at length, Connolly being killed, and the surgeon and I both wounded, we thought proper to

surrender, and were accordingly carried prisoners to the capital of the hostile Nabob's dominions.

"Here our barbarous enemies triumphed greatly over us; for they had so seldom made prisoners of any of our officers, that they looked on our capture as an achievement of much importance: and, for about six weeks that we were in this place, they gratified their malicious exultation by carrying us every seventh day through their principal streets on a species of barrow constructed of two poles with wooden bars crossing between them, and elevated upon the shoulders of four men. Exposing us thus to the view of the populace, they shouted boastingly and jeeringly at our misfortunes.

"Our minds being inflamed by this usage, and our wounds nearly healed; we projected and nearly effected our escape. We burst from our keepers, and got out of the city; but we were unarmed and closely pursued, and in broad day, without means of concealment. We were consequently retaken, and carried back to our prison, where it was determined by the Nabob, who feared that we might possibly succeed in a second attempt for liberty, to send us off to the island of Ceylon, where we were sold as slaves to the King of Candia.

"For five long years we experienced all the hardships and miseries of our unfortunate situation. We were compelled to perform the lowest and

most degrading offices, with chains and clogs affixed to our feet, as if we were malefactors. The only circumstance which gave us comfort was, that our barbarous masters had not thought of separating us. Our tasks were therefore rendered the lighter by being performed in each other's society; and the hours of relaxation and reflection were prevented from becoming absolutely intolerable, by the mutual encouragement and sympathy we derived from each other's conversation.

"In the beginning of our sixth year's captivity, we were for the first time employed in fishing for pearls; and, as we conceived this to be a less degrading occupation than the menial services we had hitherto performed, we determined to exert ourselves, in order that our success might induce our masters to continue us in it.

"Our efforts surpassed our expectations; and our masters were so well pleased with our industry, that for more than three years this was almost the only employment assigned us. In order to stimulate the slaves who are employed in this fishery to perform their submarine tasks with fidelity, they are allowed a certain proportion of the proceeds—about the half of what is allowed to the free fishers. In consequence of this, in the course of three years, the surgeon and I had amassed a considerable property in pearls, and were about to

negotiate for our freedom, when an accident happened which restored it to us without purchase, and was in every respect attended with the most advantageous results to us both.

“The King of Candia, wishing to enjoy the pleasure of a sea-excursion, and at the same time witness the exertions of his pearl-fishers, sailed in a small skiff, accompanied by several of his attendants, to the place where the divers were most numerous employed. As he was holding by a slender rope fixed to a species of mast at the prow of the vessel, intently gazing on the clear and almost motionless water, beneath which he beheld the adventurous men who were ransacking the bottom of the deep to increase his wealth, the rope broke, and he fell overboard near the spot where I was then employed. I instantly perceived that some person had fallen from above, who, unless assisted, would be infallibly drowned. I hastened, therefore, to his relief; and with great difficulty and danger to myself dragged him to the shore. But sensation fled ere we reached it; and you may easily imagine that both my terror and astonishment were great, when I found that it was the King who had thus died in my hands. Indeed, some of the barbarians were so unjust as to charge me with having intentionally kept him under water until life had become extinct, and threatened

to immolate me on the spot. Others were more reasonable, however; and I was for the present preserved uninjured from the rage of my enemies.

"In the mean time, surgeon Rutherford was at my request sent for, that he might apply that skill which I assured them he possessed, to effect his Majesty's resuscitation. Being informed that the preservation of my life depended on the restoration of the King's, he, with much anxiety and perseverance, used every means that his art suggested, and had at length the felicity to behold his royal patient again breathing the vital air.

"The popular sentiments and feelings concerning me were now completely reversed. Instead of being absurdly looked upon as their sovereign's murderer, they acclaimed me as his deliverer from death; and as to Rutherford, they were ready almost to worship him as one possessed of supernatural powers capable of raising the dead to life.

"The King's heart overflowed with gratitude to us. We were not only restored to liberty, but large rewards of both wealth and honours were conferred on us. Rutherford was made his family physician; and we were both raised to the highest situations of dignity and confidence his Majesty could bestow.

"My friend Rutherford, who was much more attentive to pecuniary matters than myself, persuaded



me to remit in conjunction with him, at several intervals, a large amount of property to Europe. We selected the house of Van Diemer and Co., of Amsterdam, for the purpose of receiving our remittances, on account of the high regard we had for their agent at Trincomale, the principal Dutch station in Ceylon. Having, in the course of three or four years, transferred to Europe what we considered sufficient, not only for all the purposes of independence, but affluence, we began to think of returning ourselves. But the king, who was advanced in life, and for whom we both felt a sincere regard, requested us, with tears in his eyes, not to desert him in his old age. His solicitude to detain us, we knew to be greatly owing to our having discovered and defeated several conspiracies against him, which we had good reason to suspect, although we had never informed him of it, had been countenanced, if not projected, by his only son and heir to his throne. Knowing that our departure would be the signal for a renewal of these plots against our old friend and benefactor, we resolved to remain with him, in order to protect him as far as we could from his enemies.

“At length, about a year since, nature claimed her due, and he went the way of all flesh. His son now ascended the throne; and as we had no desire to continue in his service, nor he, I believe, any to

detain us, we asked and received permission to depart in peace.

"We sailed for Amsterdam, and after a tedious passage arrived there about two months ago. We staid there but a few weeks ; for having transferred our property to England, we sailed for that country : and it is only about ten days since, that in the British metropolis I bade fare farewell to my friend Rutherford, and hastened with an anxious heart to visit the land of my nativity—the land of my first hopes, my first joys, my first sorrows, and still of my dearest affections ; for this fair Island, I fondly hope, contains at this day an object the nearest and dearest to my heart in the whole world. Ah ! my lord, you may appreciate the value I place on your society, when, in order to enjoy it, I consented to postpone, for even a single day, my visit to that part of the country where I expect to meet with this beloved object, after so long and eventful an absence."

"I can easily appreciate," said Lord Rosendale, "the sacrifice you have made of your wishes to my accommodation ; for I myself experience similar wishes. There are in the north beloved objects which I too am extremely anxious to revisit."

His lordship's sisters bantered him good-naturedly on what they chose to call the candour of this confession ; when, after some general conversation, the company separated for the night.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*Now all his woes and wanderings o'er,  
He hails again his native shore—  
His scenes of youthful pleasure bright,  
Now yield his ripen'd age delight.  
And, oh ! what joy is now return'd,  
To friends that for him long had mourn'd,—  
Those friends, the dearest to his heart,  
From whom he vows no more to part.*

IRISH SOOTHSEYER.

WITH great joy and alacrity Robin Rainey prepared the next morning for his return to the North.

“ ‘Faith, master ! my lord,” said he in reply to some directions his lordship had given him, “ it ’s glad news ; I ’ll sune see the auld Glen again, an’ Ballycarney church steeple, an’ Mr. M’Culloch’s meetin’-hoose, an’ yin—a bonnie lass—but I ’ll no name her, that I ha’e na’ seen the like o’ syne I cam’ up the country.”

“ What ! Robin, you have left your heart with some pretty girl in the North, it appears ? ” said his lordship. But that’s quite natural ; and if the fair nymph be willing, I think we must have a wed-

ding when we return. What is the damsel's name, Robin, if it be fair to ask?"

"'Trowth," replied Robin, "her name's baith fair to ask an' fair to answer, ony day. But there 'll be mair waddin's nor yin aboot Ballycarney or a' be owre, or I'm muckle mista'en."

"Why, Robin," said his master, pretending not to observe a remark which he had felt acutely, "you do not seem willing to tell me the name of your mistress. If you confide it to me, I shall endeavour to forward your suit; for I really wish to see you settled in life."

"Thank ye, my lord," replied Robin; "ye 're ay frien'ly, an' I 'm no ashamed o' her name. But for that matter, what wad you think o' first tellin' me the name o' your ain sweetheart?—for I wad also like to see your lordship weel settled wi' a bonny lass for life."

"You parry the question dexterously, Robin," replied his lordship. "But if you have any material objection to letting me into your love-secrets, I should be sorry to require it; although I think you cannot suppose I would betray your confidence."

"No, my lord,—nor I wadna', ye ken, betray your's. But I 'll no' ask ye to name your sweetheart: it wad be like prayin' for what yin disna' need; or rather, for what yin has a'ready. The

name o' mine is Jenny Moore, at your lordship's service, syne ye maun hae 't. Is 't no' a bonnie name."

"Jenny Moore!—Yes, I know her, Robin. It is a good enough name, and she is an extremely pretty girl. I approve of your taste, and hope soon to wish you happiness on obtaining such a fair partner for life."

"An' I wadna' like, my Lord, to be lang ahint you," answered Robin, "in returning the compliment, when ye get—"

"Hush!" said his lordship; for Mr. Manson now approached. The two friends were not long together till they were summoned to an early breakfast; after which they set off on their journey in Lord Rosendale's carriage, and arrived at Carrickfergus in the forenoon of the day preceding the commencement of the Assizes.

His lordship now informed Mr. Manson that he wished to proceed about five miles farther that evening, to the habitation of a much-valued friend. "If your impatience to see your relations," said he, "will permit you to accompany me, I shall introduce you to a worthy family, from whom you will receive a hearty welcome, and whose society, I am persuaded, will yield you pleasure."

"My relations live in this county," replied Mr. Manson; "and I should gladly avail myself of

your lordship's invitation, did I not conceive it my duty to hasten immediately to their embraces. But I must in the mean time visit the prison; for you have, by the account you gave me of the Hearts of Steel, excited both my curiosity and my sympathy respecting some who have made a figure amongst them, and who are there confined."

"I will accompany you to the jail this instant," said his lordship; "for I wish to see how M'Manus is treated, and I am desirous of administering to him all the consolation in my power."

To the jail, therefore, they went without delay. They found that M'Manus, on account of Frederick's recommendation, had been treated with more indulgence than the other prisoners. He was confined in a small room, which had been appropriated to him and Dennis M'Clurkin, where he had a decent bed, and was free from irons. Having received proper surgical attendance, his wounds were in a rapid state of amendment. His confessor, Father O'Cassidy, had paid him a visit, and was now sitting with him.

"So, ho! Rosendale!" exclaimed M'Manus, as soon as he perceived Frederick; "so you are become a great man, with a great title and a great estate, since I saw you. But the estate—my Lord, I should have something to say to that: but let it pass—it was fate that did it. But, my Lord, do

net think I grudge you your good fortune : I am only sorry you are a Rosendale, for I would curse the name if it were borne by any other person."

"Mr. M'Manus," observed his Lordship, "I am sorry to perceive your mind still under the irritating influence of ancient animosity and prejudice. Be assured, that the present possessor of the Rosendale property respects the name of M'Manus, and would feel pleasure in contributing to the prosperity and happiness of every one connected with that ancient but unfortunate family."

"Unfortunate! do you call us?" returned M'Manus. "And from whom, pray, did our misfortunes proceed? Was not the avarice of those from whom you inherit your greatness, the cause of our disasters? And do you triumphantly call us unfortunate?—Yes, yes, you may now triumph, indeed!—a few days will rid you of the last remnant of our race who can give you any uneasiness; and, in a few years, it will be forgotten that such a wronged, robbed, *unfortunate* family as that of M'Manus existed. But it was so decreed; and I should perhaps, rejoice, that, since the race I hate is to triumph in my extinction, it is in the person of one whom I cannot but wish prosperous. My Lord, I hate your name—I have long hated your family, but I feel that I cannot hate yourself as thoroughly as I would wish."

At this moment Mr. Manson gave a groan, which drew the attention of M'Manus towards him, for he had before scarcely observed him. He firmly fixed his eyes on him for a few seconds without speaking.

At length he asked, "My Lord, have you named this stranger to me?"

His Lordship confessed that he had neglected doing so. "His name is Manson," said he; "of which I should have before informed you, but for the sudden manner in which you accosted us on entering."

"Manson—Manson!" repeated Munn, without regarding Lord Rosendale's explanation; "Manson! why, I know no person of that name who resembles him; and yet I imagine I have seen him before. Ah! my Lord, you have brought an appearance before me that dissolves me into weakness: it is the appearance of my father when he was of my age."

"Of your father!" cried the stranger. "Yes, yes! well may your brother resemble him. Oh, Edmund; Oh! my brother! in what a situation do I find you!"

The brothers were now in each other's arms.

"Bernard! Bernard! my long-lost Bernard! art thou come to let me see thee before I die?" cried Munn. "It is enough—I am satisfied! Hea-



ven is not altogether cruel: I shall now die with the happy certainty of leaving a M'Manus behind me—I shall not be the last of our race to quit a world of misfortune!”

“Ah, my brother!” replied Bernard, “your situation here, as a malefactor, indeed cuts me to the heart. I see, alas! I see that the unhappy prejudices of our family against that of this noble youth have been the cause of the calamity which now overwhelms us. Oh, my brother! this youth does not merit your animosity. He compassionates you, and would return you good for evil. He treats you, I perceive, with unalterable kindness, whilst you persist in displaying towards him a persevering spirit of hostility.”

“Hast thou ever heard,” interrupted Munn, looking keenly at his brother, “the lessons of Dermid M'Manus? Hast thou ever heard them, and canst thou love a Rosendale?”

“I have heard them, my brother,” answered Bernard, “and I have grieved for the spirit that dictated them: but I acknowledge that, until within these few days, they had their weight also upon my mind. They caused me also to dislike the Rosendale race, but not with a hatred determined never to change. No; I would scorn myself, if I were capable of visiting on the son the misdeeds of the father; or if I permitted an evil

report to blind me for ever against the merits of a good man."

"My conscience tells me," said Munn, "that the young nobleman now before us is a generous and gallant youth. I esteem him while I hate him. I esteem him from inclination, because of his virtues; but I hate him from duty, or perhaps rather from habit, because of his descent. Have his fathers not robbed and ruined ours? Is he not at this day rich from our poverty, and powerful from our weakness? Bernard! Bernard! how can we avoid hating him?"

"By the exercise of our reason," replied Bernard, "we can see him in a proper light, and will be enabled to do justice to those virtues which even you acknowledge him to possess.—I approached lately to view the venerable residence of our ancestors, labouring under much prejudice against its present owner: he, however, discovered me, and his manners gained my esteem. Still I did not think proper to entrust him with my real name, until I had become farther acquainted with his character: and, while under his hospitable roof he gained so far upon my confidence that I entrusted to him the history of my foreign adventures, the force of long-cherished prejudice induced me to conceal from him my domestic connexions. From him I heard of your present situation, and from

him I heard also of my daughter's existence. Ah ! little did he think to what an interested auditor he related her misfortunes and your's—her deliverance and your captivity. But, my brother, I hasten to embrace my child ; and, before I go, let me request that you will cast prejudice aside, and extend the hand of perpetual reconciliation and friendship to Lord Rosendale—for I know he is desirous of such reconciliation."

" My brother," replied Munn, after a moment's reflection, " I have not now long to live ! The path of death is, however, greatly smoothed by seeing you. Do not, therefore, render it rougher by desiring me to relinquish any of those prejudices, as you call them, in the cherishing of which my soul has long enjoyed pleasure. Do not forbid me to hate Rosendale ; for it has been the habit, the pleasure of my life to hate that name, and to avow hostility against all who bear it. It was commanded by my father, and the earliest ministers of my religion implanted it in my bosom as one of the chief duties and principles of my life. Oh ! let me in my last moments enjoy the satisfaction of having never disobeyed those commands—of having never apostatized from the earliest and most permanent principles that have hitherto regulated my conduct ! Animosity to Rosendale and heresy has been long identified with my existence,

and it can now be only when that existence ceases, that it shall cease. But when I am gone, it may please my spirit to think that my brother has been more capable of controlling his feelings; and that, with respect to the present Lord Rosendale, he has acted more justly."

"But, my brother," observed Bernard, "your hatred for his Lordship is not so inveterate as you imagine: I understand that you saved his life repeatedly."

"I did so; and, I can scarcely tell why, I felt gratified by doing it. It might be gratitude—that, was perhaps one motive; but pride was I believe, a stronger. I wished to show him that even a despised M'Manus could lay one of the mighty Rosendales under an obligation:—But no more of this. There he stands before me, a witness of my present degradation, as he will soon be of my final destruction."

"And he laments—deeply laments your situation, my brother!" said Bernard; "for he has the magnanimity to forgive all your hostile inveteracy against him."

"Oh! he is so magnanimous as to forgive my hatred, is he?" exclaimed Munn. "Perhaps he despises my want of power, and disdains to resent my hostility. But no matter: here, in short, is the state of feeling towards him with which I shall

go to the grave :—I esteem him—I honour him as an individual ; but, as a Rosendale, I detest, I abhor, I mortally hate him !”

During this recognition and conversation between the brothers, lord Rosendale’s feelings were extremely excited by sensations of pleasure. Here, in his presence, was the father of his beloved, advocating his cause firmly and strenuously, with an avowed enemy :—and his Isabella would soon behold her long-lost father, and receive a parental embrace and a parental blessing ; and from a parent whom he believed in all respects worthy of such a daughter. Oh ! how did he anticipate the delightful feelings she was soon to experience, by enfolding the author of her being, thus unexpectedly restored as it were from the dead, to her filial bosom ! Amidst these delicious reflections and anticipations he had no leisure to attend to the expressions of obstinate hatred towards himself, in which Munn, to the great grief of his brother, so strongly and unreasonably persisted.

“Mr. M‘Manus,” said he, advancing towards Munn, “I rejoice that you have found your brother ! I hope that it is the first dawn of fortune’s smiles in your favour ; and that a bright day of prosperity yet awaits to cheer your decline of life, and heal all that soreness of mind, which long-continued afflictions may have occasioned you.”

"You speak enigmatically, my lord," replied Munn: "to talk of a felon, almost at the foot of the gallows, enjoying a prosperous decline of life, is assuredly to talk in riddles!"

"Time, however, I trust," replied lord Rosendale, "will expound the riddle. Although of human affairs there is no possibility of predicting the results, without possessing a prophetic spirit to which I cannot pretend, yet there is no harm in cherishing Hope while she deigns to favour us with a single smile."

"You compassionate me, my lord," said Munn, "and hence you try to comfort me. I thank you! But I must frankly say, that, as I expect no mercy, so I require no comfort! The pangs of death I disregard—even the manner of it gives me little or no concern; and as to the loss of a few years' existence in this world, I consider it unworthy of a single sigh; especially as my good friend O'Cassidy, here, has been at considerable pains to secure me a kind reception in the next!"

"I am glad that your views are so comfortable," said his lordship; "and I hope that, as our eternal destiny is in merciful hands, it will be better for us all in the next world than our own merits, might induce us to expect."

Bernard now pressed his brother's hand. "I shall revisit you to-morrow," said he; "but I must

now hasten to see my daughter: have you any message for her?"

"No, my brother: she was here yesterday, with her grandfather; for she is a kind and affectionate girl. I then told her what my last request to her should be; I may tell it to you, that you may remind her of it. I wish her—earnestly wish her—never to marry any man until he consents that all her male offspring shall bear the patronymic appellation of M'Manus, in addition to their own."

"I will not quarrel with you for making such a request," returned Bernard, "although it is an odd one; because I know that the present state of your feelings causes you to look on such a matter as a thing of importance: but I must treat her with more delicacy than to urge it upon her, as it is an affair in which she is herself almost exclusively concerned. Farewell for the present! I trust all these things will be managed to your satisfaction."

Bernard and lord Rosendale now impatiently hastened to visit the dearest object to their affections that the world contained.

"Mr. M'Manus," said his lordship, as they drove along, "your daughter is about to receive the most joyful intelligence—the most agreeable surprise,

that fortune can afford ! Oh ! how I rejoice that so much pleasure awaits her !”

“The history you have given me of the Hearts of Steel shows, my lord, how much you have done for her. Such a weight of obligation it shall never be in my power to return. But a generous mind can appreciate a grateful heart ; and that mine is grateful for the inestimable service you have rendered her, I need scarcely assure you. Ah ! my lord, it is to you that I owe my having at this day a daughter, who is, and I hope long will be, the solace and joy of my life. Oh that I could sufficiently compensate you for such service !”

“Mr. M-Manus,” replied his lordship, “whatever I have done for your daughter has been amply compensated by the satisfaction of serving her. But I will not deny that there is a certain reward, or rather a free gift, I shall make bold to request of you ; a boon, which, if you grant, will repay a thousand-fold any service I may have rendered, for it will make me happy ; and if it be refused, the gift of all the world besides would not make me so. I love your daughter with a fervency of passion which, I believe, never man felt before for woman ! Oh let her be mine ! She will make me happier—will make me more indebted to you, than if you bestowed upon me the mines of Golconda, or the treasures of Peru.”



“My lord, your proposal honours me and my child! I assure you that her union with you would crown my felicity in this world, and elevate her to a height surpassing whatever my most ambitious views in regard to her could ever aspire to attain! I shall advise her on the subject: I shall make known to her my wishes respecting you; but I must be candid in warning you that I shall use no authority over her inclinations! If her heart is in your favour, we shall all be happy; if it is against you, I shall deplore the misfortune as much as yourself; but I will not interfere to constrain her compliance with our wishes; for there is no species of tyranny which I have always more heartily condemned, than that of parents sacrificing the happiness of their children in such an important affair as choosing a partner for life, to their own prudential or selfish views of worldly advantage.”

“I approve of such sentiments,” replied the young lover; “and I should be the last person on earth to countenance any constraint being laid on the inclinations of one in whose happiness I am so much interested. I however hope—fondly hope, that when she shall be aware of my suit being approved of by her father, she will listen to it with due attention, and in the end, perhaps, her heart as well as her hand may become mine; for, oh! un-

less I received both, no happiness could be my portion."

Mr. M'Manus made no reply, for at this moment the carriage turned into the well-known avenue that led from the public road to Mr. M'Culloch's residence, and his mind was absorbed in contemplating the walks amidst which he had so often wandered with his long-lamented Eliza. In a moment, however, the carriage stopped at the small gate fronting the house, and the travellers perceived Mr. M'Culloch himself hastening forward to meet them with a cordial welcome.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

*The day of retribution now is come :  
And lawless men now feel the law is mighty,  
And that majestic justice still upholds  
Her golden scales, that show the power of villa  
But feeble in a land of Christians—though  
They for a time may set her at defiance !—  
The leagues of ruffians cannot prosper long,  
Nor foul conspiracies escape destruction,  
In lands where order has the slightest sway,  
And justice is respected by the people.*

IRISH SOOTHSAYER.

It had been agreed that lord Rosendale should observe some caution in introducing her father to Isabella, lest the emotions of such a joyful surprise, if suddenly excited, should occasion too violent an agitation in her mind.

“ I have a stranger with me,” said his lordship to Mr. M'Culloch, who met them at the gate, “ with whom I wish to bring you acquainted when we are within doors.”

Mr. M'Culloch and the stranger bowed to each other, and they entered the sitting-parlour. It was some minutes, however, and long ones too in the estimation of Lord Rosendale, before Isabella ap-

peared. She had perceived his lordship approaching, and had fled to another chamber. Whether from a little coquetish desire to manifest *no particular* haste to meet a man who was now her declared lover, or from a wish to adjust certain parts of her attire, which, as she was taken almost by surprise, she might suppose, were not so exactly fitted as they might be to her fair person, is a matter of no consequence to the result of our story, and need not be recorded.

She appeared at length; and, if possible, more charming than ever in the eyes of her lover, who arose, and with a fluttering heart saluted her as she extended her hand to him with a sweet smile, saying—

“You are welcome back to Ballycarney, my Lord!”

“I thank you Miss M’Manus,” he replied, “and now let me introduce to you the partner of my journey, who has lately come from abroad, and was extremely desirous of visiting you, having been formerly acquainted with some of your nearest relatives.”

She advanced to give her hand to the stranger. That stranger’s frame thrilled, for it was the image of his Eliza when she first enraptured his young fancy, that now approached him. His emotions appeared in his countenance. She observed them; and, as she courtesied to him, she felt a degree of

respect, approaching to awe, that she had never before felt for any stranger.

"Sir, you are welcome!" said she. But she had no opportunity to say more in this dry style, for her father, unable longer to contain himself, had clasped her to his bosom, exclaiming—"Oh! my child! my daughter! the daughter and the perfect image of my Eliza!"

These sounds at once awakened the recollection of Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, and they immediately recognised their long-lost son-in-law in the person of the stranger.

"It is your father, my love!" cried Mrs. McCulloch to the astonished Isabella.

"My father!" she reiterated, "my own father at last! Oh! gracious God of Heaven! is it really he!—My father! my father! let me cling to thy bosom!"

Here she burst into tears, and concealing her face on his breast, sobbed aloud for joy.

Her father was scarcely less agitated, as, sitting down on a sofa, he continued to press her in his arms, while a warm unbidden tear swelled in either eye, and trickled down his sun-browned cheeks. Mr. McCulloch in the mean time was slowly pacing along the floor, with his eyes elevated towards Heaven, while his thoughts silently flowed in holy thanksgivings to the Great Author of all Mercies

for this unlooked-for blessing. Mrs. McCulloch had thrown herself into an armed-chair, wringing her hands, and more loudly ejaculating her pious effusions of gratitude for what had taken place; and Lord Rosendale, unable without agitation to contemplate the moving scene, had retired to one of the windows in order to conceal his emotions.

In a short time, however, the ebullition of joy began to subside into that delicious state of permanent satisfaction, which permits reason to govern the faculties, while it allows pleasure to reign in the heart.

Refreshments for the welcome travellers were now speedily procured, and a becalmed state of mind permitted the conversation to become unrestrained and consistent. The thousand things which each had now to tell the other, it would be impossible, and perhaps improper, to tell the world.

But it is, perhaps, never the lot of human beings in this world to enjoy unmingled felicity. Highly rejoiced as our friends were on this happy evening, the uncertainty which hung over the fate of their near relative in prison, formed a cloud that considerably darkened the brightness of Fortune's prospects which shone around them. His trial was expected to come on the next day; and it became the greatest object of their solicitude, that every exertion consistent with honour should be made to save him from an ignominious death.

Lord Rosendale had promised to exert all his influence in his favour ; and his interference, not only from his rank and station in the country, but from his recent efforts against the Hearts of Steel, they knew would have great weight with the executive authority, even in case a judge and jury should find it their duty to consign him to condign punishment.

The next morning Mr. M'Culloch, Bernard M'Manus, and Lord Rosendale, proceeded to Carrickfergus. The judges had arrived the preceding evening, and our party had not been long in town until the trials of the Hearts of Steel commenced.

Forsythe, Archy, and Whiteford, alias Ingles, were the first tried, being included in one indictment, which charged them with being members of the unlawful confederacy called the "Hearts of Steel," which had lately committed such dreadful atrocities in the country. It also charged them with having been aiding and abetting in the shocking murder of Richard Clearfield, and with being the principals in the wicked and cruel assassination of George Ornsley, Esq., who, although one of their own colleagues, had excited their displeasure merely by endeavouring to restrain them in their headlong career of wickedness and barbarity.

Lord Rosendale and Ned Moore, the latter of whom was admitted approver, were the two

principal witnesses called in this case; and their testimony was, in the minds of the jury, sufficient to establish the charge against the prisoners, who were accordingly found "Guilty."

The Court then proceeded to the cases of Sampson Blair and Matthew Douglas, who were charged with being concerned in the murder of Clearfield, and with several other atrocities unnecessary to mention here. They were both convicted: but as during the course of the trial several witnesses testified that Douglas had often restrained the Steel-Boys from the commission of numerous barbarities and outrages of which they would otherwise have been guilty, he was recommended to mercy.

These cases having occupied the most of the first day, the trial of M'Manus and the other prisoners was postponed until the next; and the judge in the mean time proceeded to pronounce sentence on those already convicted. Death was the doom awarded against Forsythe, Whitesford, Archy, and Blair; and transportation for life to his Majesty's colony of Virginia was the sentence of Douglas.

The next day, Edmund M'Manus, Dennis M'Clurkin, and Nicholas M'Fall, were put upon their trials. The first was indicted for being an accomplice in the murder of Clearfield, and for being one of the chief instigators of the various



desperate outrages that had lately kept the country in a continual state of disturbance and alarm. He was also charged with having been the leader of several nocturnal attacks against the King's troops while in the discharge of their duty, in endeavouring to preserve the peace of the country, by which means many of the said troops, as well as others of his Majesty's subjects, were killed, or otherwise maltreated. M'Clurkin and M'Fall were charged with aiding and abetting the aforesaid Edmund M'Manus in the commission of divers of the above offences; and with being members of the illegal and barbarous gang of Steel-Men, of which he, the aforesaid M'Manus, was reputed one of the ringleaders.

"Ned Moore, Lord Rosendale, and Captain Russell, being the most material witnesses in this case, it is not necessary to acquaint the reader with either the names or testimony of the others.

Moore deposed that M'Manus was considered a leader of the confederacy, but inferior in authority to Douglas: that he was indeed present during the trial at which Clearfield had been condemned to suffer; but that he had defended Clearfield's cause on that occasion, and had made a long speech in his behalf; and, in general, that the most aggravated of the atrocities had been committed by Forsythe, Blair, Whiteford, and their party, without the knowledge

of either Douglas or M'Manus, who were always opposed to the system of indiscriminate and private assassination and robbery which the others frequently pursued.

Lord Rosendale testified that he had met with M'Manus, when he encountered the Hearts of Steel, avowedly in the capacity of a leader of their association: but that he was not aware of any particular act of wanton barbarity in which he was personally concerned, unless that of the destruction of the troops at Mulloch-Sandal should be considered such, although a more charitable, and, perhaps, a more equitable mode of viewing that transaction would be to consider it as done during the excitement of passion and the apprehension of personal safety naturally incident to a nocturnal battle. That, as to himself, he was assured of two different occasions on which he was entirely indebted to the prisoner for his life. The first owing to his generous forbearance during the scuffle at M'Clusky's Glen, and the second owing to his special and peremptory directions after the defeat at Mulloch-Sandal. He also believed that he was the person to whose magnanimous forbearance he owed his life on the night of the attack on Huntley's.

Captain Russell's testimony gave the particulars of his attack on M'Manus's dwelling-house, and of the defence and sally which the latter had made,

and which had resulted in the capture of the prisoners.

As to M'Clurkin and M'Fall, Moore could only depose to the general fact that they were Steel-Men. He knew of no particular crime, in the commission of which they had been engaged. Lord Rosendale could say nothing either as to the guilt or innocence of these men; and Captain Russell could only testify that he had found them among the party which M'Manus had employed in the defence of his property; and that he had captured them at the same time and on the same occasion with that prisoner.

The judge gave a very minute and accurate recapitulation of the evidence, and commented on it with great candour and fairness. He dwelt much upon Lord Rosendale's statement of M'Manus's forbearance and magnanimity; and observed, "that since such a barbarous and lawless combination as the Hearts of Steel had arisen in the land, it was perhaps fortunate that men like Douglas and M'Manus had become associated with it, and had possessed a certain control over the more flagitious and abandoned of its members. Still, to permit such a man as M'Manus to go unpunished would be dangerous lenity; and he conceived that enough had been proved to warrant the jury in finding a verdict against him, which, however, they might

with the lungs of a Stentor—"The last speech and dying declaration of the notorious David Forsythe, Sampson Blair, Archy Neeling, and John Whiteford, Hearts of Steel Men, who were, on Saturday the——instant, hanged near Carrickfergus, for various wicked and cruel murders, robberies, and other daring and desperate outrages, which they committed at sundry times and in sundry places, to the great terror and consternation of all the good, peaceable, and loyal inhabitants of the country," &c. &c. &c.

Our travellers purchased two or three of these testamentary documents, by which they were informed that the culprits had made a full confession of their guilt, acknowledged the justice of their punishment, warned all men to avoid bad company, and to resist the suggestions of evil passions, which had brought them to their awful end. They then called on all good christians to pray for their souls; and concluded by declaring that they died in peace with all men.

We must inform our readers, however, that this statement was not in all its parts exactly true. It was, indeed, no more the dying declaration of the executed Steel-Men, than it was of Charles I. The facts were, that Forsythe died absolutely impenitent, acknowledging, but glorying in his crimes: that Whiteford exhibited great courage in meeting

his fate, but very little compunction for the offences that had brought him to it ; that Archy displayed, throughout the whole of the transactions, too much stupidity for it to be known whether he repented of his misdeeds or not : and that Blair was the only one of the four who could be said to be penitent.

As to M'Manus, who had expected nothing but death, the sentence of transportation was not only an unlooked-for, but a highly displeasing substitute.

"It would be far better to be hanged at once," said he, "like a dignified criminal, than to be cast contemptuously out of society, like a common pick-pocket, and doomed to live in a foreign country among savages. It will be a living death ; for, alas ! I shall be dead to Ireland, where alone a M'Manus can have any ambition to signalize himself or support the illustrious title of his ancestors. Oh ! my country ! I shall die ere I submit to the degradation of being cast out from thee ! No ; I swear by all the saints, that on no other shore than thine shall I ever enjoy life !"

He was in this temper of mind, when his brother and Lord Rosendale visited him on their return from Dublin. The information they gave him of the alteration that had been procured in his sentence was, therefore, as it may be supposed, received by him with the most heartfelt satisfaction and gratitude.

"Then," said he, "my last breath shall yet be spent in Irish air! This is, indeed, a reprieve from a fate far more intolerable than death. Ah! my friends, you can scarcely conceive how I envied the lot of the wretched men who have been lately executed; for their bodies will moulder and mingle with their native soil, while mine was doomed to incorporate with the inhospitable earth of a foreign land, ungenial to my feelings, unfriendly to my predilections—a land in which it would have been impossible for me either to have lived happy, or to have died contented."

"Edmund," said his brother, "I also am happy that you are not to leave us. I have already expressed my thanks to Lord Rosendale: for it is to him we owe this piece of good fortune; and I should be glad to see you thoroughly reconciled in word, deed, thought, and feeling, to such a friend. This reconciliation is all that I now wish for, to consummate my earthly desires."

"My brother," replied Munn, "would you have me to be perpetually acknowledging obligations to a Rosendale? Alas! I feel the obligations: that is misery enough, without the torture of acknowledging them. Oh, Heavens! when will this fortunate young man, my hereditary enemy, whom I cannot, and whom I fain would hate, cease to heap burning coals on my wretched, my degraded head? It is enough, my brother! Our race is low in-

deed, when it owes every thing to that haughty family it has so long and so justly detested. But I must be grateful, it seems.—Ah! if it must be so, bid me not torture myself by expressing it. Allow me to retain that gratitude in the silence of thought—where I feel that it will not be the less acute because unspoken.”

“Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Manus,” observed Lord Rosendale, “I know your feelings toward me to be more friendly than you are yourself aware. I am content—nay, I am proud, to have excited such feelings in the mind of an avowed and ancient enemy. Your habits and prejudices may still, no doubt, dispose you to view me with a jealous eye; but your inclinations are in my favour. They may struggle for awhile, especially while your mind is sore with misfortune. But I hope that the day of prosperity will come, when inclination and reason will triumph over prejudice, and we shall be not only internally, but avowedly, real and zealous friends. In the mean time be assured, that no service I have rendered you has been done from any motive of ostentation or triumph. I still consider myself the indebted party. But, casting that motive aside, I have others of a strong and powerful nature, at present unnecessary to explain, which must ever make me interested in your welfare.”

Munn continuing for some minutes silently ab-

sorbed in deep reflection, his brother observed—

“ We will at this time no longer disturb your meditations, Edmund; for we perceive the state of your feelings; and Lord Rosendale, I am convinced, can appreciate the strength of that gratitude which shows itself in the fervour of silence, as much as if it were displayed in all the sounding energy of eloquence. Good evening! We must hasten to communicate to your niece the joy which our good news concerning you will afford her.”

“ Give her my blessing,” said Munn, “ and tell her I wish her long to enjoy more happiness than ever her unfortunate uncle deserved.”

Lord Rosendale and his companion now proceeded to Ballycarney.



## CHAPTER XXV.

*"Hymen approach'd his awful fane,  
Attended by a num'rous train ;  
Love, with each soft and nameless grace,  
Was first in favour and in place !  
Then came the god with solemn gait,  
Whose every word was big with fate.  
Virtue adorn'd with every charm,  
Sustain'd the god's incumbent arm ;  
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene  
With all the roses of eighteen !  
Youth led the gaily smiling fair,  
His purple's pinion's wav'd in air."*

COTTON.

THE doors of the hospitable mansion of the good pastor of Ballycarney were once more thrown open to, perhaps, the two most welcome visitors that could enter them ; and Isabella, with pleasure sparkling in her bright eyes, gave a heartfelt reception of gladness to both a father and a lover. Her satisfaction, indeed, at this time experienced no drawback ; for the melioration in the destiny of her uncle, of which she was soon informed, left her nothing to fear for him ; and no other circum-

stance occurred to her of an afflicting nature during this happy evening, to occasion her mind any uneasiness. She was surrounded by the dearest objects she had on earth—her father, her grandfather, her grandmother, and—shall we add? her lover; yes, her lover—whose suit she now, under the sanction of her father's judgment and her own feelings, no longer hesitated to encourage. In the midst of these dear friends, and under such circumstances, it may be referred to any young lady in the land, whether she could feel aught but happiness? it may also be referred to any young gentleman who has read this history, whether she was not worthy of happiness?

Oh! how I delight to see proud vice defeated, and humble virtue triumphant and rewarded for past sufferings! But the reader may himself draw the moral: I must hasten to finish the story.

Lord Rosendale rose early the morning after his late arrival, and rambled out to view the banks of Isabella's "natal stream;" which, it will be recollected, he had introduced into poetry, when, at a distance from his beloved, his imagination had carried him back to her favourite walks. Whether he was enticed out by the beauty of the morning, which was a very pleasant, calm one for the beginning of March, or whether he wished to try how his verses would chime to the murmuring of the

brook which they celebrated, is not exactly known; but it is known, that he had not rambled far, until he was overtaken and accosted by Robin Rainey.

“Ye’re welcome back again, my Lord!—It’s a very fine mornin’.”

“Ah, Robin! how do you do? How have you been since I saw you?”

“Richt brawly, bethankit! I was ne’er happier in my life! But I ha’e guid news to tell ye: I’m gaun to be still happier, my Lord!”

“That’s good news indeed Robin; I am heartily glad to hear it: and pray how is it going to happen?”

“That’s exactly what I’m come to tell ye; for I thought it wadna’ be richt fair to get sae very happy as to marry a bonnie lass that yin likes in his heart, withoot first acqua’ntin’ yin’s best frien’ o’ the circumstance; for sitch a thing aye gi’es a true frin’ pleesure, yere Lordship kens.”

“You are going to be married then, Robin. I am truly rejoiced at it, since you expect that it will yield you such an increase of happiness.”

“Ay! that it wull, my Lord!” cried Robin, rubbing his hands with ecstacy at the idea. “It will gi’e me armfu’s of joy—that it wull, I ken fu’ brawly: an’ I’ll *wad* a gill yere Lordship too would feel pleesure, gin ye were gaun to marry a

certain lady ye like as weel, or there are mony liers, as I do Jenny Moore."

"Jenny Moore is to be the bride, then!" answered his lordship, without appearing to notice Robin's last remark. "I rejoice that you are to obtain such an intelligent, good-hearted young woman as she is said to be."

"Ay! an, sae bonny, an' sae weel-handed, an' sae guid-natured!" observed Robin, helping his lordship to make out the list of Jenny's good qualities.

"Yes; she is really handsome," returned his lordship in a kind of absent tone; for his thoughts had strongly reverted to a young female in his eyes infinitely handsomer, and more accomplished in all that could render a woman attractive, interesting and valuable.

"An' she's as guid as she's bonny!" remarked Robin, perseveringly ringing the changes on his mistress's perfections, until he had roused his lordship from his short reverie.

"Yes, Robin!" at length he said, resuming his usual tone of complacent cordiality. "Yes; I believe she will make you a good wife. But when is the marriage to take place?"

"We only waited for your lordship's return, to set the day; for ye ken I wadna' like to be married without your knowledge."

To be brief—the day of Robin's marriage was fixed, and lord Rosendale promised to attend the ceremony.

Dear reader ! you may, perhaps, think that this was a piece of condescension beneath his lordship's dignity ; but his lordship himself did not think so, and I assure you that he was as good a judge of propriety in these matters as most of the young men of his rank were half a century ago. To witness the " lowly pleasures of the simple train," he conceived could be no degradation to the most exalted character ; on the contrary, he despised the superciliousness which could esteem it such, as the surest mark of littleness of mind and destitution of real dignity.

On this occasion every good-hearted reader would have accused him of ingratitude, and, what is of more importance, he would have accused himself of that most detestable proof of a bad heart, if he had refused the invitation of Robin Rainey, who had been, in the worst of times, his most faithful adherent and successful benefactor. Besides, this ceremony was to be honoured with the presence of his Isabella ; and wherever she was, whether in a hut or in a palace, he was happy.

When the appointed evening came, he therefore, with a heart that felt nothing but delight, accompanied his beloved, with her father and grandfa-

ther, across the fields to the house of the bride's father. The best of the three rooms it contained, had been cleanly washed out, and rendered tolerably genteel (I hope, dear fastidious reader ! this will please thee) by a small assortment of new furniture which Ned Moore (who had lately become comfortable in his circumstances—no matter by whose assistance) had provided for the occasion.

A very comfortable wedding-feast was prepared, of which about ten or twelve of the most intimate friends of the parties partook : after which Mr. M'Culloch bound Robin and his blushing bride together with a tie beyond the power of man to loosen : "For what Heaven has joined," said the "holy man" during the expressive prayer with which he concluded the important ceremony, "let no man put asunder !"

"Ah !" thought lord Rosendale, "how blest should I be, if my heart's beloved and I were so firmly united !" — But during the whole of this scene he thought much more than it is possible to express. It must be stated, however, that he was so much gratified to see his friend Robin thus in the legal possession of his "armfu's o' joy," that he the next day purchased the fee-simple of an excellent little farm in the neighbourhood of Ballycarney, the deed of which he in the evening presented to the happy bridegroom.

We shall now take our leave of the renowned Robin, by stating that he and his spouse spent together a long and loving life, unmarked with any incidents of particular importance, except the production of ten or twelve young Raineys, and the acting of Button-Cap twice or thrice in drunken frolicks, but which, drunk as he was, he always contrived to do without detection. The reader must not suppose, however, that Robin was inveterately addicted to drunkenness. On the contrary, ever after his marriage, he was more abstemious in this respect than many of his neighbours, exceeding the bounds of mere good fellowship only once, or perhaps twice a-year.

We must now return to lord Rosendale's affairs, who had lately, like many of my young readers, become very anxious to be married; and had pressed the matter so closely and earnestly on Isabella, that merely, it may be supposed, to get rid of his importunities, she at last consented to comply with his wishes on the first of May ensuing.

Whether this day was of her own selection, cannot be ascertained; but it will be admitted to have been very judiciously chosen, as it is universally acknowledged to be one of the most propitious days in the whole year for love matters.

That day at length arrived; and lord Rosendale became as happy as this world could make him.

He had health, wealth, rank, reputation; and a beautiful, virtuous, and accomplished young wife, dearer to him than the ruby drops that warmed his heart. Is there any thing more that can be desired for him? If there is, it must be what this lovely wife presented him with in the beginning of the following February, when a little fellow, who was named Bernard M'Manus Rosendale, came into this adventurous world, and crowned the felicity of his enraptured father.

The cognomen of M'Manus so much gratified the feelings of our old friend Munn, that immediately on his enlargement, which took place about the time of this propitious birth, he proceeded to Rosendale House, where, taking the young M'Manus, as he called him, in his arms, he swore eternal amity with lord Rosendale.

"Ah! thou art the man," said he, turning to his lordship, "who hast been destined to raise up seed to the almost extinguished name of M'Manus! Through thee, the injuries we have sustained are healed, and the lost patrimony of our ancestors restored to their offspring. The prediction of the second-sighted Scotch sybil, has, I perceive, now attained its accomplishment; but not in the fatal manner I anticipated."

Here he repeated the lines:



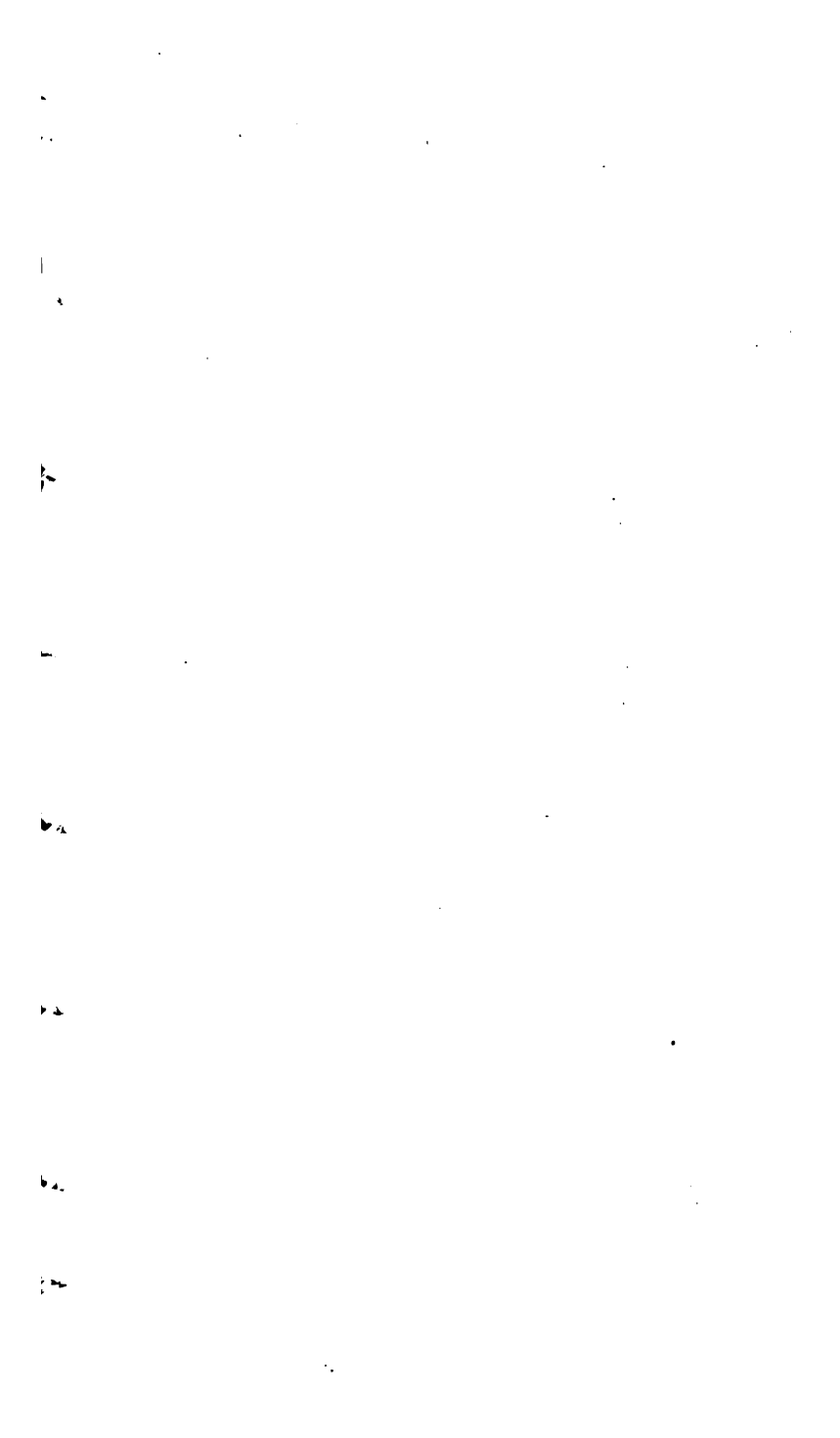
"M'Manus in Rosendale ever shall find  
An invincible foe, or a friend that is kind ;  
And M'Manus from Rosendale's power may depend,  
As his sorrows began, so his sorrows shall end!"

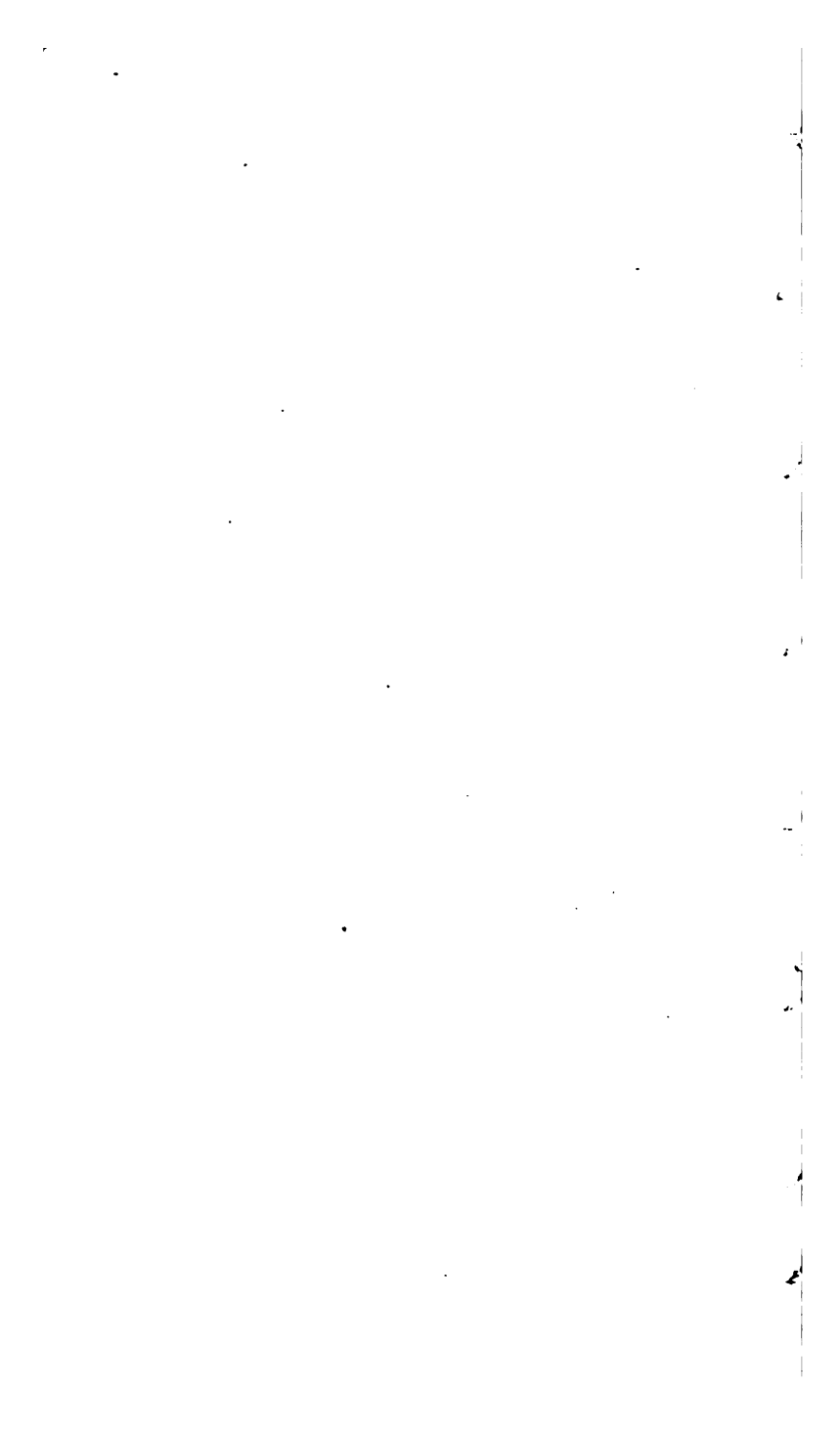
We have only to add, that Munn spent the remainder of his days in the venerated castle of his ancestors, which lord Rosendale caused to be repaired and comfortably fitted up for his accommodation. Dennis M'Clurkin and Father O'Cassidy resided with him ; and he kept a generous table in the true style of Irish hospitality, at which all wanderers of Milesian extraction were gladly welcomed and joyously entertained.

THE END.

Q

Wm Wm







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